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MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS

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432

Portland

MEN
WOMEN AND THINGS

MEMORIES OF

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND
K.G., G.C.V.O.

LONDON
FABER AND FABER LIMITED
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Dedicated
to
my beloved Father
LT.-GENERAL ARTHUR BENTINCK
to
MY MOTHER
and to
my Stepmother
LADY BOLSOVER
whose memory I cherish.

■

P R E F A C E

I desire to offer my cordial thanks to the many kind friends who, by the help they have given me with such skilful generosity, have made the preparation of this book a source of interest and pleasure. Their number is so great that I cannot mention them all by name; but I trust that those whose assistance remains unacknowledged in print will believe that I am none the less grateful.

I am specially indebted to my wife, not only for the contribution she has been good enough to write, but also for the constant interest she has taken in the progress of the book; to my sister, Ottoline Morrell, for her vivid account of our arrival at Welbeck in December 1879, and for much editorial supervision; to Ettie Desborough for her charmingly written remembrances of some of the visits we have been fortunate enough to receive from her husband and her dear self; to Elisalex de Baillet Latour, whose enchanting contribution, 1897-1937, follows immediately after my own chapters; and to Count Ferdinand Kinsky—who, alas, is no longer with us—and Count van der Straten, for their interesting account of the Imperial Stud at Lipizza from its origin until the present day.

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PORTLAND

Welbeck Abbey,
August, 1937

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PROLOGUE

■

T*out passe, tout casse, tout lasse.* This well-known proverb is my reason and my excuse for writing the following memories. Hardly anything in life is the same to-day as it was in my youth. Then, there was a happy sense of stability and of security; but now, it seems to me, there is little or none of either. Matters which, fifty or sixty years ago, were thought to be of great importance, the sayings and doings of those who were considered to be distinguished men and women of the time, have, like themselves, for the most part flown,

... forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

In the world of politics the change is especially noticeable. Fifty years ago, when the opposing parties were Conservative and Liberal, there was often considerable excitement during elections; but I think there was little or nothing of vital consequence to the nation at issue between the two parties except, perhaps, the Home Rule Bill for Ireland. This state of affairs may be said to have ended with the election of 1906 and the Limehouse speeches of a prominent politician. Now the position is entirely different, for there is no longer a powerful and moderate Liberal Party standing between the National Parties and those who support socialistic or communistic principles.

In 1880 the great houses of London, taking them roughly from north to south, were: Hertford House in Manchester Square, the residence of Sir Richard Wallace, a son of Lord Hertford, now the home of the Wallace Collection; Grosvenor House in Upper Grosvenor Street, the residence of the Duke of Westminster; Dorchester House in Park Lane, built at vast

expense by Mr. Holford on the lines of a Florentine palazzo, and filled with wonderful pictures; Londonderry House, also in Park Lane; Lansdowne House in Berkeley Square; Devonshire House in Piccadilly; Spencer House, overlooking St. James's Park; Chesterfield House; Stafford House (now the London Museum), the home of the Duke of Sutherland; Bridgewater House, that of Lord Ellesmere; Apsley House, that of the Duke of Wellington; Montagu House in Whitehall, the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch; and Holland House, that of Lord Ilchester. Nearly all these great houses were thrown open every season for large social gatherings. Now, except four, they are closed, and the pictures and other works of art which they contained have, generally speaking, been scattered all over the world. At present, only Londonderry House, Apsley House, Bridgewater House and Holland House remain as private residences. The latter of these, which is perhaps the most interesting and important of all, is still the residence of a member of the family of its eighteenth-century owners, who takes a just pride in his old home. Vast and, in my opinion, hideous buildings have taken the place of Grosvenor House and Lansdowne House, and another, if possible more hideous still, that of the beautiful Dorchester House; while, from a social point of view, restaurants, cabarets and night-clubs have risen in their place. *Sic transit gloria mundi*—a glory which, in this instance, I fear can never be revived.

As a further example of this continuous process of change, let me take Grosvenor Square. When I first lived there in 1890, it was one of the most old-time quarters of London, for many of the houses had been occupied by the same families for several generations. Now, private houses are quickly disappearing from the Square (my own house, in which I lived for forty-five years, was demolished in 1936), and great blocks of flats have been erected in their place.

Large country estates, which had been in the possession of the same families for years without number, have been and are still being broken up, and the houses attached to them sold to indi-

viduals, most of whom have had little or no connection with the land; or have been turned into schools or other institutions. Though it is unfortunate that this severance should be necessary, it may yet have its redeeming side, for by this breaking up of large estates more landed proprietors are created. This means that a greater number of people have a stake and an interest in the land of the country than before, which should make for stability. On the other hand, farmers no longer have the old landlords to whom they were accustomed to turn for help when times were bad, as I fear they generally are in these days.

Many of the great country houses, when not in the occupation of strangers, or used for other purposes, quickly become derelict. I can speak of this from my own experience; for when I first lived at Welbeck the great neighbouring houses, such as Clumber, Thoresby and Rufford, were all inhabited by their owners, who for the most part employed large staffs of servants of every kind. Now, not one of them is so occupied, except for a very few days in the year, and the shooting attached to them is either let or abandoned. As the years pass, more and more such houses will be deserted, and the employees will be obliged to find other homes, and other means of subsistence. Whether or no this is for the general good I leave for others to judge. It is certainly the fact.

For all this, I believe human nature is, and will always be, the same; it may therefore be only the outside and visible form of things which has so much altered. I hope that the new world, though I do not always agree with its ways, holds just as many possibilities of happiness, good-fellowship and enjoyment of life as that which I knew and shall try to some extent to describe in this book. I have no wish to appear as *laudator temporis acti*, or as a whole-hearted admirer of the so-called 'good old times.' In many ways they were anything but good; and in most things, though perhaps not in all, the conditions of to-day, social and otherwise, are much better for the majority of people than they were in my youth. For example, the opportunity provided by

motor transport for ready access to the fresh air and beauty of the country gives an additional and healthy interest in life to town people. Motor cars also make it possible to fulfil many duties which would have been impracticable in the days of horse traffic. And whenever I find myself in the dentist's chair, I am extremely thankful that I live in modern times. I well remember that, when I was a boy and had a toothache, my father sent for the village doctor. I was told to sit on a wooden chair, and that, if I did not make a fuss, I should be given ten shillings. I can still feel that doctor's damned forceps dragging out a double tooth, of course without any kind of anaesthetic! I am proud to say, however, that I received my ten shillings.

I have lately seen a very old friend, who has read both my other books. I told him I was writing a third volume of memories, and he said, 'Has it ever struck you that if you write down everything you and I think we know, nobody will print it; but if you don't do so, hardly anybody will take the trouble to read it? So what are you going to do?' I explained to him that, remembering the Latin words *medio tutissimus ibis*, I have tried to follow the course they indicate. I hope I have written nothing that can hurt the feelings of anyone. I have set down nothing in malice, but have done my best to write with a sense of truth and, at the same time, always with a twinkle in the eye.

PORTLAND

I. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

A great many memoirs begin with a family history of the individuals who write them. For my part, I usually skip that part of a book, not being much interested whether or no a man's ancestors fought at Crécy and Agincourt, or were transported or hanged for murder, sheep-stealing or highway robbery. However, I fear I must to a certain extent follow the usual custom, and say that my father, Lieutenant-General Arthur Bentinck¹ (1819-1877), was the second son of Lord Charles Bentinck (1780-1826), third son of the third Duke of Portland (1738-1809), who was twice Prime Minister. Lord Charles was a younger brother of Lord William Bentinck (1774-1839), the celebrated soldier, administrator and Governor-General of India. My father's elder brother, the Rev. C. W. F. Bentinck, was the father of the Countess of Strathmore, and so grandfather of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. My mother, whom he married on February 18th, 1857, was Elizabeth Sophia, eldest daughter of Sir St. Vincent Hawkins-Whitshed, Bt., and the Hon. Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of Lord Erskine, and granddaughter of the famous Lord Chancellor Erskine.² An old lady, a contemporary of my mother, told me that she was known as 'the Perthshire Rose'; but, alas, she died a few days after my birth, at Kin-naird near Dunkeld, then a dower-house of the Duke of Atholl,³

¹The 3rd Duke of Portland prefixed the name Cavendish to his own surname, Bentinck, by Royal licence in 1801. I believe, however, that he had formerly refused to do so, saying, 'Cavendish is a very good name, and Bentinck is a very good name. Why combine them?' My father and others of his generation agreed with this latter view, and rarely used the double name, which they rather ridiculed.

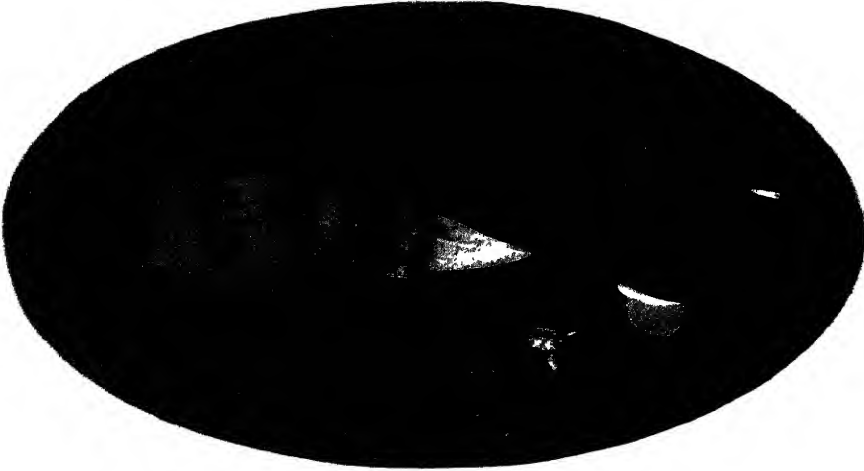
²The very brilliant Thomas Erskine, first Lord Erskine, was born in 1750; called to the Bar 1778; appointed Lord Chancellor 1806; died 1823.

³It is now the property of the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward.

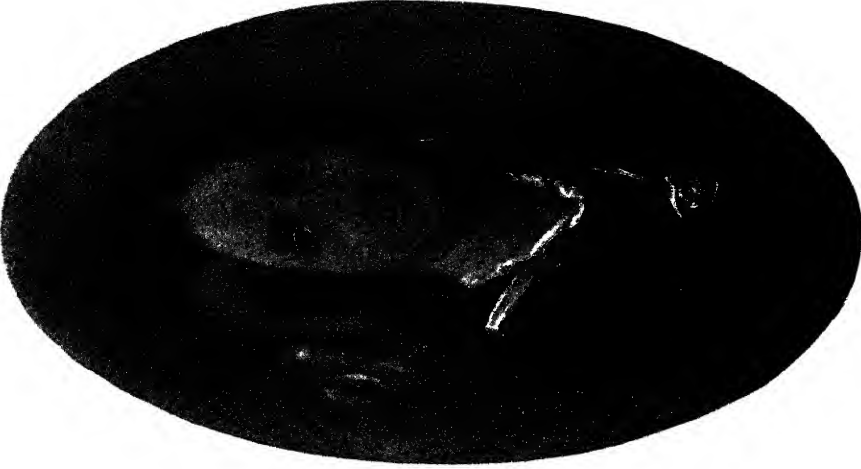
where my grandfather and grandmother resided for a great part of the year. In 1862 my father married, as his second wife, Augusta Mary Elizabeth, younger daughter of the very Rev. the Hon. H. M. Browne, Dean of Lismore, and sister of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lindsay, the mother of Violet, Duchess of Rutland. She was the mother of my half-brothers and sister, Henry (1863-1931), William (1865-1903), Charles (born 1868) and Ottoline (born 1873); and I shall never cease to be grateful for the motherly love and care she extended to me, her stepson.

As I have said, I was born at Kinnaird House on December 28th, 1857. During my childhood, I spent a great deal of time there with my mother's parents, as my father was in India with the 7th Dragoon Guards, of which he was Colonel. I look back with great pleasure and affection to those happy days with my grandparents. On my eleventh birthday I was given my first gun, a single muzzle loader, with which I was allowed to shoot rabbits, and sometimes a grouse or a blackcock, with John Stuart, the kind old gamekeeper at Kinnaird. I well remember the building of the railway bridge over the Tay at Dalguise,¹ and of that over the Tummel at Ballinluig, for the branch line to Aberfeldy. We considered it a wonderful sight, in those days, to see the piles being driven into the river bed. One of my early recollections is of being given a claspknife by my grandfather, with which I cut my name on, and otherwise scarred, a tree still standing in the grounds at Kinnaird, near the gate made from the jaw-bones of a whale. For this, no doubt rightly, I received a terrible scolding. It must have been in August, 1870, because I recollect going into Dunkeld at about the same time, and hearing of the outbreak of war between France and Germany, and of the initial success of the French at Saarbrücken. At the beginning of the War, public opinion was on the side of Germany, I suppose because the French were still regarded as our hereditary enemies—although it was fifty-five years since Waterloo was fought and won—and perhaps because of Queen Victoria's close connection with Germany.

¹A few years ago I caught two salmon under this bridge.



MY FATHER
COLONEL A. C. BENTINCK
1819-1877



MY MOTHER
Died January 4th, 1858



A. C. Bentinck, 1869
taken by Mr. A. F. Mackenzie
of Birnam



Portland, 1921
taken by Mr. A. F. Mackenzie
of Birnam



A. F. Mackenzie, 1933
aged eighty-six



The Jaw Bones Gate, Kinnaird

In 1872 I went with my father for a tour of the battlefields. We visited Metz, then occupied by the German army, and Sedan, where we saw the house in which the Emperor surrendered to the King of Prussia. We then went on to Paris. I remember being shown the ruins of the Tuileries, which had been burnt during the Commune. The walls were still standing, partly gutted by fire, but were here and there entire, with torn curtains hanging through the broken windows. The Column in the Place Vendôme had been thrown down and was lying on beds of straw; and in the Champs Elysées there were bullet marks round the windows of some of the houses. On most of the public buildings the words ‘LIBERTÉ! ÉGALITÉ! FRATERNITÉ!’ were painted in large letters; and in several cases some wag had added, ‘ABSURDITÉ!’ in chalk letters of equal size. I remember how amused my father was, and how much he laughed, when he saw this. He quite gave me the impression that he agreed with it.

Marshal McMahon, the President of the new Republic, was pointed out to us, and also General de Gallifet, who had taken strong means to suppress the Commune. He was a very handsome man with a white moustache; but I think what most interested me about him, in those days, was that, owing to a wound he had received, I believe in Mexico, he was reported to have a silver tummy!

His wife was a well-known beauty at the court of Napoleon III, and a great friend of the Empress, as also were Mme. de Sagan and Mme. de Pourtalés, all of whom I saw at the races at Paris in later years. Then there was Mrs. Standish, the wife of Henry Standish, an Englishman. She was considered to be very like the Princess of Wales, and did her best to appear so by her costume and the way in which she did her hair.

In the early 60’s, my father leased a house at Eversley, of which Canon Charles Kingsley was then the Rector. My father and stepmother knew him very well, and I remember that he sometimes took me with him on fishing expeditions. On my sixth birthday, he was kind enough to give me a copy of his little

book *The Heroes*, which I still prize, inscribed, 'Arthur Bentinck from the Author. With hopes that some day he may be a Hero too. Eversley Decr. 28/63'.

When I was seven years old, I was sent to Mrs. Adams's school on Frant Green, where Edgar Vincent, afterwards Lord D'Abernon, was a pupil. We were subsequently at the same house at Eton, at the same crammer's, and in the same battalion of the Coldstream Guards; and he has remained my lifelong friend. On leaving Frant school, I went to the Rev. C. Hartnell's house in the preparatory school at Clifton College, and I still remember with horror many uncomfortable and smelly voyages in pig-boats which I made between Dublin and Bristol on my way to and from school.

My father, then Colonel Bentinck, held a military appointment in Dublin, and we lived in Elgin House, Raglan Road. My father drove a wagonette with two grey horses, named Nimble Ninepence¹ and Slow Shilling, between our home and what were then known as the Island Bridge Barracks. I well remember these drives through Dublin and passing over Balls Bridge, notorious during the Great War as the place where many Sherwood Foresters were treacherously shot down during the Irish Rebellion. Nor shall I ever forget the varying smells of the river Liffey, especially where it passes Guinness's Porter Works. They remain in my nostrils now.

It was about the time of the Fenian outbreak, the leader in which was Head-Centre James Stephens. My father always carried a loaded revolver with him, but he was never in any way molested—perhaps because of his revolver. I think it was either just before or during our stay in Ireland that Lord Strathnairn (nicknamed Lord Strathboge), famous in earlier life as Sir Hugh Rose, the hero who fought through and helped to suppress the Indian Mutiny, was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. It was reported that the Fenians were preparing for a

¹The Irish ninepence, until 1700, *was* a shilling; and the idea of 'nimble' was that it was thin and easily bent, and was often used as a lovers' token. I am indebted to Mrs. Gibbings of Ballybrack House for this note.

demonstration in the outskirts of Dublin. Lord Strathnairn thereupon marched out the troops and surrounded them, I think to the number of a thousand or fifteen hundred. He devised a very practical and amusing way of taking them prisoners, for he provided the pioneer sergeants with large pairs of scissors, and with these they cut off the trouser buttons of the unfortunate conspirators. Now, it is impossible for anybody, however active, to hold up his trousers and run fast or far. This being done, he marched his prisoners through the most frequented streets of Dublin to St. Stephen's Green; and, when they arrived there, he ordered the bugles to be sounded and the drums beaten in order to summon as many spectators as possible. The prisoners were then freed in the middle of the city, holding up their breeches as best they could. Instead of being acclaimed as heroes they were, of course, received with roars of derisive laughter.

For the time being this put an end to the trouble, for the Irish sense of humour was effectively tickled and, I believe, not a single drop of blood was shed. I may add that during the Indian Mutiny, Lord Strathnairn had not scrupled to use the most drastic methods of suppression.

Lord Carlisle was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland when we first went to live in Dublin. He was succeeded by the Marquess (later the 1st Duke) of Abercorn. Lord Abercorn had several very handsome daughters,¹ who were known in Dublin as 'The Young Princesses'. Being a fine public speaker, and an extremely handsome and dignified man, he received the nickname 'Old Splendid'. It was the custom at the time for the Lord-Lieutenant to kiss the *débutantes* at the Courts which were held at Dublin Castle. It was said that during one of these ceremonies the Marquess ordered the presentations to cease. A looking-glass, a brush and comb, and a bottle of scent were brought to him, and he tidied his hair and brushed, combed and

¹Afterwards Lady Winterton, Lady Blandford and Lady Lansdowne. The two latter were married on the same day. Another daughter, Lady Dalkeith, afterwards Louisa, Duchess of Buccleuch, was my very kind friend and the god-mother of my eldest son, and as Mistress of the Robes was my partner when I was Master of the Horse.

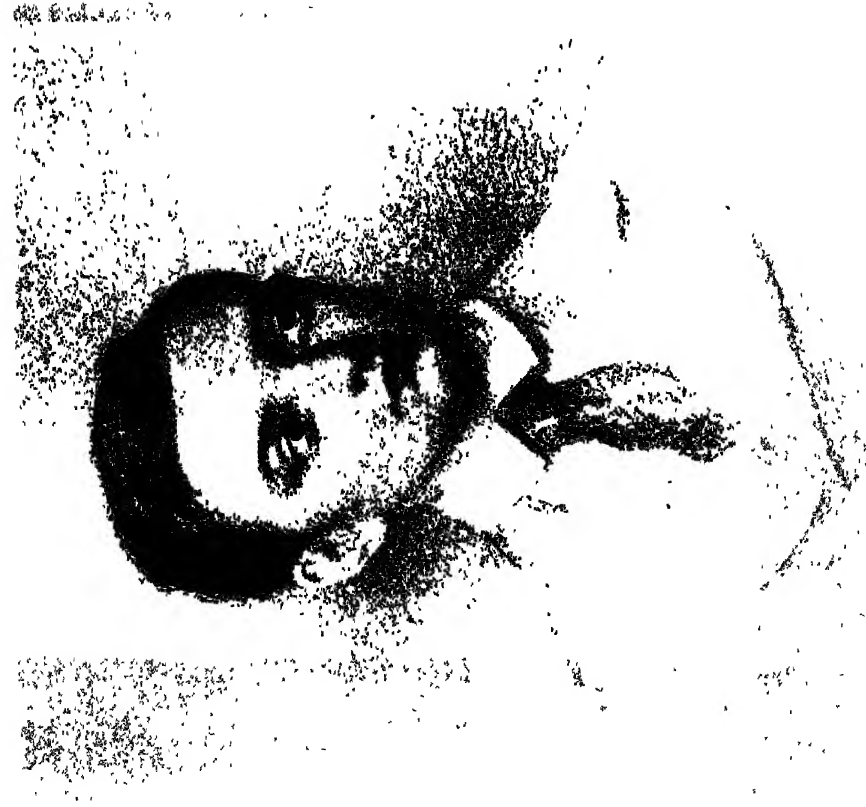
scented his beard. The presentations then continued. I hope the young ladies appreciated this delicate little attention!

The Lord-Lieutenant promised to attend a Ball held in the North of Ireland on a very hot night. Among the guests were an old lady and her very pretty granddaughter. A young man approached the old lady, and said with a bow, 'May I have the pleasure of a dance with your granddaughter?' 'You may not, young fellow,' was the reply. 'I'm keeping her dry for His Excellency.'

I think I had my first riding lessons in Dublin, for I remember being taken by my father to a riding school, where I practised jumping the bar without stirrups. After this I was promoted to riding in the Phoenix Park with a riding master, and I remember being very much struck by the greenness of the Park and by the extraordinary amount of mud in the Dublin streets during wet weather.

When I was a boy, I often visited Holland, and stayed at Middachten as the guest of dear old Countess Bentinck, the widow of Lt.-General Count Bentinck, who, as an officer in the Coldstream Guards, had served in the Peninsular War, and had received a brevet for distinguished conduct when on the staff of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. He died in 1864. I just remember seeing him in London; but when I first went to Middachten he had been dead for several years. His brother, Gen. Sir Henry Bentinck, K.C.B., married my great-aunt, Miss Whitshed, and lived in a house, now demolished, in Upper Grosvenor Street. Sir Henry commanded the Coldstream Guards in the Crimea, was present at the Battle of the Alma, and was severely wounded at the Battle of Inkerman. He was afterwards appointed a permanent Groom-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. I think it was largely on account of his gallant conduct in the field, and that of his elder brother, that Her Majesty allowed him and other members of the Dutch branch of the family to use the title of Count in this country; and well they deserved it.

I much enjoyed my visits to Middachten, and the company



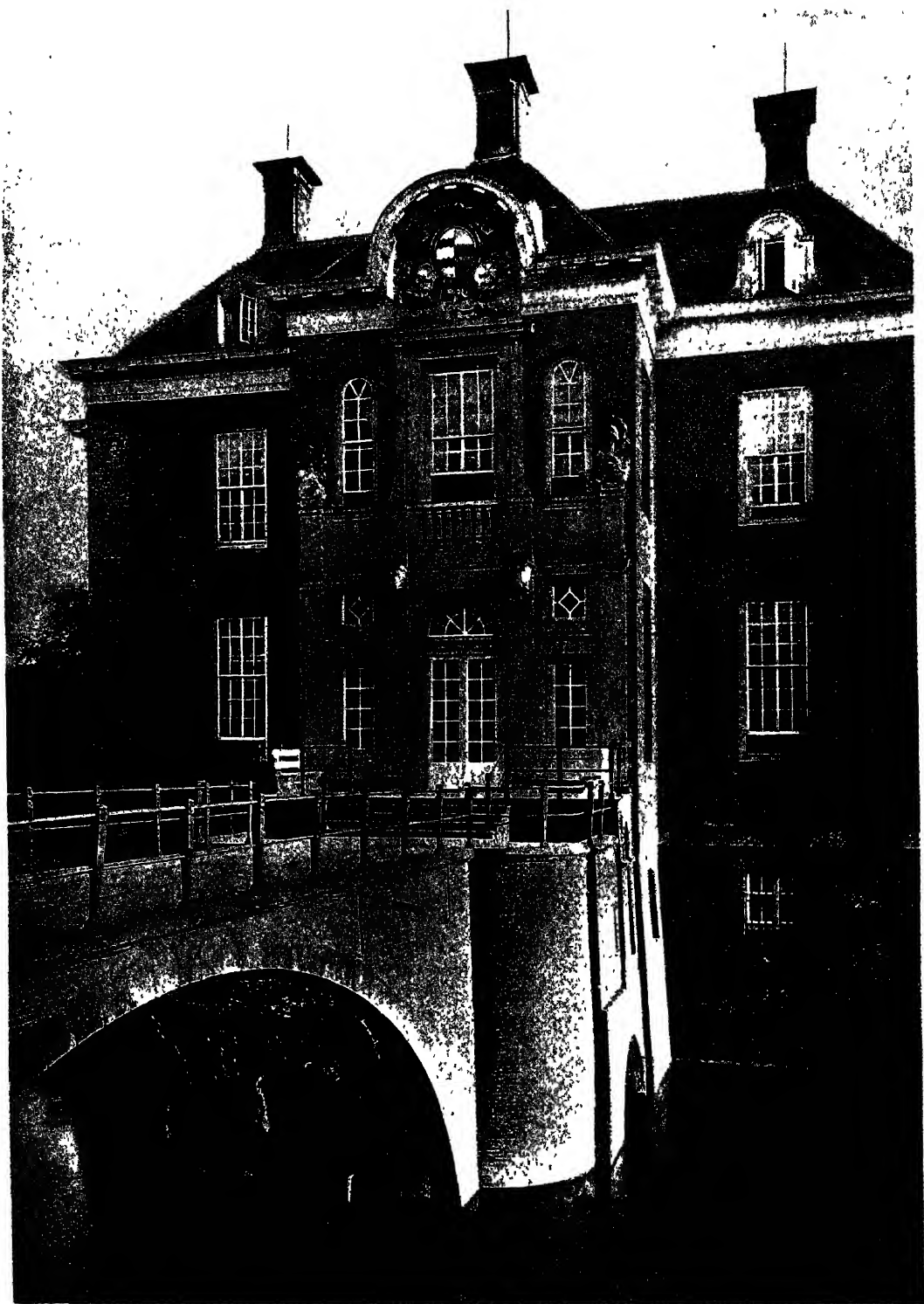
A. C. BENTINCK
(E. U. Eddis, 1872)



GENERAL BENTINCK
AND A. C. BENTINCK

Dublin, *c.* 1865

“There’s the hat, but where’s the man?”



MIDDACHTEN

of my kinsman and dear old friend Godard Bentinck, at whose house, Amerongen, the German Emperor was interned when he fled to Holland at the end of the Great War. Middachten is a lovely old Louis XIV house, standing within a double moat fed by the river Yssel, which passes close by. Godard and I amused ourselves by riding in the surrounding forest and bathing in the Rhine at Arnheim, where there was an excellent swimming pool with a very swift current.

Another form of sport which we enjoyed was an exciting but reprehensible form of fishing. There were large numbers of carp in the moat, which were great pets of the Countess and were regularly fed with bread and delicacies left over from our meals. Some of them were very old; and two which had gold rings in their noses were said to be two hundred years of age, but I will not vouch for the truth of this. The sight of these was too much for the sporting instinct of Godard and myself. We prepared our lethal weapon—a long string and a bent pin. We then carefully reconnoitred the whereabouts of the Countess and, thinking she was asleep, prepared our bait, and let it down from a window about twenty-five feet above the water.

In a few moments, up came King Carp and swallowed our bait; and we were proceeding to pull up the struggling monster when a dulcet but rather severe voice behind us said, 'Boys, boys, what are you doing?' Alas for us, it was the Countess, who was now very far from being asleep! I had the line in my hand and, proud as I had been a moment or two before, I was now only anxious to release the infernal fish. Nothing, however, would shake its hold, so I had to pull it up, the Countess boxing my ears all the time and exclaiming, 'You naughty boy—you naughty boy!' The carp at last appeared over the window-ledge and the Countess, after gently cutting out the hook, put the fish into a basket filled with soft leaves and lowered it, I am afraid more dead than alive, into its native element. Fortunately the carp soon recovered, and was ever afterwards recognisable by the scar in its nose; but it seemed a bit shy of pieces of bread unless they had first been mumbled by other fish. The Countess

was far too kind to bear any malice and, after the box on the ear, I was forgiven; but we were strictly warned never again to exercise our sporting instincts at the expense of her sacred and scaly pets. The carp was always referred to by the Countess as 'the victim of Arthur and Godard's shocking conduct'.

On leaving Clifton I was sent to a private tutor, the Rev. W. Sandilands, of Denford Vicarage near Thrapston, and then to the Rev. C. C. James's House at Eton. Dr. Hornby was Head master of Eton at the time, and 'old Judy Durnford' the Lower Master. I am afraid my acquaintance with Durnford was closer and more intimate than it ever was with the Head-master!

I have a vivid recollection of a review held in Windsor Park in 1873, when I was at Eton, in honour of the Shah of Persia, Nasru 'd-Din,¹ then on a visit to England. The Shah rode a beautiful white Arab, which he had brought with him from Persia. Half way up its long white tail was a gold ball, and the end of its tail was dyed pink. During the review, a charger ridden by one of the Shah's attendants suddenly bolted, pitching its rider over its head, and he lay stunned till he was carried away. We boys imagined that the Shah would have him promptly executed.

In 1876 I spent some time at Fontainebleau, of which I have given an account in Chapter XI of my *Memoirs of Racing and Hunting*, and was afterwards 'crammed' by Mr. Faithfull at Storrington.

In order to facilitate entrance to the Army, it was customary in those days to serve two annual trainings with a Militia Regiment. Then, having gained a certificate for drill and other simple military matters, and passed the non-competitive Preliminary Examination, one was qualified to receive a commission. My

¹I saw the Shah again in 1889, a few days after my marriage. H.M. arrived by sea and landed at Westminster, where he was met by the Prince of Wales. I was in attendance as Master of the Horse, and H.R.H. presented my wife and me, explaining that we had been lately married. I remember that the Shah failed to understand our names, and referred to my wife as 'the Duchess of Porcelain', which greatly amused the Prince of Wales.

father therefore asked his first cousin, Lord Hatherton,¹ to appoint me to the Staffordshire Militia, of which he was the Colonel. This he was kind enough to do, and I served my two trainings with that Regiment. The second-in-command, Colonel R. Dyott of Freeford Hall, near Lichfield, appeared to us subalterns to be a very old gentleman, though perhaps he was no more than fifty-five or sixty years of age. He was known as 'old Dickie Dyott'. Another officer was Major Foster, afterwards, I believe, a well-known Radical M.P. My Company Commander, Richard Wellesley, was a first cousin of both Lord Hatherton and my father; and he was always very kind and helpful to me.

Among visitors to the Mess, I remember Captain William Congreve, of Congreve, Co. Stafford, the father of Gen. Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., D.S.O. Sir Charles Wolseley, who was also a visitor, was a very smart man, a good rider, and one of the pioneers of polo in this country.

I was sometimes invited to stay with Lord and Lady Hatherton at Teddesley, a charming place on the borders of Cannock Chase, which was then a stretch of rough moorland, with many grouse, black game and other wild creatures. Lady Hatherton was very kind and gracious. She was a sister of the 6th Duke of Northumberland, who appeared to me to be rather a prim and austere old gentleman. One evening, I remember, Lord Hatherton asked me to make the fourth in a rubber of whist. Having played whist only about half a dozen times in my life, and that of a very 'bumble-puppy' kind, I did all I could to escape; but, as Lord Hatherton was my C.O. as well as my host, of course I had to obey his orders. On cutting, I found to my horror that I was the partner of the Duke of Northumberland. Being quite overcome by nervousness, I committed every fault, I believe, that a whist player can. I played my ace on his king, trumped his strongest suit and revoked more than once. Even when I was fortunate enough to take a trick, the Duke took exception to the untidy way in which I laid down the cards;

¹See Appendix I.

and when the rubber was over, he pointed out to me all the crimes I had committed. From that moment I have loathed the very sight of cards; and I never afterwards ventured to try to play whist again, or any other game of skill. Perhaps, after all, he did me a good turn and prevented my losing money, for I certainly have no head for cards.

I attended a ball given by Lord and Lady Shrewsbury at Ingestre Hall, near Stafford, at which I met the future Lady Londonderry and her sisters, and also a charming young lady, Miss St. Vincent Jervis, who went by the name of Bo-Peep, from the costume she had worn at a fancy dress ball some time before.

In a letter to the late Duke of Portland's sister, Lady Ossington,¹ written on December 11th, 1877, Lord Hatherton was kind enough to say, 'A finer or more promising young fellow than Arthur cannot readily be found, and any family may be proud of him. . . . He is naturally silent but has plenty of wits and common sense; and passed an excellent examination the other day for admission into the Army. He has just been gazetted to the 84th Regiment (in which his father forty years ago began his military life), with the promise of an early appointment to the Coldstream Guards.'

Perhaps printing this may appear a little conceited; but be it remembered that I was only a boy of nineteen at the time. I fear I have greatly deteriorated since then!

The 84th (York and Lancaster) Regiment was then quartered at Sheffield, and it was at this time that I had my first sight of Welbeck, my future home. I was hunting with Lord Galway's hounds in the neighbourhood, when he asked me, 'Would you like to see Welbeck? If so, follow me, and I will take you to a place from which you can see the house and the lake.' He then led me to what is known as Roomwood where Welbeck Woodhouse, my son Titchfield's home, now stands.

¹Lady Charlotte Bentinck, married (1827) John Evelyn Denison, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons and created Viscount Ossington. She died in 1889.

After two or three months I was transferred to the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, of which a distinguished old Crimean Officer, Colonel Julian Hall, C.B., was Commanding Officer, and Captain the Hon. R. Campbell¹ the very smart and strict adjutant.

Colonel Hall was known in his youth as 'Long Hall', from his great height and the unusual length of his legs and his feet. When a subaltern, he was quartered at the Tower of London; and his friends, after seeing the architectural and historical glories of the building, were shown Julian Hall's Wellington boots, as being the chief modern wonder of the Tower! There was a caricature of him in the Regimental Drag Book, riding at a thick fence; and in this his feet were shown appearing through the fence before his horse had jumped.

Colonel Wigram, commonly known as 'Old Wiggie', was second in command. Hall and he were both gallant, old Crimean Officers. Wiggie was accustomed to order a large glass of port wine at the Guards' Club, while Colonel 'Bogey' White of the Scots Guards often asked for a large glass of brown sherry. The disrespectful subalterns therefore nicknamed these drinks a *Wiggie* and a *Bogey*, and the waiters quite understood what was wanted when they were ordered by these names. I need hardly say that this did not occur when Colonel Wigram or Colonel White was present.

As I have said, Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, generally known as 'Rowdy Campbell', was Adjutant of the 1st Battalion. It was wonderful to see the way in which the Battalion

¹Younger son of the second Earl Cawdor. He was afterwards on the staff of General Sir Evelyn Wood, who commanded in South Africa during the Zulu War. At one time Sir Evelyn and his staff were heavily fired upon by a large party of Zulus who were hidden among the rocks on a neighbouring hill. Captain Campbell was sent with another of Sir Evelyn's A.D.C.'s, Captain Lysons, the son of Sir Daniel Lysons, Q.M.G. at the Horse Guards, to organise an attack on the position; but when they approached it they found the task most dangerous, as many of the Zulus were in a cave with a very narrow mouth. Campbell led the attack on the cave, and was killed almost at once. Lysons carried on, cleared out the Zulus and received the V.C. for his bravery. Campbell's son, Colonel John Campbell of the Coldstream Guards, was awarded the V.C. during the Great War; and his grandson is now in the Coldstream too.

drilled for him when he was in command. The junior officers found him rather alarming on parade; but every one of us had the greatest admiration for him, both as a soldier and as a man. I think he was one of the smartest and best-looking men I ever saw in any walk of life.

I went to Epsom Races for the first time with Campbell. After parade one day, he said, 'Have you ever been to Epsom? You can come with me if you like. Hurry up and change into plain clothes.' We travelled down in a crowded special train, in a third-class compartment with some three-card-trick sharppers. When the train started, they produced their cards and invited us to bet. Rowdy demanded to examine the cards and was at first refused; but he put an end to that, and when the pack was handed to him he threw it out of the window. The men, perhaps not unnaturally, became very abusive; but Rowdy soon subdued them, and ended by kicking the last of them out of the carriage at Epsom Station. Personally I was much relieved when our journey came to an end. I never saw one man exert so much influence over five others; but Rowdy was capable of dealing with anybody, and would undoubtedly have risen to the highest rank in the Army, had he survived.

Campbell was succeeded as Adjutant by Captain the Hon. H. Legge, a very smart and good soldier, and much loved by everyone. I think he was Adjutant for no less than seven years. He married Miss Amy Lambart of Beau Parc, Co. Meath, a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, and in 1893 was appointed Equerry, which office he held under successive Sovereigns until his death in 1924. He remained my lifelong friend, and was often my guest for shooting. He amused me very much, especially one day when we were partridge-driving, because he persisted, against my wishes, in shooting at any pheasant which came over; and the excuse he made was, 'I'm sure you won't mind, old chap. I get so little shooting in the season that I can't help firing at everything I see, by way of practice!' My recollection is, however, that the pheasants suffered very little from his ardour, and the partridges still less!

Another rather remarkable brother-officer was Colonel Mark Lockwood, rejoicing under the somewhat obvious nickname of 'Timber' Wood. His father, General W. N. Wood, who changed his name from Lockwood on succeeding to an estate, was a prominent figure on the Turf before my time, and an intimate friend of Admiral Rous and Mr. George Payne. Colonel Lockwood made no special mark as a soldier; but, after leaving the Regiment, he became a very well-known and popular member of the House of Commons, in which he represented the Epping Division of Essex for twenty-five years. In later life he was raised to the peerage as Lord Lambourne. He was renowned for his geniality and occasionally rather caustic wit. Someone said that he rather reminded him of a cat—stroke him gently, and he was like velvet; but look out for a scratch from his claws when occasion arose! His greatest interest in life, I think, was in gardening. I remember taking the chair at a meeting of the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution, at which the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VIII) was the chief guest, though it seemed to me that Colonel Lockwood was quite as much so as H.R.H. He said to me, 'I daresay, when you were lucky enough to win the Derby twice, you achieved one of the ambitions of your life. I also did so, a few days ago, when I won the first prize for orchids at the Royal Horticultural Society's Show. Perhaps my success cost a great deal less money than yours. Anyway, let's cry quits and have a glass of wine together: for we have both brought new honours to the Coldstream Guards!'

Simpson was Sergeant Major. He was afterwards appointed Quartermaster of the Battalion and, later still, agent at Amport to my old friend Lord Winchester, who first served in the Coldstream as Lord Wiltshire, and was killed at the battle of Magersfontein. Sergeant Spackman was one of the Drill Sergeants. A splendid example of the well-drilled Guardsman, he possessed one of the most terrific voices I have ever heard. We called him 'Boanerges' Spackman, and he made all the young officers and recruits jump out of their skins when he drilled

them. When we young officers came on parade, he saluted us with great respect; but when we were in the ranks, he addressed us by numbers, treating us just as he did the other recruits. Directly we fell out we were treated as officers again, and Spackman, having saluted, asked permission to dismiss the parade. I was much struck by this when I joined the Battalion. It explains much of the wonderful discipline of the Coldstream Guards and, indeed, of the whole British Army.

I joined the 1st Battalion at the Tower of London on May 25th, 1878. From there, when the Army Reserve was called up because of a threat of war with Russia, we went to Eastbourne for special musketry training. The Guards Detachment was commanded by Captain 'Chang' Romilly of the Scots Guards, always a keen, and afterwards a distinguished, soldier. The men of the Reserve who had been called up were, for the most part, old Militiamen, and their idea of discipline was not a very high one. They had many differences of opinion among themselves, which led more than once to personal encounters.

I remember a most amusing occasion when about half a dozen men appeared before Captain Romilly, some of them with black eyes. Romilly enquired the reason for this, and was told that there was a dispute about the ownership of a conger-eel which one of the men had caught. A large bag was produced and in a moment a full-sized and extremely lively conger-eel, with a fish-hook still in its mouth, escaped from it on to the floor. It leaped about all over the room, snapping its powerful jaws, and ready to bite Captain Romilly or anyone else it met. Romilly and the others, however ready they were to fight Russians, were not prepared to face an enraged conger-eel, even with a hook in its mouth. Romilly at once jumped on to a chair, as did everyone else who was present. However, reinforcements were summoned, and the unfortunate eel received the *coup de grâce*. By this time the dispute was forgotten in laughter. The culprits were dismissed with a caution, and warned not to quarrel over conger-eels or anything else in future.

While I was at Eastbourne, Prince Louis of Hesse and his

wife Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's second daughter, were in residence at Compton Place, which had been lent to them by the Duke of Devonshire. Their most lovely daughter, Princess Elizabeth (Ella),¹ was with them, and we were invited to tea and to play lawn tennis in the gardens. Prince and Princess Louis's other charming children were there too; one of them afterwards married Prince Henry of Prussia and another the late Czar of Russia. They were a most delightful family, and we all lost our hearts to the daughters.

When the scare of war with Russia was over, we returned to the Tower. From there we proceeded to the Victoria Barracks at Windsor, then to Wellington Barracks, and on to Shorncliffe. One night when I had gone to bed in my quarters at Windsor, and was falling asleep, I heard a great noise on the landing outside my room. I said to myself, 'I shouldn't be surprised to find myself in my tub'—which was full of water ready for the next morning—'in a few minutes.' Nobody seemed to trouble about me, however, so I opened my door a few inches and looked out. There I saw a tremendous bear-fight taking place between two of my senior brother-officers, Captain Pole-Carew,² and Captain Codrington.³ Polly Carew was ragging Coddy, who was a much bigger and more powerful man than himself. Coddy made a sudden spring for Polly, who evaded him, seized the tail of his nightshirt and pulled it over his head. Coddy thereupon fell down, and Polly proceeded to pull him downstairs, out through the door and over the gravel on to the grass in the middle of the barrack square. There the button of his nightshirt gave way, and poor old Coddy ran back to his quarters in his birthday suit, as hard as he could go. Fortunately it was pitch dark at the time, and nothing more was heard of it.

¹Princess Elizabeth, who I think was one of the most beautiful women I have seen, afterwards married the Grand Duke Serge of Russia, whom she survived. She was horribly murdered by the Bolsheviks at Moscow in 1918.

²Afterwards Lt.-General Sir R. Pole-Carew, K.C.B. He died in 1924. For further mention of him, see Chapters V and VIII.

³Now Lt.-General Sir A. E. Codrington, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O., Colonel of the Coldstream Guards.

My old friend Lord Harlech reminds me that, when in the Coldstream, we went through rather a rough time at Lydd and Dungeness. With two full companies, wearing our bearskins, red coats and tight belts, we marched the best part of twenty long, flat and weary miles from Shorncliffe Camp to Lydd on a hot day at the end of September. When we arrived at that extremely stony, dreary and windy spot, we found nothing prepared for us—not even drinks for the men. The advance party had tried to erect the tents; but these were blown over as soon as they were put up, and the only available accommodation was one small cottage, which the Regimental cook at once claimed as his own.

We spent the whole of the first day pitching our bell-tents, but these were blown over as fast as we put them up, until we procured some long iron stakes from the local blacksmith, for use instead of the ordinary tent-pegs. There was only a thin covering of grass over the shingle; so even with these it was difficult to keep the tents from being blown down. One night, the large marquee used as a canteen for the men blew clean over. The canteen sergeant, who slept in it, was overwhelmed in the ruins, and had to be cut out in a squashed and half suffocated condition. The guard tent, in which there was a drunk prisoner, blew over too; and the man became so violent that he had to be ‘pegged out’ to keep him safe.

The object of our visit was to make experiments in musketry. It seems that during the siege of Plevna, which had just taken place, the Turkish troops greatly harassed the Russian invaders by what was called ‘vertical rifle-fire’, especially at night. Their method was to place stakes with white marks on them, which were plainly visible in the dark, and the men, lying down, were instructed to aim at the marks, by this means dropping bullets every night all over the Russian camp behind the hills. In order to test this method of firing, large diagrams were drawn on the sands, and when night came the men were ordered to fire in this manner at very long range. On the following morning we marked off the bullet-holes on paper diagrams. Alas, the first time we carried out the experiment, someone had made a

miscalculation; for the tide came in during the night, and our sand-diagrams were completely submerged. Another instance of 'Time and tide will wait for no man'! Afterwards the tests were more successful, and they may even have been the means of introducing a new form of rifle-fire.

Another experiment, also made at night, was firing through rows and rows of paper targets, extending for nearly a mile along the shingle. We also had an embryonic form of quick-firing gun, which I believe was known as a *mitrailleuse*. Whatever its right name may have been, the men called it by quite another—especially as many of them pinched their fingers in the mechanism, which, after a few rounds, became too hot to use or touch. In the end, an enterprising drummer boy who had been ordered to clean it filled it with sand. That, I believe, was the end of our unfortunate *mitrailleuse*.

Beyond these paper targets, there was a very large and high butt, lighted by a lantern at the end of a pole. One night, another subaltern and myself were ordered to go to the marker's shelter pit at the butt, and when we were safely there to extinguish the lantern. When the light went out, the order to fire was to be given. Imagine our horror, when, as we were making our painful and doleful way over the shingle, and were still some distance from our goal, the lantern was suddenly extinguished by a gust of wind. We went as fast as ever we could, and, when still fifteen or twenty yards from our goal, the bugle sounded the 'Fire'. We threw ourselves into the shelter-pit just in time, blown to the world, and heard the bullets hitting the butt all round. I have never been under fire since; but, from our experience then, I can well imagine how disagreeable it must be.

Our progress over the miles of shingle was made on what were locally known as back-stays—flat boards, with loops through which one put one's feet, and in which one shuffled along as on snow-shoes. Without the help of these clumsy affairs, walking on the shingle was not only extremely difficult, but very destructive to one's shooting-boots and one's temper. Lydd was indeed a

damnable place, particularly during the equinoctial gales in September and October. Its one redeeming feature was a lovely Norman church, which we attended on Sundays. The officers were ushered with great pomp into an old-fashioned, high pew, which fortunately had a fireplace; and I remember that the Prayer Books had *Jurats of Lydd* stamped on their covers.

One day a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, General Sir John Stokes, paid us a visit. On his way home in the dark he missed his footing on a plank over a stream, fell in, had a good ducking, and was extremely short-tempered all that evening. The place went by the name of Stokes's Hole during the rest of our time at Lydd.

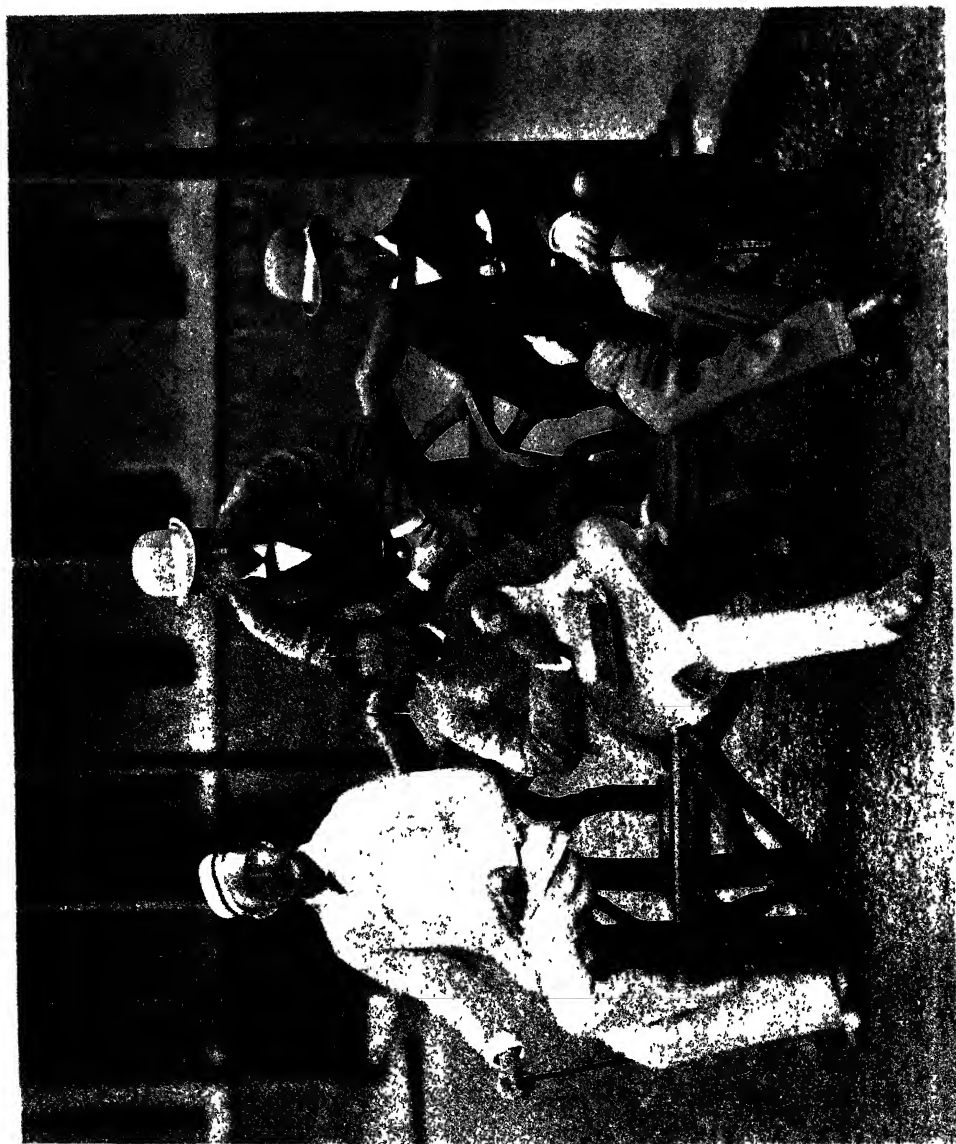
We were shown a field, about half a mile from the open sea, into which it was said that a small vessel had been blown during a gale. Whether we believed it or no, I cannot remember at this distance of time. But I do remember that we were thoroughly glad when our very stormy month at Lydd came to an end.

In those days, the 'Guards' Club had been situated for many years, as it was for a long time afterwards, in Pall Mall, next to Marlborough House. The officers on guard at St. James's Palace were allowed to go to the Club in the afternoon, of course in uniform, as they were still what was termed 'within sight of the sentries'; though, unless they were sunning themselves in the large bow-window, they could certainly not see the sentries, nor the sentries see them. However, they conformed with the regulations. It was not an altogether comfortable privilege, as one had to keep one's sword-belt buckled all the time. We were even allowed to have our hair cut in a shop situated in a little court off Pall Mall; but this was certainly stretching a point, for it is impossible for even a Guards' sentry to see through several brick walls! However, it was allowed, or at least winked at; and no doubt it was better for an officer to appear with well-cut hair than with locks hanging down his back, thereby incurring the wrath of the C.O., the Adjutant and the senior subaltern.

I believe that, about this time, a move was made to buy the



A. C. BENTINCK
Coldstream Guards, 1878



VICTORIA BARRACKS, WINDSOR, 1878

Back: Lord Lambton.

Front: C. D. Fortescue, R. Pole-Carew and the Star, Hon. H. C. Legge.

building opposite White's Club, once Crockford's and now the Devonshire Club, which would still have been in sight of the sentries; but it came to nothing. Now that the Guards' Club has been moved to Brook Street, I am afraid it cannot claim to be within sight of sentries, either at St. James's Palace or anywhere else in London: so one more of the pleasant old customs has gone, and officers on guard can no longer enjoy the change from a stuffy room and the limited society of two brother-officers, both possibly suffering from a touch of liver caused by the excellent dinner and wine provided by the authorities!

This mention of sentries reminds me of another little episode which occurred while I was quartered at Windsor. Lieutenant and Captain Pole-Carew (I believe he was the last officer in the Coldstream to have the double rank) was the proud owner of a mongrel pet with the head of a fox-terrier and the tail of a pug. Its name was The Star, which was also the nickname of Colonel Boscawen, Lord Falmouth's eldest son. But to cut the cackle and come to the story: Captain Pole-Carew was on guard at Windsor Castle. The faithful and beautiful Star followed the guard from the Victoria Barracks. During the inspection of the sentries within the Castle precincts the Relief, commanded by Captain Pole-Carew, entered the private gardens, where Queen Victoria was sitting in a bath-chair, with John Brown in attendance and two beautiful sable collies by her side. To Polly Carew's horror, he found that The Star was still following. Directly the collies saw The Star they flew at him and a free fight began. The Star seized the white ruff round the neck of one of the collies; John Brown rushed after the struggling dogs, throwing sticks, cushions and other handy missiles at them, with a torrent of curses delivered in broad Scots; and Her Majesty was seen actively gesticulating from her bath-chair, though any remarks she may have made did not reach Polly Carew's ears. I have no doubt he became conveniently deaf on that occasion. Polly and the Relief, of course, marched on, he with a set face, hoping desperately that The Star would not be connected with him, but would be taken for some

stray mongrel cur from the purlieus of Windsor (as from his vulgar appearance might well have been the case), of evil habits and quite unaccustomed to the society of Royal dogs. But the valiant Star, having pulled a great tuft of hair from the ruff of one of the collies and escaped from the missiles and curses of John Brown, rushed after the guard, with the hair sticking out of his mouth, and bounded around Polly in triumph.

That evening, the Colonel of the Battalion received a rightly indignant letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby, Queen Victoria's private secretary, expressing Her Majesty's grave displeasure at the unseemly interruption of her siesta and the cruel treatment which her dear collies had received, and saying it was Her Majesty's command that, in future, no Officer of the Guards should be accompanied by a dog while going his rounds. Polly Carew received a few words of, no doubt, excellent advice from the Colonel, and was told to write a letter of humble apology to Sir Henry, making a request that it might later be presented to Her Majesty. The letter was written, and not only was Polly forgiven, but within the next week or two he received a command to dine with Her Majesty. After this Polly never seemed to look back in his profession; and we often chaffed him that his success in life was originally due to the outrageous conduct of The Star.

This gallant officer's subsequent career was very remarkable. He served on the staff of Lord Roberts during the famous march to Kandahar. During the Egyptian campaign against Arabi, in 1882, he was on the staff of the Duke of Connaught, and was of course present at the various battles. He was then appointed to the staff of Lord Dufferin, at that time Viceroy of India, and was transferred as an A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, with whom he served during the annexation of Burma. He was later appointed to Lord Roberts's staff in South Africa, and received an important command in pursuit of the Boers. During the Great War he was too old to serve at the Front, but did his duty manfully and well at home. The most lucky feature of his career was, of course, his marriage to Lady Beatrice Butler, and the fact that

Lord Roberts, who liked and admired him greatly, never omitted to give him a helping hand.

I have already written, in Chapter XI of my *Memories of Racing and Hunting*, a short account of the sport we had with the Regimental Drag Hounds. I now reproduce a photograph of some of those who attended a luncheon, given to a few farmers in the Windsor district, over whose land the Drag hunted during the season of 1878-9.

Taking the names in the lower group from left to right, Edgar Sebright was afterwards the twelfth Baronet, and died in 1933; Mr. Oliphant was a farmer; A. C. Jervoise, afterwards Sir A. Clarke Jervoise, third Bt., of Idsworth, Co. Southampton, died in 1902; Sutton, nicknamed 'the Stalk', died during the Sudan campaign in 1885. Of Colonel Julian Hall and the Hon. H. Legge (Whip), I have already written at length. Colonel Waller-Otway was the Master and Huntsman; A. B. Myers, commonly known as Jimmy Myers, was the Regimental Doctor; standing behind him is 'Coddy', now Lt.-General Sir A. E. Codrington, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O., Colonel of the Coldstream; and next to him is myself. I may say that I had recently had a bad fall with the Drag, when my horse kicked me in the face—that is why I appear with a black eye, in undress uniform, and not in hunting kit. While my eye was still black, I tried to hire a horse from Charlie Wise; but he said, 'No, I'll only sell it to you, not hire it. You've blacked your own eye, and I'm not going to let you do the same to my horse!'

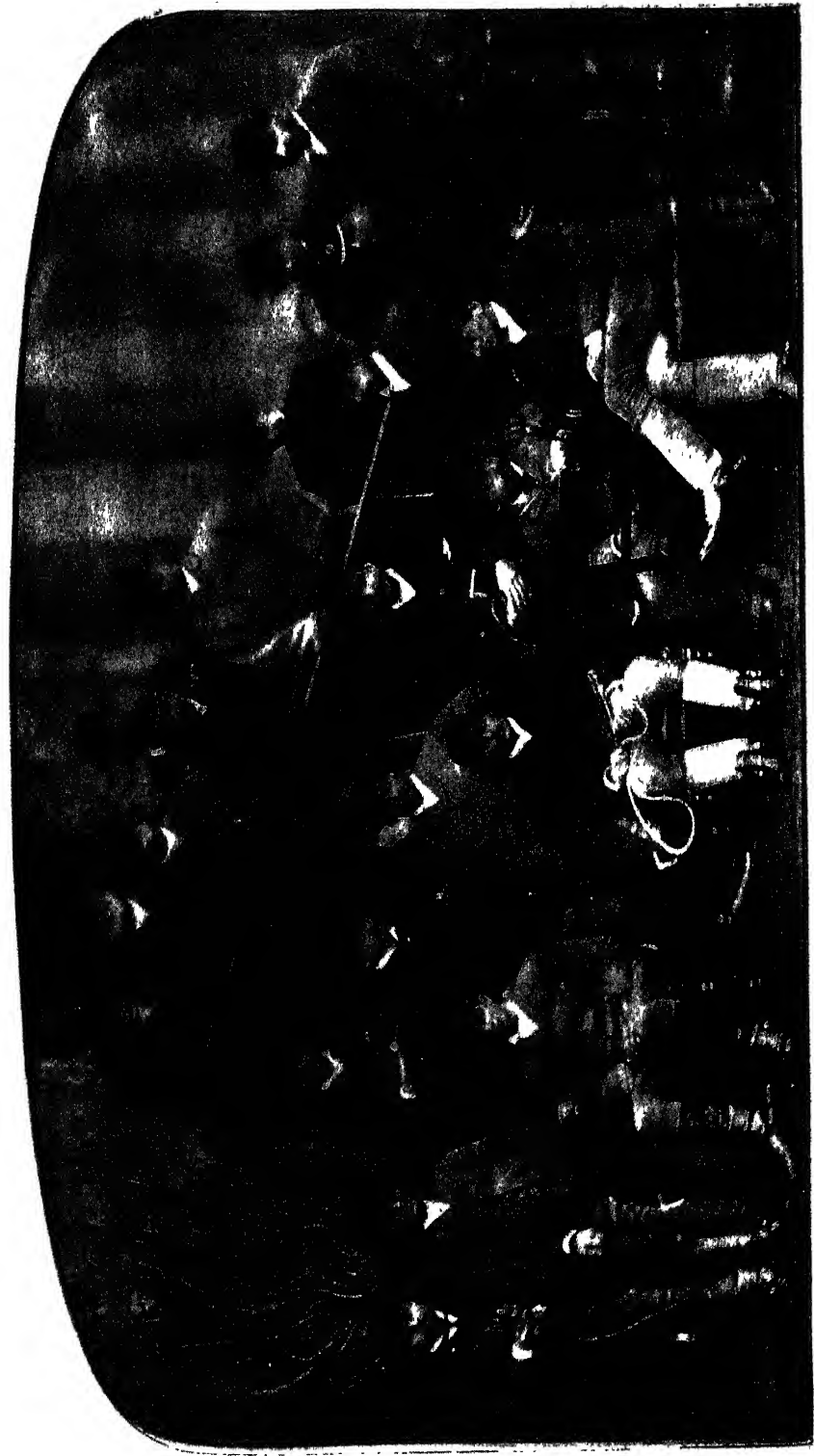
Continuing up the staircase, Colonel Follett, who took a First in Law and Modern History at Oxford before he joined the Army, commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream; 'Taffy' Wynn, nephew and heir of Sir Watkin Wynn, was unfortunately drowned in the Thames two years later, when attempting to shoot the weir below Windsor Bridge in a punt; Lady Julia Follett was a daughter of the second Lord Ailsa; Harry (Toby) Wickham married Lady Ethelreda Gordon, and was sometime Master of the Fitzwilliam Hounds; Charlie Wise was a very well-known horse-dealer at Eton, from whom

we hired our hunters; and the Messrs. Headington were farmers, both very kind supporters of the Drag Hounds.

Captain the Hon. Miles Stapleton, afterwards the tenth Lord Beaumont and Lt.-Colonel commanding the 20th Hussars, was known as 'Inches'—an obvious nickname from his extreme want of them.

Colonel and Lady Julia Follett were both extremely hard riders, but were so short-sighted as to be rather dangerous in the hunting field. The Drag Hounds held one of their meets at Surley Hall, and the second fence was a large open ditch called the Bone. Lady Julia went to the far side of it, and waited there for the hounds to cross. Tom Cochrane, now Lord Cochrane of Cults, was the first over it, and I came second. At the next fence, just as poor Cochrane's horse was taking off, Lady Julia crashed into him, and knocked him and his horse head over heels into the next field. Without stopping, she galloped on with the hounds. At the check in the middle of the run, I said to Lady Julia, 'Do you know that you knocked poor Tom Cochrane clean head over heels?' 'No!' she replied, looking very surprised, 'I had no idea.' 'But surely', I said, 'you must have known. It was at the second fence.' 'Oh! Was *that* Tom Cochrane?' she said, looking more astonished than ever, 'I really didn't know what it was! I do hope he isn't hurt.' At that moment Cochrane rode up, none the worse for his fall and joined in the general laughter. He is a neighbour of my daughter in Fife, and told her not long ago how well he remembered this incident.

A curious accident happened to me at Aldershot, shortly before I left the Coldstream. In company with a friend, I was riding a polo pony; and, as we were cantering along, it suddenly bolted. Being near the flat racecourse, I guided the pony on to it, gave him a whack with my cane, and said, 'Now, you brute, run away as fast and as far as you like!' To my horror, I saw there was a bag-chain across the course a little way ahead. I did my best to stop the pony or to guide it out of the course, but could do neither; and I said to myself, 'Now we're for it!' The



DRAG HUNT LUNCHEON TO FARMERS

Victoria Barracks, Windsor, November 30th, 1878

Back Row: Mr. Wilson, Mr. Headington, Mr. Headington, Captain Hon. M. Stapleton, Charlie Wise, W. H. Wickham, Lady Julia Follett, E. W. Wynn (Scots Guards), Colonel Follett.

Middle Row: A. C. Jervoise, Colonel Julian Hall, Hon. H. C. Legge (Whip), Captain Kingston, A. E. Codrington, A. C. Bentinck.

Front Row: G. Sebright, Mr. Oliphant, G. F. Sutton, Colonel Weller-Otway (Master), Dr. A. B. Myers, Hon. G. Ormsby-Gore.



SOME OFFICERS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

Victoria Barracks, Windsor, 1878

Back Row: A. C. Bentinck, Colonel de Vesci, Captain the Hon. R. Campbell, C. D. Fortescue, A. E. Codrington, H. Stopford.

Middle Row: E. Vincent, Hon. G. Ormsby-Gore, R. Pole-Carew, Colonel J. Hall, Colonel Wigram, Captain the Hon. M. Stapleton, Hon. H. C. Legge, A. Fitzroy.

Front Row: A. C. Jervoise, Lord Lambton, Hon. F. Lambton.

chain hit the pony on the top of his head, which was nearly touching the ground, and then flew up his neck, caught me across the arms and chest, and sent me flying from his back as if I had been shot from a catapult. I soon jumped up, shaken but not really hurt, as I thought at the moment; and in the meantime my friend had caught the pony and brought it back. I got on to its back again, and said we would continue our ride. A quarter of an hour later, however, everything went black and I fell off; nor do I remember anything until I found myself in bed. Being young and in very good health, I quickly recovered, though I did not throw off the effects of the accident completely for several months. I think I was very lucky, in the first place because the pony did not fall over the chain, and secondly, in not having my neck broken by the chain itself, when it flung me off.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, such little episodes as the bear-fight between Polly and Coddy, the Coldstream was a very happy home for everybody. Many of the friends I then made remained my friends for life. Though we young officers were rightly kept under strict discipline and made, I hope, to behave like gentlemen, nobody was ever bullied or ill treated unless he thoroughly deserved correction. I am in every way thankful that I was lucky enough to spend two years in that splendid Regiment, and I believe no better school could be found for young men of all classes. My only regret is that, owing to the circumstances under which I left the Coldstream, I never had the opportunity of seeing any active service with the Regiment, in the campaigns in which it has so highly distinguished itself. I am specially proud to have been the President of the Sheffield Branch of the Old Coldstreamers' Association for the last twelve years, and to be so still; and I look upon the Coldstream parties at Welbeck as the most pleasant of the year.

About the time I joined the Coldstream in 1878, Colonel Fremantle was in the chair at a dinner of the Nulli Secundus, the Regimental dining club in London. He proposed the health of the oldest Coldstreamer in the room, and a tall, slim, aristo-

cratic-looking old gentleman, with white hair and a white moustache, rose to reply. He was the then Lord Stradbroke, brother of the famous Admiral Rous and father of the present Lord Stradbroke, Lady Augusta Fane and others. Lord Stradbroke thanked everybody for so kindly drinking his health, and went on to say that he was very proud of having served in the Coldstream Guards as a young man. 'I am also', he continued, 'very proud to have been present with the Regiment at the famous battle of Quatre Bras; but unfortunately I was wounded, and so was unable to be present at the much more famous battle which was fought on the following day—I mean the battle at which the great Duke of Wellington commanded the Allied Army, when it defeated the French under the Emperor Napoleon; but', said Lord Stradbroke, 'you must excuse a temporary lapse of memory by an old man, for I cannot remember its name.' Someone said, 'Waterloo.' 'Waterloo—of course, Waterloo! How foolish of me not to remember!' I think that is a most interesting link with the past.¹ I see from the Peerage that Lord Stradbroke was born in 1794, so he was twenty-one when Quatre Bras and Waterloo were fought.

When the late Duke of Portland died in December, 1879, I called on Colonel Wigram to ask for leave; but he was out, so I left a message with his soldier servant. When Colonel Wigram returned, the servant said to him, 'Mr. Bentinck called this afternoon about going on leave. I'm afraid he couldn't have been quite *correct*,² Sir, because he said he was the Duke of Portland!' This story was all over the Guards' Club by the following day.

¹This reminds me of another link with the still more distant past. The late Lord Lovat told me that his father, who was born in 1828 and whom I knew, remembered an old woman living in Glen Strath Farrar, not far from Beaufort, who had seen what she termed the 'Red Coats' firing on the Jacobite Highlanders in the adjacent hills, after the battle of Culloden. As the pursuit of the rebels continued, I believe, for some years after Culloden, the old woman need not have been more than eighty-eight or eighty-nine when Lord Lovat saw her. His brother, Henry (Pope) Fraser, said that he also had seen an old woman near Kingussie, who could remember the same thing.

²A soldier's term for sober.

Soon after my succession, some of my brother-officers said to me, 'So you are going on leave? Mind you don't come back with coronets branded all over you, for we shall kick them jolly hard if you do!' I have never had much liking for coronets since then, nor any temptation to scatter them over my possessions.

Another good thing I learned in the Coldstream was never to call people by their Christian names or nicknames unless I knew them fairly well. I remember a severe but well-deserved snub being given to some young fellow who was continually speaking of Tom This and Jack That. Rowdy Campbell said to him one day, 'Do you know Tom B.?' 'No.' 'Then', said Campbell, 'why the devil don't you call him Lord B.?'

When I had just succeeded to the Dukedom, one of my senior brother-officers said, 'Look here, young fellow, you'll be able to amuse yourself more or less as you like now. My advice to you is, be a bit of a jack-of-all-trades. Don't just stick to hunting and sport, but try and enjoy everything as it comes. Always interperse your pleasure with business, and then things that might otherwise bore you will act as spice to your enjoyment.' I have tried to take his advice, and have always found it excellent; for it seems to me to be the best way of enjoying, not only sport, but life as a whole.

II. ARRIVAL AT WELBECK

On December 5th, 1879, as I was passing through London for my first long leave, from Shorncliffe, where the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream was then quartered, I received a note from our family lawyer, Mr. E. Horsman Bailey, telling me that the Duke of Portland was lying seriously ill at Harcourt House in Cavendish Square, and advising me not to go far away. On the following morning I heard that the Duke had died during the night, and that Mr. Bailey would call upon me immediately. At this distance of time I may confess that my first feeling was tinged with disappointment, because I badly wanted to spend my leave hunting in the Vale of Aylesbury. The Duke was my first cousin once removed. I had never seen him in his lifetime, though I did see him after his death; and I naturally could not feel any deep personal regret for his decease.

When Mr. Bailey came, he told me that the Duke had left me everything he possibly could. I should explain that, by the Duke's wish, I had re-entailed the estates when I came of age on December 28th, 1878, a year after my father's death; and he then not only made me an allowance for the maintenance of myself, my stepmother and my half-brothers and sister, but gave me sufficient money to buy the lease of 13 Grosvenor Place, into which they were about to move at the time of his death, and also a personal present, some of which, I am afraid, went on the purchase of three or four hunters.

So, good-bye to hunting for the moment; and I remained in London with my stepmother.

This seems a suitable place to mention the notorious and

foolish Druce case, though it did not take place until 1907: so perhaps I had better dispose of it now. I need only say that, following the wise advice of Mr. Bailey, whose firm had acted for my family for nearly a hundred years and therefore knew all about my predecessor, I treated it with supreme contempt. It arose from the hallucinations of a crazy woman, repudiated by the reputable members of her own family, who was encouraged by sensation-loving journalists, anxious to exploit the attraction likely to be felt by credulous and foolish people for a coffin and a long-buried corpse.

The imposture was taken seriously, unfortunately for themselves, by a considerable number of people, many of whom ought to have known better; and they went so far as to float a Company in support of the Druce claims. The shares were so widely taken up that, during a ball in the underground rooms at Welbeck, one of my guests was pointed out to me as being a shareholder. I am afraid I cannot pretend to be sorry that those who invested in the Company lost their money.

In a letter which I received from the late Lord Rosebery in January 1908, he put the whole business in a nutshell. He wrote, 'I want, however, to trouble you once more on that preposterous Druce conspiracy. The only puzzling point about it is how it ever came into existence. In the Tichborne case there was at least a mad old woman who wanted to recognise somebody as her son, and so there was an obvious starting point. But in your case there is nothing. The late Duke burrowed a good deal, no doubt—but not in the direction of any warehouse. And we might as well expect to hear that the late Duke of Westminster was Snelgrove.' After that it seems to me there is nothing more to be said!

But now let me resume my story. When we proposed to go to Welbeck we were told by Mr. F. J. Turner, the resident agent,¹

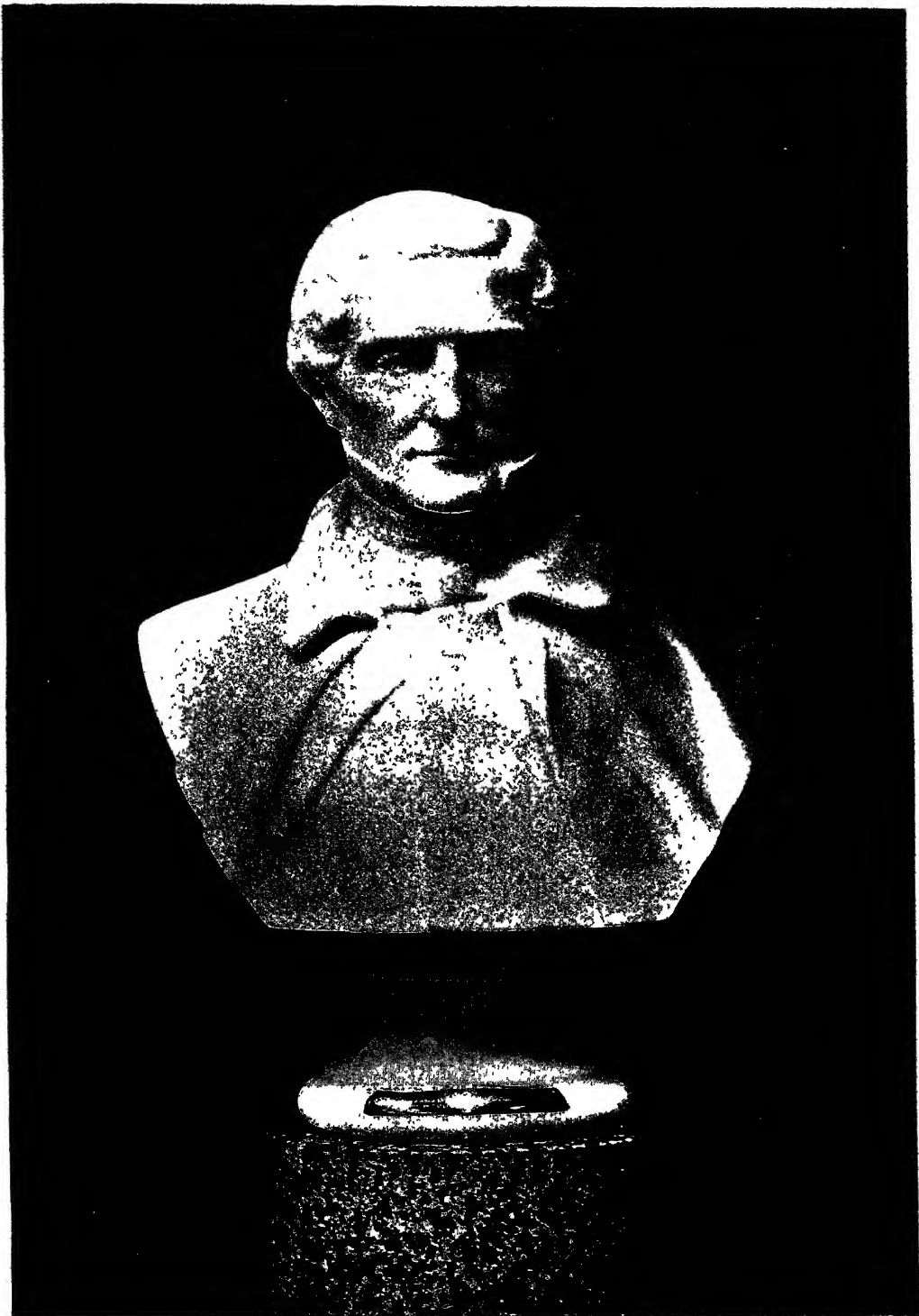
¹Mr. Turner had been appointed agent for the English estates by the late Duke, only a year before. He had formerly been resident agent in Ayrshire, and lived at The Dene, Kilmarnock. I cannot speak too highly of him. He was a valued friend and most wise adviser, and remained in charge of my affairs until his death in 1906 at the age of eighty-two.

that we could not do so with any comfort, because access to the Abbey was almost impossible owing to the alterations in progress at the time of the Duke's death, and the house itself was completely dismantled. The furniture from 13 Grosvenor Place was therefore sent down immediately, and we all—my stepmother, Henry, William, Charles, Ottoline and I—arrived at Welbeck a few days before Christmas. Ottoline has very kindly written an excellent account of our arrival, for which I am most grateful; and, as my recollection is the same as hers, I insert it here in her own words:

‘We travelled from King’s Cross Station in a saloon carriage, arriving at Worksop Station on a dark, windy, winter evening. Outside there was a little crowd of people waiting to see the “young Duke” arrive. Their white faces and dark clothes caught the light of the old dim oil lamps as they pressed round the door of the very old-fashioned carriage. My little brother Charlie, who was ill with peritonitis, had to be lifted carefully into a second carriage. Then came what seemed to me a long, dreary drive to Welbeck, till at last we arrived at the house. The front drive was a grass-grown morass covered with builders’ rubbish, and to enable the carriage to reach the front door they had put down temporary planks. The hall inside was without a floor, and temporary boardings had been laid down to enable us to enter.

‘Why the house had been allowed to get into this state I do not really know, except that the late Duke was so absorbed with his vast work of building and digging out the underground rooms and tunnels that he was oblivious of everything else. He pursued this hobby without any idea of beauty, a lonely self-isolated man. The secret¹ of his life of isolation has never been disclosed. It was perhaps an inherited peculiarity from his mother, which gradually overcame him, for in his youth he lived a normal life in London society, and he was for a short time

¹If there was any secret, which I much doubt, I believe it arose merely from constitutional shyness. Mr. Turner told me that the Duke was an extremely handsome, kind and clever man. P.



THE 5TH DUKE OF PORTLAND
(Sir E. Boehm, 1880)



THE VERY REV. THE HON. H. M. BROWNE
Dean of Lismore
(H. R. Pinker, 1885)

member of Parliament for King's Lynn and at his death was still President of the Nottingham Liberal Association.

'His love of building tunnels came perhaps from an exaggerated desire for privacy. Even round the garden of Harcourt House, where he lived in London, he erected high glass screens so that he could not be overlooked; and when he travelled he never left his own carriage, but had it placed on a railway truck on the train and kept the green silk blind tightly down.

'We were met in the front hall by Mr. F. J. Turner, the agent: the heads of departments—the steward, a tall Scotsman, named McCallum; the clerk of the works, Tinker; and some others. After a short talk we were taken up to the only rooms that were habitable in this huge house. The late Duke had lived in four or five rooms opening into each other in the west wing of the Abbey. Our little family party, all dressed in black, were solemnly ushered to these rooms, which were scantily, indeed almost poorly furnished, and my brother Charlie was put to bed.

'Next day began the journey of discovery of the house. The rooms that we were living in had double sets of brass letter boxes in the doors, one in and the other out. Two of these rooms were charming, a large west room and a little room known as the North Closet adjoining. The old house had been built on the foundations of a Norman Abbey by Sir Charles Cavendish, the third son of Bess of Hardwick, and added to by Henrietta Cavendish-Harley, Countess of Oxford, and her daughter Margaret (Prior's 'lovely little Peggy') who married the second Duke of Portland and brought Welbeck into the Bentinck family. In later life she became a great collector of antiques, being a very cultivated woman and one of the leading blue-stockings.. It was in these rooms and in another adjoining (now no longer in existence) that she and Mrs. Delany sat together to embroider and talk.

'The other rooms in the house were absolutely bare and empty. They were all painted pink, with parquet floors, and all bare and without furniture except that almost every room had a

‘convenience’ in the corner, quite exposed and not sheltered in any way. The drawing rooms were high. The late Duke had abolished a floor of bedrooms to make them more lofty, but no furniture or pictures were to be seen—they were all swept and garnished. At last in a large vaulted hall, decorated rather beautifully in Strawberry Hill Gothic by Lady Oxford in 1751, we found a great array of beautiful cabinets and furniture, all more or less in a state of disrepair.

‘Then on by an underground passage and up through a trap door into the building that had originally been William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle’s riding school,¹ now lined by the late Duke with mirrors, and with crystal chandeliers hanging from every corner in the raftered roof. The roof itself was painted to represent the bright rosy hues of sunset. The sudden mood of gaiety that had made him decorate it as a ballroom must have soon faded, leaving the mock sunset to shine on the lonely figure reflected a hundred times in the mirrors around him. We found stacked here most of the pictures that had been collected or had come down from generation to generation. Many of them were without frames and stood two or three deep against high wooden rests. They were unnamed and apparently uncatalogued.² The frames were hidden away elsewhere, I believe in a store house.

‘In a similar building opposite this, which had been the stables of the third Duke of Portland, were kitchens, scullery, larders, bakehouse, etc. There in the great kitchen the Duke’s perpetual chicken was always roasting on a spit, so that whenever he should ring for it one should be ready roasted and in a fit state for eating. From this kitchen the food was lowered by a lift into a heated truck, which ran on rails through one of the underground passages into the house, a distance of about 150 yards.

‘A branch tunnel from this took us to the great underground

¹Built in 1623 from the designs of John Smithson, who was also the architect of Bolsover Castle, and of Wollaton Hall, near Nottingham P.

²Various old catalogues were found at a later date. For an account of them, see the introduction to R. W. Gouling’s *Catalogue of the Pictures at Welbeck etc.* (Cambridge, 1936). P.



MRS. ARTHUR BENTINCK AND OTTOLINE
(Ossani, 1875)



Above: OTTOLINE BENTINCK
(Violet Manners, 1883)
Below: OTTOLINE BENTINCK
(J. Sant, 1883)

rooms—three very large ones, and one that is quite immense, about 160 feet long and 60 feet wide. They also were painted pink, heated with hot air, and lit by mushroom-shaped skylights. These were level with the upper ground, so that by day the rooms were quite bright, and by night they could be lit by innumerable glass gas-lit chandeliers. The floors were of parquet, but that in the big room was not yet finished, and there were wheelbarrows and shovels lying about in it. There was no beauty in these rooms—they were just vast, rather bare, empty rooms, and except for the top lighting one would not have been aware that they were sunk in the earth. In fact, they were rooms built down, instead of being built up.

‘Along the side of the three rooms ran a glass corridor with alcoves for statuary, but there was an entire absence of statues. Then back we came again to the house, through more underground passages. These also were lit by upper skylights, and gas at night. The passages near the house were beautifully dry and paved with stone. Leading out of them was a long tunnel for walking to the riding school and stables about half a mile distant, wide enough for two or three persons to walk abreast. It ran under the ground by the side of the ordinary road. On the other side of the road, also underground, was a somewhat rougher tunnel. This was for the use of the workmen.

‘The collection of buildings—stables, riding school, dairy, coach stables, laundry, offices and another longer riding school with a tan gallop about a quarter of a mile in length—made a village in themselves. They were all built in the same grey stone, without any trees or gardens. The late Duke must have had a mania for size, for all these buildings were exceedingly large. The riding school is, I believe, the second largest in the world.¹ As a child I was always proud to tell people that it had a copper roof, a wreath of painted bronze inside representing oak leaves and squirrels, and 4,000 gas jets to light it up at night.

¹The largest, which I saw when I visited Russia, was in Moscow, It was said to be capable of holding two cavalry regiments, both manœuvring at the same time. P.

‘The vegetable garden was on an equally huge scale, divided into a series of flat gardens, each about eight acres, surrounded by high walls. In these walls ovens had been built, which were intended to warm them and ripen outdoor fruit.

‘Then there was the great tunnel, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, through which was a carriage drive to Worksop. It had been dug out under the Park, and was quite large enough for two carriages to pass. The top window lights threw a ghostly light down at regular intervals. It dipped down under the lake, and here of course it had always to be lit by gas, as the whole tunnel was at night.

‘The late Duke was very kind to the workmen employed on his vast underground works. He even provided donkeys for them to ride to and from work, and large round stables dug out of the earth. He also gave them umbrellas to shelter them from the rain.

‘In the pleasure garden was a large skating rink, and a man was kept to look after the skates of every size. The Duke wished his housemaids to skate, and if he found one of them sweeping the corridor or the stairs, the frightened girl was sent out to skate, whether she wanted to or not.

‘This vast place, denuded as it was of all grace and beauty and life, cast a gloom over us. At first my brother seemed to wish to shut it up and leave it, but my mother persuaded him that it was his duty to remain. Then she began her long task of making an eccentric creation into a normal house, a home for us all.

‘My brother wished to have a party for some of his brother-officers, a short time after our arrival, but where were the beds for his friends to sleep in, or the grates for fires? To hire them from Worksop was the only possibility. This was done, and his friends arrived and were made fairly comfortable.

‘For many weeks the discoveries went on. One of the rooms used by the late Duke was lined with cupboards reaching to the ceiling, filled with green boxes, and in these boxes were a large number of dark-brown wigs. In other cupboards were boxes and boxes of cream Balbriggan socks and white silk handkerchiefs,

also fine nainsook ones about one yard square, all marked in fine cross-stitch *S.P.* (Scott Portland) with a coronet and the number, generally twelve dozen, and other mystic initials, describing, I believe, the place where they were to be kept (*W.A.*, Welbeck, *L.L.* Langwell Lodge, *H.H.* Harcourt House, *T.* for travelling). There were also fine white elaborate shirts, with frills and high collars and sleeves of inordinate length. But wigs and handkerchiefs and shirts would not furnish rooms, and other more substantial things had to be looked for, chairs and tables. After many enquiries store rooms gave up their treasures, and gradually the large rooms became more habitable. Rare Gobelins tapestries were discovered in long tin boxes. How well I remember the smell of the peppercorns as they tumbled out on to the floor when the long roll of splendid pink tapestries was undone and spread out. Some of these were hung in the largest drawing room, where they still are.

‘Fine coromandel screens and cabinets, chests containing old velvet Coronation robes,¹ were found; and one evening is vivid to me—as my brother stood looking through the secret drawers of one of the cabinets, standing in the middle of a vast empty room, lighted by someone holding a candle, snuff-boxes, miniatures, watches were found, and then a green silk quilted pocket-case, stuffed with bank-notes for £2,000. I now have this case; the notes naturally were never mine. I still feel myself as a small child peering up at this treasure, lit by the candle.

‘My mother, afterwards helped by my governess, Miss Lucy Craig, worked from morning till night, searching, investigating, furnishing rooms and hanging pictures. I think without very great expense she turned the cold, bare house into a human habitation, with the old family treasures gradually brought out and made to look their best.’

That is the end of Ottoline’s narrative. Here let me say that I, too, wish to pay a very warm tribute to my stepmother; first, in

¹These are still at Welbeck. One is the mantle worn by the 2nd Earl (afterwards 1st Duke) of Portland at the Coronation of George I in 1715. I wore this at the Coronation of His present Majesty in May 1937. P.

gratitude for the loving care she gave to me, for she treated me in every way as if I were her own child; and secondly, in commemoration of the unfailing interest and tireless energy with which she preserved and arranged the family pictures, miniatures, historic plate and other works of art. She found all these treasures, as my sister has written, in the greatest disorder and for the most part, as we then believed, uncatalogued. They were stored in empty rooms at Welbeck, Harcourt House, and 13 Hyde Park Gardens.¹ As was perhaps natural and normal at that time, when I was very young, I cared more about hunting, shooting and other sports than for works of art; and, without the ability and industry of my stepmother, I am sure many of these valuable things would have been lost or destroyed. I therefore owe my stepmother a double debt of gratitude, for her personal goodness to me, and for her interest in and care of the family collections. She consulted the most eminent authorities as to the history and arrangement of these treasures: Sir George Scharf and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Sidney Colvin assisted her with the pictures and prints, Mr. Wilfred Cripps with the early silver, and Mr. Maxwell Lyte with the large and valuable collection of family papers. In due course other experts were consulted; but I think it may be more convenient to deal with the later history of the collection in another chapter.

Soon after we arrived, Lady Bolsover found that Welbeck is extra-parochial and that the late Duke had demolished the old chapel, which stood at the east end of the Oxford wing and was, I believe, one of the old monastic buildings. For this reason, there was no convenient place of worship where the family and the household could attend Divine Service on Sundays. Lady Bolsover very properly said she thought it was extremely wrong that we should all live as heathens, so she arranged for us

¹The late Duke never lived in Hyde Park Gardens, but used the house for storing China, books, prints and furniture. There was a curious erection on the roof of the house, from which a fine view over Hyde Park might be obtained. From the outside it looked not unlike a coffin; and it was said that omnibus-drivers sometimes pointed to it with their whips, and told their passengers that it contained a body! I believe the Local Authorities went so far as to enquire into the truth of this, and of course there was none.



OTTOLINE MORRELL

house in Grosvenor Crescent, facing two houses, one of which was occupied by the Rt. Hon. G. Gathorne-Hardy, the Secretary of State for War in Lord Salisbury's Government, and the other by the Duke of Richmond, the Lord President of the Council. My sister and brothers and I were all very much interested and amused by watching what we then considered the 'grand' people arriving as their guests. Curiously enough, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy afterwards, with great kindness, lent his house to Mr. and Mrs. Dallas-Yorke for the wedding-breakfast and reception when I married. Mrs. Dallas-Yorke's brother, Sir Henry Graham, had married Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's daughter Edith as his first wife; and she was the mother of Sir Ronald Graham, late British Ambassador in Rome, and the gifted writer Harry Graham.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy was then about to be created a peer. As he had for many years been Member for the University of Oxford, some of his busybody supporters suggested that he should be created Earl of Oxford, thus reviving the old title held by the Veres and by my ancestors the Harleys.¹ Indignant letters then appeared in the papers, protesting against the revival of this title. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy meanwhile kept a dignified silence. I heard afterwards that he had no desire whatever to be Earl of Oxford—he wished to become Lord Cranbrook, from his intimate connection with that place in Kent. This title was subsequently conferred upon him.

A somewhat similar outcry arose, upon the more recent creation of an Earldom of Oxford. I received several letters asking me to make some objection; but I took no notice of them as, though I am the owner of a good deal of the 2nd Earl of Oxford's property, I have no claim whatever to the title. Nor did I wish to appear in any way ungracious to an extremely distinguished man, though I do not believe he had any personal wish that the title should be revived in his favour.

¹Robert Harley, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Anne, was created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer in 1711. It is probable that he was given the second Earldom in case a claimant should come forward for the Oxford title, which had become extinct only eight years before.

III. LIFE AT WELBECK

I wish to begin this chapter with a word of explanation. Welbeck has now been my home for nearly sixty years; and the passage of time has left me with so many recollections of happy parties, of friendships and of events, all of them centred there, that it is difficult to know where to begin or where to end. I have therefore tried to describe some of what may seem the more important parties we have given, adding a few anecdotes of the friends who attended them, and of other events more or less connected with the place.

On June 29th, 1881, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, came over from Bestwood to luncheon. He was accompanied by his host the Duke of St. Albans, Lady Spencer, known as 'Spencer's Fairy Queen', Lady Claud Hamilton, Miss Mary Grey, now Lady Minto, Miss Violet Lindsay, now the Duchess of Rutland, and Ralph Bernal Osborne, father of the Duchess of St. Albans, widely known for his ability and his caustic wit. The party at Bestwood was for the opening of the University College, Nottingham, since removed to a beautiful site outside the City and, thanks to the great generosity of the late Lord Trent, equipped with splendid buildings. At a ball given at Bestwood on this occasion, I remember that, during the cotillon, Lancelot Rolleston¹ and I raced through a paper hoop for the honour of dancing with Miss Grey, and I am proud to say I won the race. I also had the privilege of giving Miss Grey a mount on one of my hunters on the following day, when she distinguished herself by

¹Now Colonel Sir Lancelot Rolleston, K.C.B., D.S.O.



WINIFRED DALLAS-YORKE, ROME
(C. M. Ross, 1884)

and was trodden on by one of the Yeomanry horses. The Prince had two days' shooting, and the bags were as follows:

<i>Number of guns</i>	<i>Parts.</i>	<i>Pheas.</i>	<i>Hares</i>	<i>Rabbits</i>	<i>Wood- cock</i>	<i>Var.</i>	<i>Total</i>
10	3	682	199	105	—	—	989
9	3	336	42	151	3	3	538

In the evening some of the party played whist or other card-games, while others enjoyed the singing of Mrs. Ronalds. There was also a table for planchette, a game rather in vogue at the time. At another party, very soon afterwards, this game was being played by a number of our guests, when someone asked, 'Who is the owner of Welbeck likely to marry?' The mysterious pencil began to write, 'Lady A—L—I—.' The table then leaped into the air, I fear not through any spiritual agency, and the dim candles were extinguished. I may say that a sister of a well-known and charming lady whose name contained those letters was one of the players, and perhaps she thought it advisable to prevent any further revelations on the part of the spirits!

My sister Ottoline was eight years old at the time, and when H.R.H. went away he gave her a kiss. I mention this because, when Queen Alexandra was our guest in 1915 for the marriage of my elder son, Titchfield, to Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who had been Her Majesty's Maid of Honour, she said to Ottoline, 'Ah! You are the little girl my husband kissed!' Ottoline had also the distinction of being kissed as a small child by Lord Beaconsfield: so she may be said to have begun life with a double blessing.

The celebrated and much loved Lady A. was *persona grata* wherever she went, and was a special favourite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. She was devoted to the Princess, and the Princess seemed no less attached to her. I remember that when she happened to be in a carriage with the Princess, H.R.H. bowed to the cheering people on either side of the carriage, and then waved her hand to Lady Ailesbury, as if to say, 'Remember my old friend, and please give her a cheer too.'

Lady A. died in 1893, at an advanced age, and to the last she

followed the old fashion of wearing her hair in ringlets. She was a strikingly handsome and dignified old lady; and she much enjoyed society and attending race-meetings. She liked having her little bets too, but I believe they never exceeded a very few pounds. Though extremely kind-hearted, she was rather worldly; and, when chaffed for making herself particularly agreeable to young people, she is said to have replied in fun, in her well-known deep voice, 'My dear, my dear, you never know when any beautiful young lady may not blossom into a Duchess!' Being of an affectionate nature, she sometimes allowed her favourites to salute her on the cheek, but always with the stipulation, 'No—only on this cheek. The other is sacred to the memory of my dear Lord Ailesbury.' Incidentally, her dear Lord Ailesbury was born in 1773 and died in 1856: so she had been faithful to his memory for some time! She was supposed to be the lady to whom the footman said, 'Robin's at the door, my Lady. . . . Oh! Robin's in the soup now, my Lady!' From the frequent mention of her in Dizzy's correspondence with Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford it is clear that Lady A. was one of his special friends.

I never met Lady Chesterfield; but Lord and Lady Bradford were among the party at Hughenden at the time of my second visit in 1880 (see page 167), and I afterwards knew them both very well indeed. Lady Bradford was a most charming old lady, and the perfect type of *grande dame*. It is no wonder that Disraeli liked her society and her correspondence. Her younger daughter, now Florence, Countess of Harewood, inherited all her mother's beauty and charm.

After the death of the 2nd Lord Wilton in March, 1882, his cellar of wine was sold by auction. I was about to go fishing on the Helmsdale, in Sutherland, at the time; and, before leaving London, I commissioned a wine merchant to buy the champagne and claret. Foolishly and carelessly, I did not restrict him as to price. I well remember my consternation, not unmixed with amusement, when Lord Berkeley Paget, who was my guest and dabbled in the wine trade himself, read out a paragraph from the

Globe headed, 'Extraordinary Prices for Lord Wilton's Wine,' adding the remark, 'There must be some damned fool about—I wish *I* could get hold of him!' In fear and trepidation I asked, 'What were the prices?'; and he quoted the most alarming figures. Not wishing to give myself away, I said, 'No doubt you are right. It must be some fool, as you say.' It seems that the wine was sold in small parcels; and my stupid agent had bought every one of them. A well-known lover of wine living at Brighton, Mr. Panmure Gordon, who had been unable to purchase any of the previous lots, in despair bid up to an extraordinary sum for the last two or three lots, to obtain samples of the fine vintages. But I fear he was disappointed.

When the wine was delivered, the champagne—which was, I think, 1874 Perrier Jouet—was of the very finest quality. Not long afterwards Berkeley Paget was my guest at Welbeck, and I noticed that he freely lapped it down at dinner. 'Well, Berkeley,' I said, 'you seem to like that!' 'I do indeed,' he replied: 'it's first class. Where did you get it?' 'Oh!' I replied with a wink, 'that's some of Lord Wilton's wine.' 'Good God!' exclaimed Berkeley; 'was it you who paid those prices for it? You never gave yourself away.' 'No,' said I, 'I don't suppose I did. But I hope, old chap, you don't think I was quite such a damned fool now! So we'll cry quits.' The claret, Château Margaux of the finest vintage, was then too strong for drinking; but in later years it was much enjoyed by my guests.

On July 2nd, 1882, the Vaḡar ul-Umarā and other Hyderabad notabilities visited Welbeck, and when they left they gave me some interesting and valuable presents, which are still in the house. The Vaḡar u-Umarā was a near relative of the famous Sir Salar Jung, Prime Minister of Hyderabad, one of the most able and enlightened natives of India.

On September 23rd, 1886, the Duke and Duchess of Teck came from Rufford for the day, and with them their daughter Princess Victoria Mary, now our gracious and beloved Queen Mary. Among those who accompanied them was General Sir George Higginson, often referred to as 'Old Hig', who had

served in the Crimea as adjutant of a battalion of the Grenadier Guards. He died in 1927, in his hundred and first year.

The Welbeck party for the first Show of the Royal Commission on Horse Breeding, which was held in Nottingham in February 1888, and of which I, as Master of the Horse, was the President, included the Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, Minister for Agriculture; Lord Coventry, Master of the Buck Hounds; Lord Ribblesdale; Sir Jacob Wilson, representing the R.A.S.E.; Sir John Gilmour, father of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, recently Secretary of State for Scotland; Mr. Bowen Jones, representing the Central Chamber of Agriculture; and Mr. J. Herbert Taylor, the Secretary. Among other guests were Lord Rosslyn, Lord Calthorpe and Sir Matthew White Ridley, afterwards Home Secretary. The Show was a great success, and later Shows on the same lines were held, as they are still, in the Agricultural Hall at Islington.

Soon after this, Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke visited Welbeck for the first time. It was on March 11th, 1889, a few days after our engagement. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dallas-Yorke, her father and mother; Sir Henry and Lady Margaret Graham,¹ and the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Barrington,² her uncles and aunts; Lord and Lady Muncaster, Count Larisch, Count Ferdinand Kinsky, Lord Lurgan and Mr. J. J. Shannon, R.A., who painted a portrait of my future wife, as a wedding-present from my tenants. So ended the ten happy years of my life at Welbeck as a bachelor; and then began the—thanks to my dear wife—still happier years of my life as a married man.

My wife has kindly written for me a few recollections of her early life, and a short account of the foundation of the Orthopaedic Hospital at Harlow Wood, near Nottingham, which I venture to insert here:

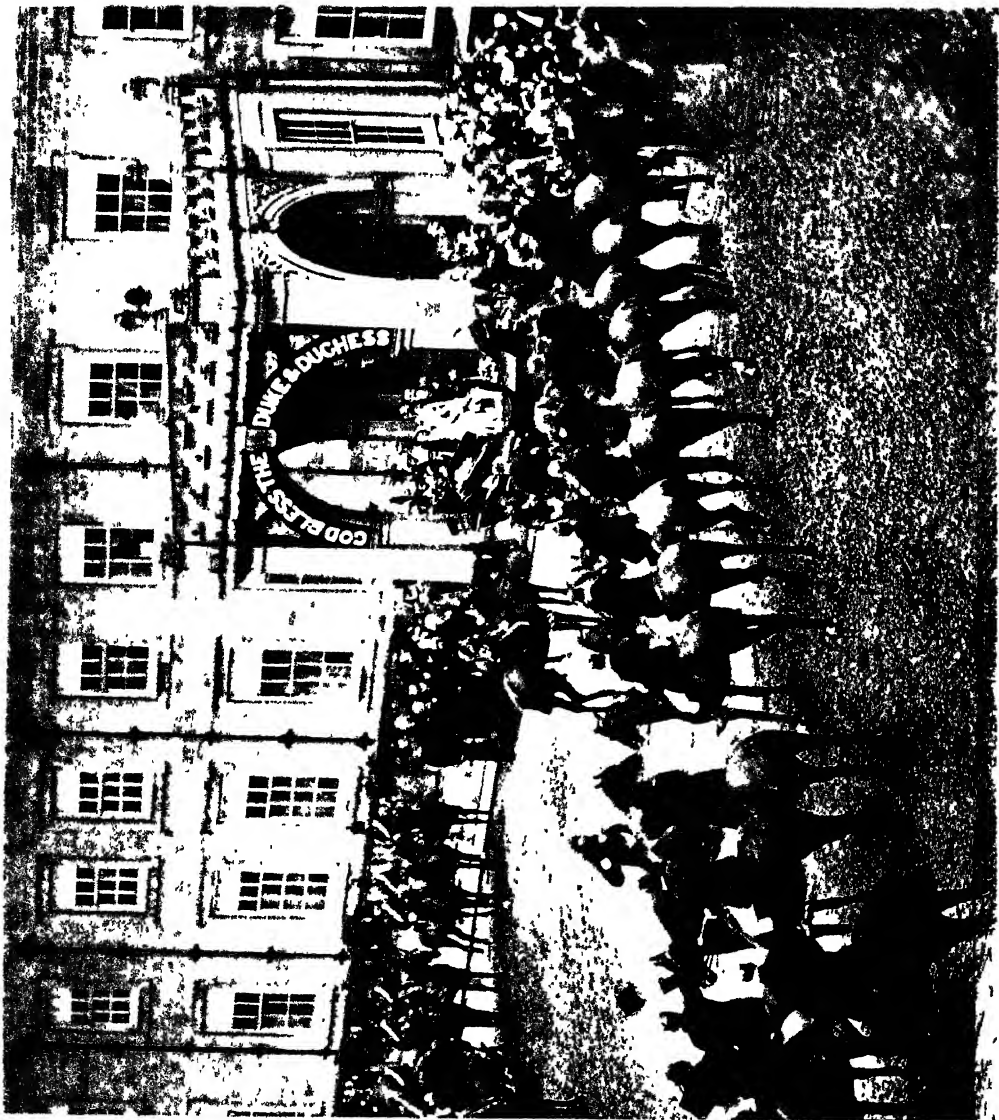
‘My first remembrance as a child is of Murthly Castle in

¹Sir Henry Graham was Clerk of the Parliaments. I shall refer to him again, later in the chapter.

²Sir Eric Barrington acted for many years as private secretary to Lord Salisbury, when Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who described him as the ideal private secretary, very remarkable for his tact and courtesy.



WINIFRED DALLAS-YORKE
(J. J. Shannon, 1889)



JUNE 11TH, 1889

Perthshire, where I was born, and where my grandmother, Mrs. Graham, lived for many years. Portland was born at Kinnaird House, only a few miles away; our parents were married in the same church, at Birnam near Dunkeld, where we were both baptised; and, curiously enough, the same Doctor—Dr. Irvine of Pitlochry—helped to bring us both into the world.

‘I had the happiest girlhood anyone could have, and my four most intimate companions when I came out are my dearest friends still—I allude to Alice Salisbury, Mabell Airlie, Ettie Desborough and Elizabeth Kenmare.

‘When I was sixteen and seventeen, my mother took a house in Rome for two winters, for my education. I remember vividly a very ordinary young tutor, who came in the afternoons to give me lessons in Italian history. But one day he appeared in a beautiful uniform, and then my interest in history greatly increased, and I became far more attentive to my lessons!

‘My mother’s great culture and intelligence made our house a centre for many celebrated men and women, who became her firm friends. Amongst others, I well remember Rubinstein, Anatole France, Jules Simon, Paderewski, Lembach the painter, Jules Lemaître, the Griegs, Fleischel, and Madame de Hegerman, who had a most lovely voice. On Sunday mornings, we went to Mr. Ross, the Swedish painter’s house, where Sgambati and his famous quartet often rehearsed their repertoire for future concerts in the Sala Dante. Rome held a marvellous wealth of musicians and painters in those days. I therefore look back upon my girlhood there as a very precious remembrance, combining education (as it did) with the absorbing interest of the people with whom I came into contact.

‘Gounod came to see us in Paris, and I remember he put his hand on my head and said, “Bless you, my dear child.” M. Paderewski has always remained a faithful friend of my childhood. When he is in London he comes to see us, and if we go to Lausanne we always pay him a visit at his lovely villa at Morges.

‘A very amusing thing happened when Portland and I went to Dunkeld on our honeymoon. We were both eager to spend a

day at Murthly, where Sir Douglas Stewart, the owner, and Lady Stewart lived after my grandmother left. We had luncheon there, and then P. and I walked by the river with one of the old keepers. It began to pour with rain, and in a few minutes I was wet through. I went back to the Castle, where Lady Stewart fitted me out with some of her own clothes—a pair of thick stockings, elastic-sided boots made of cashmere, and a long, frilled petticoat which appeared below my green tweed skirt.

‘I was put into a carriage, to go to the hotel at Birnam, and when nearing the town I saw flags and flower-arches festooned across the road. I thought it must be for a cattle show or some holiday festivities—till I drew up at the hotel, where red cloth was laid down, and the Provost was waiting to receive me. Conscious of my white petticoat, my prunella boots, and a white tulle veil which had melted away in the rain, leaving black spots all over my face, I leaped into the hotel passage, muttering that I would return in a few minutes. My fringe, which was my own, had become uncurled and meandered down my face. Never shall I forget the speed with which I recurled it and put on suitable clothes to be received by the town dignitaries, nor the agony of trying to suppress my sense of humour at my recent appearance!

‘Among my later interests, after I married, was a home for tiny delicate children from the industrial towns near Welbeck, which still exists and is doing great things for their health. Miss Annie Stenton has been in charge of it since the beginning, and I cannot speak highly enough of her devotion to the cause, or of the great practical good she has done. I continually receive letters from the parents, expressing their keen sense of gratitude to her.

‘At the beginning of the War, a Hospital was organised at Welbeck for wounded N.C.O.’s and men of our son Titchfield’s regiment, the Blues. Later on it was enlarged to sixty beds, for convalescing patients; but a great many of these were serious cases, who were sent to Sir Douglas Shields’s Hospital in Park Lane for operations. With very great kindness, Sir Douglas reserved five beds for our patients during the whole of the War,



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND
Walmsgate, 1889



WINIFRED PORTLAND
(Violet Rutland, c. 1917)

and for a long time after it was over. He performed some marvellous operations and we never lost one case. My gratitude to Sir Douglas is unbounded.

‘After the War, finding that many Nottinghamshire men who were totally disabled by spinal injuries were inmates of the Star and Garter at Richmond, and other hospitals far away, Portland and I purchased Ellerslie House in Nottingham, which made a nursing home in perfect surroundings, so that the men could be near their wives and families. I am glad it is still in existence, and I believe it supplies a great want.

‘Those who go into the back streets and little alleys of our towns know, alas, the number of crippled children who are lying in their homes, or are sometimes pushed out into the courts among the linen drying on lines, with little fresh air and no interests around them. Before the War, the Nottingham Cripples Guild brought a large party of children to spend the day at Welbeck, when we all did our best to give them a happy time. This became an annual event; but everyone felt that, though the patients might enjoy their outing, regular treatment, both medical and surgical, should also be provided for them. A clinic was therefore opened in Nottingham, where advice as to the management and skilled treatment of these cases could be obtained.

‘Although this clinic met with great success, many of its supporters felt that even more permanent provision should be made. So the Orthopaedic Hospital at Harlow Wood came into existence. It was opened in 1929 by Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, now our much loved King and Queen. It accommodates 156 patients, fifty of these being children, and the others men and women, all with tubercular hips or backs. They lie out in the open air all day and all night, and never complain of the cold—as I do! I am glad to say that nearly all of them leave the Hospital cured, or at any rate much better.

‘There are, besides the general staff, three school-mistresses, and two ladies who teach handicrafts and work. Many of the bigger children have never been to school, and their delight at

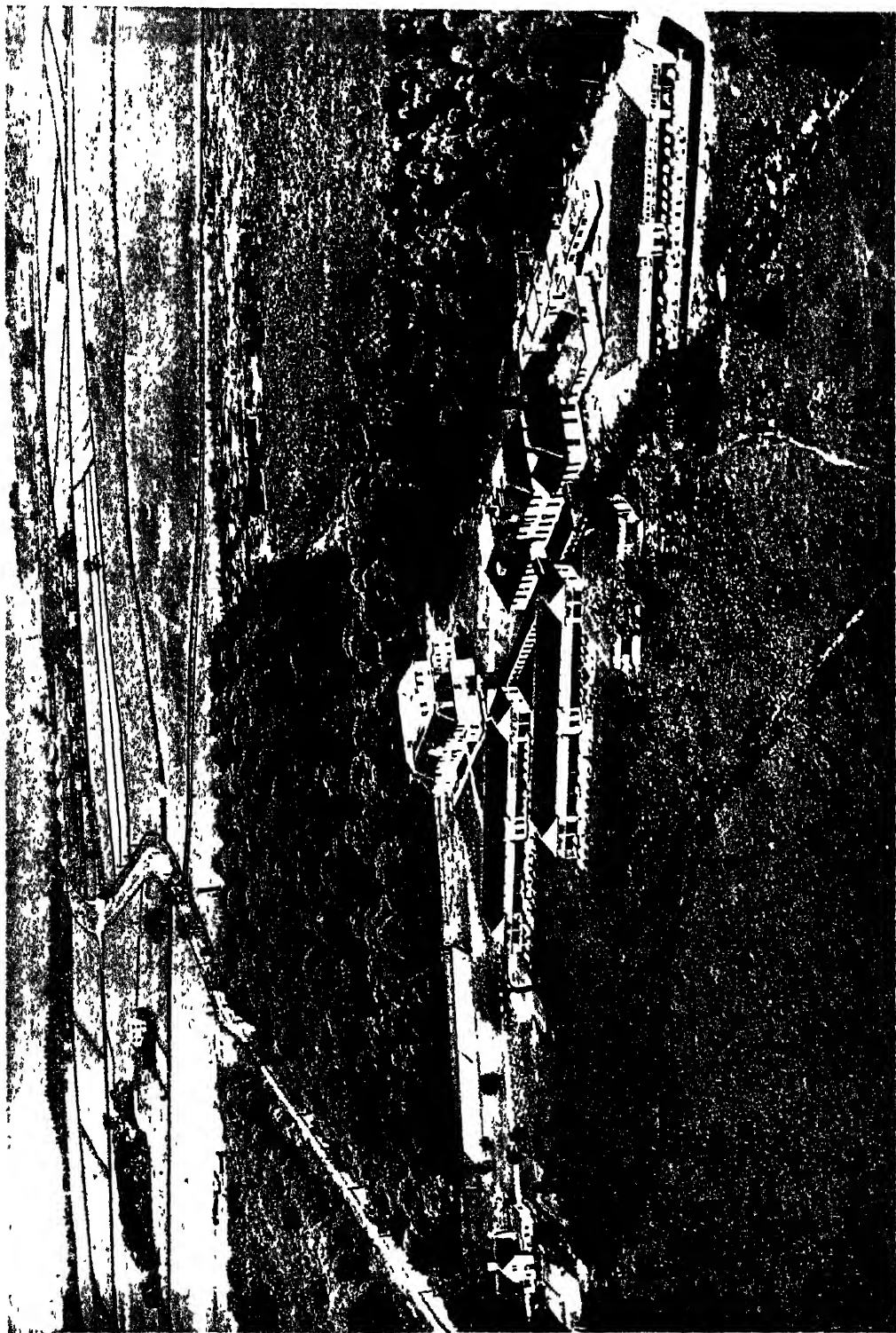
being taught to read is a joy to see. There are now six clinics in the County, and the patients attend these until there is room for them in the Hospital. The lives of the patients are, I hope, made as happy and amusing as possible; and the great treat is their "talkie" cinema three times a week.

'Another ward has lately been opened for miners injured in the pits, so that their injuries may be attended to at once by our first-class orthopaedic surgeons. Life seems too short to do all the things one would like; but it is wonderful to know that over two thousand cases have passed through Harlow Wood Hospital in the six years of its existence.

'I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who, by their wise advice and generous assistance, have made possible the building of Harlow Wood, for without their aid it could never have been achieved.' W. P.

Though we gave many balls when our children were young, at our now demolished house in Grosvenor Square, when our friends danced till daylight to the music of Gottlieb's or Drescher's Band, my wife and I never cared very much for giving large entertainments in London: for it seemed to us that the guests who came to them included a great number whom we hardly knew, some whom we had possibly never seen before, and many whom we certainly never wished to see again. However large the house, and however many invitations were issued, it was inevitable that some, who believed—probably quite wrongly—that they had a right to be invited, should be left out; while others who, for one reason or another, should not have been asked, were just as inevitably there. So these entertainments seemed to be equally a waste of time, money and energy, and did not appeal to either of us.

Entertaining at Welbeck, however, was and is quite another affair, and that is loved by my wife and me, for there our guests are always our best and dearest friends. We enjoy their company in peace; and I hope they enjoy our hospitality. We entertain at Welbeck more or less all the year round. In the winter there are continual shooting-parties; and during the



HARLOW WOOD ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL



CHRISTENING OF TITCHFIELD, MAY 23RD, 1893
Back Row: Sir H. Graham, Lady H. Bentinck, Mrs. Dallas-Yorke, Lord Newark.
Middle Row: Lady Milner, Prince Ernest Hohenlohe, M. de Soveral, Winifred Portland, Lady O. Bentinck, Lady Newark, Earl Manvers.
Front Row: Bertie Dallas-Yorke, Victoria.

summer we have parties at Easter and Whitsuntide, and also what was formerly known as our Show Week in August. This was so named because, until the War, my tenants' Agricultural Show¹ was held at that time, and we invited friends who might be interested in it. We also have guests at Langwell all through the autumn; and those are the parties I enjoy most of all, for our friends then seem to be at their happiest and best.

When H.M. King Chulalonkorn of Siam, attended by many members of his household, paid us a visit on August 9th, 1897, we were rather astonished at the loudness with which H.M. always spoke. In explanation of this rather tiresome habit, we were told that it is customary in Siam, or at all events was then, to modulate one's voice according to one's rank: so the King roared like a foghorn. I remember that when H.M. was asked whether he would take port, sherry, claret or madeira, he disconcerted the butler exceedingly by shouting, 'PORT!' at the top of his voice.

When H.M. was shown the drawing-rooms, he lingered behind the rest of the party, in company with my wife, and I heard him say to her in the very opposite of a whisper, 'If I were only English, I should marry for LOVE!' So I thought it best to make a hurried return.

As a memento of his visit H.M. kindly gave me some beautiful Siamese work in gold, enamel and diamonds; and for this, notwithstanding his stentorian lung-power, I was and am extremely grateful to him.

When H.M. left Welbeck for Scotland, a special train was placed at his disposal, and he was good enough to invite me to make use of it. I accepted his kind offer—but very soon regretted that I had done so, for I found that by H.M.'s personal order the train was never allowed to travel at more than forty miles an hour.

For some time H.M. occupied Lord Desborough's house, Taplow Court, and while he was in residence there I sent him a stag which I had shot at Langwell. H.M. was entertaining

¹See Appendix III.

a number of his sons at the time; and I heard that the stag was roasted whole on the lawn. At the subsequent banquet the sons were divided into two groups. One of these groups H.M. knew very well and greeted kindly; but then, pointing to the other, he said to one of his officials, 'Who are *these* young men, and where do they come from?'

Another remarkable visitor from the East was the Amir Feisal, later the first King of Iraq, who came from Chatsworth, attended by the famous Colonel Lawrence, on February 14th, 1921. While I was showing them the house, they went into my sitting-room on the ground floor, when the Amir said something in Arabic to Lawrence, who laughed. I asked him what the Amir had said, but he replied that he did not like to tell me. When I pressed him, he said, 'The Amir wishes me to ask you why you choose to live on the ground-floor, among all the dirt, the dust, and the stinks, and not at the top of the house as he does!'

I was at Langwell in October, 1900, and about to set out for the forest one morning, when a telegram arrived from my agent at Welbeck, Mr. Warner Turner, announcing that the Oxford wing of the Abbey was on fire. Mr. Turner reported that the children, who had left Langwell for Welbeck a short time before, were quite safe and had gone to London, and that he hoped the fire might be confined to the wing alone. As there was nothing else I could do, I went out stalking; and on my return I found a second telegram, saying that the fire had been extinguished, and had not spread to the Gothic Hall or to the rest of the house.

My daughter, Victoria Wemyss, has kindly written her recollections of the fire, as follows:

'Sonnie, Morven and I came down from Langwell to Welbeck with Sister Grace, at the end of September, 1900, Morven being a baby of eight weeks old. At about 3.30 a.m. on the morning of October 5th, I was wakened by Clacy's¹ voice telling me I was to get up at once. He added (I suppose not to frighten

¹The House Steward. P.

me) that there was smoke in the passage, and that they thought something must be on fire. At that moment I heard suffocating coughs outside my room, which turned out to be Denny, the under-butler, who was overcome by the smoke.

‘We then went to the room in which Sonnie and Morven were sleeping, and we all went down some stone stairs (no longer existing) at the end of the passage, to the Housekeeper’s room. I still remember how cold those stairs felt, as I had not been given time to get any shoes, and was barefooted. Neither was I given time to save my large doll named Netta, which was in a wooden cot by the side of my bed; and, alas, I never saw dear Netta again. As she was made of wax, I fear she must have melted in the fire. I can only hope it was a painless end! Our tortoise was found swimming about in the bath in the day-nursery next day, none the worse.

‘The fire broke out in a room off mine, and next door to my governess. It was supposed that the nurserymaid, wishing to iron some sashes for me to wear at a party, had gone to Mother’s maid’s room to use the electric iron and, having switched on the plug and found the current off, had forgotten to turn the switch back again.¹’

On our return to Welbeck, we found the upper part of the Oxford wing completely burnt, and other parts of the building so saturated with water—I believe four steam fire-engines had been at work—that it, too, was practically destroyed.

I should be very ungrateful if I did not pay a sincere tribute to the devoted and excellent work of my own fire brigade and servants, and of our good and brave neighbours, the miners from the adjacent villages. They all worked extremely hard; and many stories were afterwards told of their courage. One of the miners was seen perched on a high wardrobe, unscrewing it from the wall with one hand, and with the other throwing small basins of water at the flames, which had burst through the ceiling over his head. Three or four other miners came across a highly

¹ I may say that after this I consigned most of the electric irons in the house to a watery grave in the lake. P.

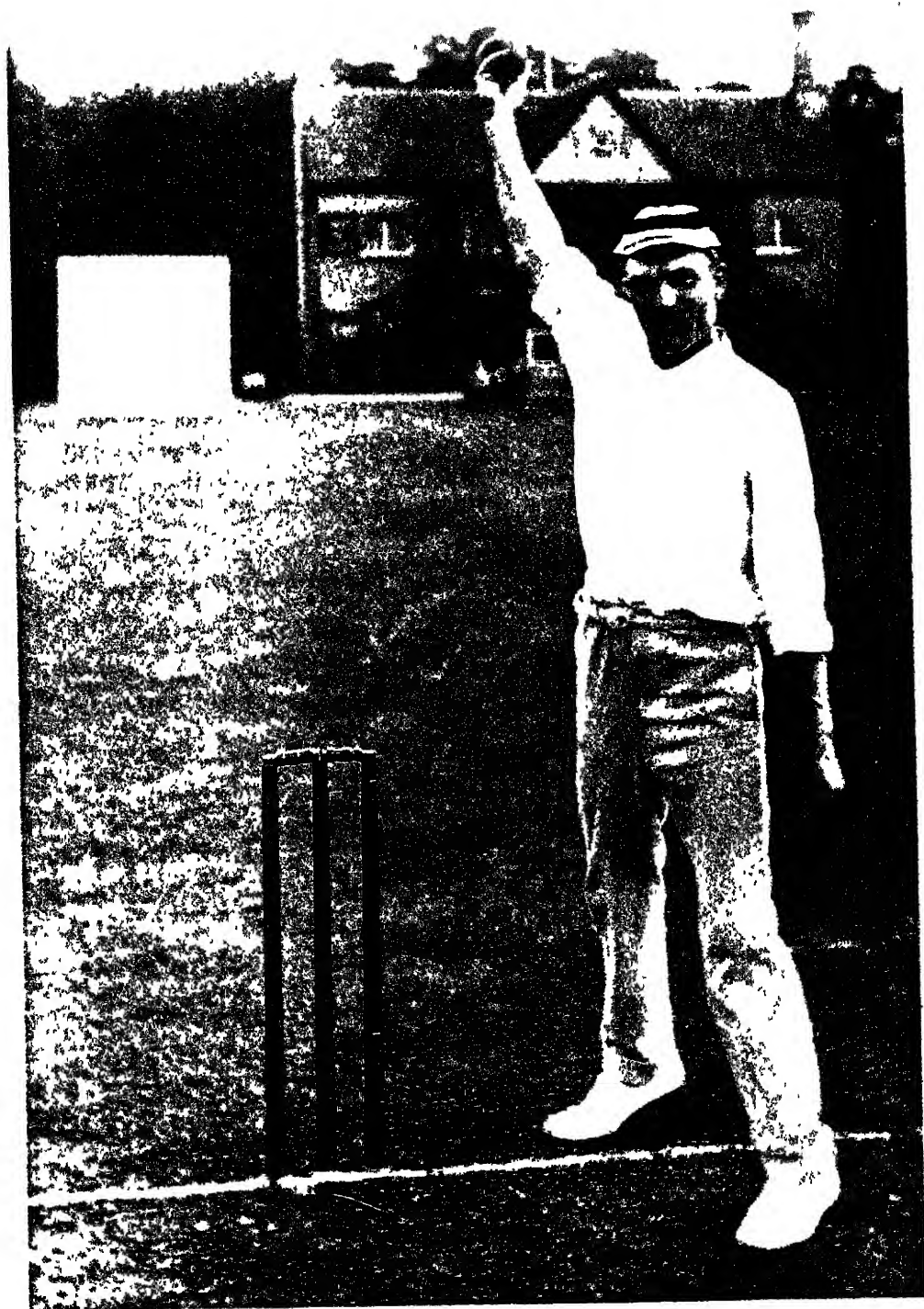
polished ebony piano. 'Lor'! How she do shine!' remarked one of them. 'We must mind and not scratch 'er.' They then fetched a mattress, and on this they lowered the piano to the lawn. 'We've broke 'er leg,' they reported; 'but we didn't scratch 'er after all!' These are only two small instances of their devoted kindness; and I am glad to have an opportunity of recording how much I owe to it, and to them.

Even the billiard-table was rescued, and taken out on to the lawn—no mean effort of strength. This reminds me that, some years later, Mr. Warner Turner telephoned late one night, saying he had heard there were burglars at the Abbey, and asked whether anything had been seen of them. Failing to recognise his voice, the clerk replied, 'Yes—not long ago I saw a fellow running across the cricket ground, with the billiard-table under his arm!' Mr. Turner's next remark is not recorded.

The work of reconstruction was carried out by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Ernest George and his assistant, Mr. Alfred Yeates. They not only restored and improved the accommodation in the Oxford Wing, but carried out many alterations to the house itself, I think most successfully: for they converted it from an old-fashioned, inconvenient barrack into a comfortable modern residence, without altering its character.

Sir Ernest George was recommended to me by Mr. Bertie Mitford, at one time Secretary of H.M.'s Office of Works and afterwards created Lord Redesdale, for whom Sir Ernest restored Batsford Park in Gloucestershire. I asked advice as to another architect from Lord Wemyss, whose house, Gosford, had lately been rebuilt; and he assured me, 'I am quite satisfied with the work X. has done for me. Indeed, we had only one serious misunderstanding, and that was when I ventured to suggest that Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren were *almost* as great architects as himself!'

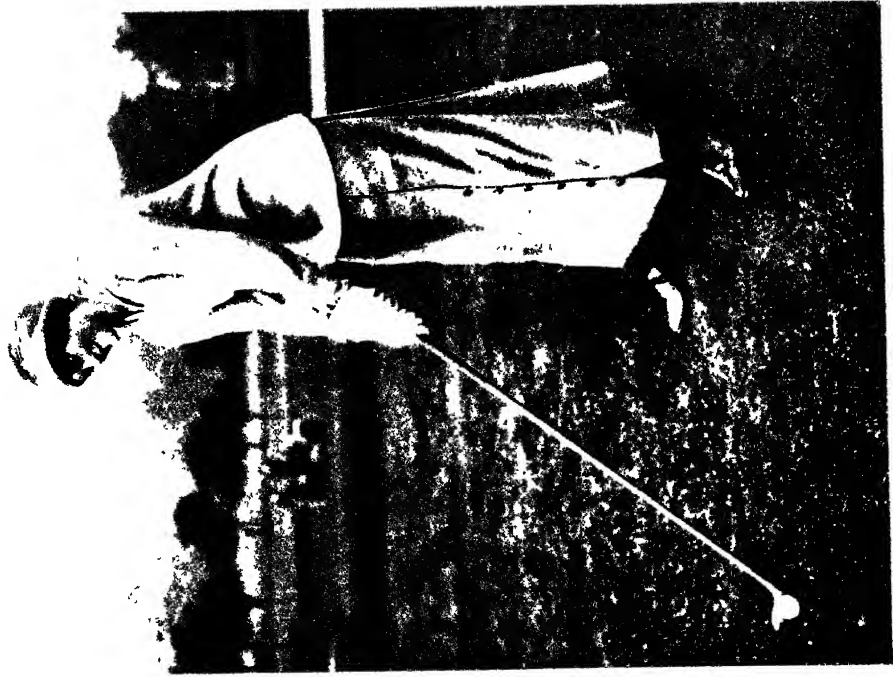
I think Sir Ernest was an excellent architect. He was especially clever at adapting old houses to modern use, without changing their essential character. After his death, the firm was carried on for some years by Mr. Yeates, whom I employed to



SAM MALTHOUSE



HARRY VARDON



WINIFRED MARTIN-SMITH

design and execute the War Memorial at Berriedale (See *Fifty Years and More*, 1933, plate 36).

Soon after the fire, I determined to make a golf course in the Park and employed Willie Fernie¹ of Troon in Ayrshire to lay out a 9-hole course. After some years I increased the course to 18 holes, which it has been ever since. Sam Malthouse,² a professional cricketer who long ago played for the Derbyshire Club, was put in charge of the course. His son Bill once drove a ball into a thorn-tree, where it was pierced right through by a thorn. The ball is still kept in the golf pavilion. Reggie Malthouse, Sam's younger son, now has charge of the course.

I once asked Willie Fernie whom he considered to be a perfect golfer. He replied that he did not believe such a thing as a *perfect* golfer had ever existed, or ever would exist, but that he considered Harry Vardon to come as near to perfection as possible. He also greatly admired the style of Miss Winifred Martin-Smith, who often played at Welbeck; and he said it was always a pleasure to play with her, or even to act as her caddy and carry her clubs. Miss Martin-Smith was runner-up for the Ladies' Championship; but she was not so strong as Miss Leitch, who, after playing two or three extra holes, eventually won the championship. This was of course before the days of wonderful Miss Joyce Wethered.

I am glad to pay tribute to Willie Fernie and his two sons. They were all three at Welbeck when the Great War broke out; and, after expressing deep regret that he himself was too old to fight, Willie said that both his sons would join the Army at once. They did so—thereby setting an example which some other professional golfers might have followed with advantage. Tom was wounded quite soon after his arrival in France, and was sent to a large hospital in Lincoln. It was thought that he had

¹Willie Fernie held the Open Championship of Great Britain in 1883, and was, I believe, five times runner-up.

²My opinion of Sam Malthouse is expressed in the memorial I put up to him in the cricket pavilion: *In grateful and affectionate remembrance of Sam Malthouse, a good cricketer, a fine sportsman and a valued friend. He always played the game. Welbeck, 1904-1931.*

injured his spine, and he himself believed he was going to die. My wife happened to visit the hospital, and there, to her surprise, she found Tom. Arrangements were soon afterwards made for his transfer to Welbeck, where he fortunately recovered. Tom has held the Scottish Championship four times, and is now professional at Lytham St. Anne's.

A Tenants' Cricket Club was formed as long ago as 1884. At first the wickets were poor, owing to the heaviness of the soil; but, after careful draining and replacement of the subsoil with ashes and light loam, the ground was much improved, and to-day the wickets are, I believe, as good as can be found anywhere. Many of the best cricketers in the country have played on them from time to time—in old days, Richard Daft, Arthur Shrewsbury, W. Flower, W. Barnes, and Alfred Shaw, and more recently S. Barnes, Wysall, Gunn, Nigel Haig, who afterwards played for Middlesex, and many others. Before the War, my chaplain, the Rev. G. B. Raikes, and my secretary, Captain H. H. Amory, formed a strong Welbeck eleven, which was seldom beaten.

At the request of Mr. Warner Turner, Mr. A. W. Shelton, the great authority on Nottinghamshire cricket, who was President of the County Club in 1933, has very kindly sent me the following notes:

'Two County matches were played at Welbeck, both Nottinghamshire *versus* Derbyshire. The first was on August 12th-14th, 1901, when Nottinghamshire won by an innings and 159 runs. In this match, T. Wass took 13 wickets for 40, and J. Gunn 5 wickets for 14. The other match, which took place on July 28th-30th, 1904, was drawn.

'Among County cricketers who played with the Welbeck Eleven were Samuel Malthouse, Daniel Bottom, and Edward Alletson. Malthouse, who was born at Whitwell in 1859, played frequently for Derbyshire from 1890 to 1895. His highest innings was 74 not out, *versus* Leicestershire at Derby in 1890. He died on February 7th, 1931. Bottom, who was also a native of Whitwell, was born in 1864. He played occasionally for Derbyshire during the seasons of 1891-3-4-8 and 1901, and also for

Nottinghamshire, under a residential qualification, in three matches during the season of 1899. He was for some time employed in the Forestry Department at Welbeck, and died at Nottingham in 1937.

‘Alletson was born at Welbeck in 1884. He was a member of the ground staff at Trent Bridge for some years, being employed as a carpenter at Welbeck during the winter months. He first played for Nottinghamshire in 1906, and continued to do so until 1914; but he took part in only two matches that season, and did not play for the County again. He played 171 completed innings for Nottinghamshire, and obtained 3,194 runs. His highest score was 189, *versus* Sussex at Brighton in 1911. This innings was, without any doubt, the most wonderful achievement performed by any professional batsman in the whole history of first-class cricket. The hits were—eight 6’s, twenty-three 4’s, four 3’s, ten 2’s, and seventeen singles. Alletson took an hour to make his first 50, hit his second 50 in fifteen minutes, and his last 89 in another 15 minutes. After lunch, he scored 115 out of 120 in seven overs, hitting Killick for 22 in one over, and for 34 in another. The details of this wonderful innings will be found under the head of “Fast Scoring” in Wisden’s *Cricketer’s Almanack*, 1935, page 155. For further particulars, see F. S. Ashley-Cooper, *Nottinghamshire Cricket and Cricketers*, 1923, page, 329. A.W.S.’

I may add to Mr. Shelton’s interesting notes that, in order to commemorate his remarkable score at Brighton, I presented Alletson with a gold watch. I should also like to mention two other Welbeck cricketers: Mr. G. G. Walker of Whitwell, a fast bowler, who played for many years as an amateur for Derbyshire with great success; and the late George Marples, who, alas, was killed during the Great War, a very active player for the Welbeck Eleven when Captain Amory, Mr. Raikes and Nigel Haig made up such a strong side.

When the so-called Test Matches between England and Australia were played at the Trent Bridge cricket ground in Nottingham, I was delighted to invite the opposing Elevens to have luncheon and spend the afternoon at Welbeck on the intervening Sunday. I am very glad to bear witness to the fact that, in spite of the ridiculous and exaggerated reports which

appeared in the more sensational newspapers, the most friendly relations existed between them. They not only foregathered at luncheon, laughing and chaffing one another, but many of them spent the afternoon walking round the gardens arm-in-arm. I here reproduce a page from the Visitors' Book, written at the time of the Test Match in 1934.

When Don Bradman was convalescent after his operation for appendicitis in 1934, he and his charming wife paid us a visit at Welbeck for some days. On the day after their arrival, I heard a piano being beautifully played for nearly an hour; and when I went into the Gothic Hall, there was Don Bradman playing, it seemed to me, nearly as well as he batted. I complimented him on his skill, and he replied, 'I enjoy playing the piano better than anything in the world; and now, thank goodness, I shall have plenty of time for it, for I have been forbidden to play cricket.' My wife and I liked Mr. and Mrs. Bradman very much indeed, and we hope to see them again when they next come to England.

King Carlos of Portugal, who visited us in 1904, was of opinion that he could do most things better than anyone else. Soon after he arrived he went to the billiard room, where he played with a friend of mine who was very good indeed at the game; but, by judicious marking on the part of another old friend, a very skilful trainer of racehorses, King Carlos was allowed to win by ten, though he should have lost by at least fifty. H.M. then asked me, 'Is not Mr. — one of the best amateur players in England?' 'Yes, Sir, I believe he is.' 'Ah!' remarked His Majesty with satisfaction; 'but *I* beat him!'

J. S. Sargent, the eminent painter, was our guest at the time; and Sir Evan Charteris reminds me that King Carlos remarked to him, 'I do not believe, Mr. Sargent, that even you could say what I can: that I have never yet had a picture refused by the Academy'—the Academy being that of Lisbon. 'I am sure, sir,' replied Sargent, 'that none of the artists I know could say that.'

The King told me that there was good stag hunting in Portugal. 'Sometimes', he said, 'the stag will run for ten or twelve

Visit of Forest Service
Forest Market Note June 10th 1931

Engish

of Walters
Milkman at of Platts

Leslie Ames.

W. Hammond,
J. B. White Jr.

K. James.

W. L. L. L.

Dr. B. Kinko

H. Veit

W Marshall

Stutcliffe.

64. Henderson -

Australian 184

W. A. Woodburn

Ben Bradman

Hans Schein.

A. S. Champfield

Thyall.

W. J. O'Reilly

Wm. Beecher (Tr.)

Alan Kippman

Stan McCabe

Bill Brown

[Signature]

Heclwood-Smith.

15

Harco Bushy. (H.F.)

W. A. Orsaria

G. J. He.

W. Langford

San Francisco

Len Darling

36 Barnett



H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

miles; and when we catch him, there is nobody there but *me*.' I received this proof of His Majesty's prowess with all due respect.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain visited us in 1907. We gave a ball in their honour, at which my daughter made her *début*. Several of H.M.'s subjects attended the ball, among others a beautiful lady, the Señora de Villavieja; and I shall never forget that, when we returned from the underground ball-room, she put my diamond Garter round her neck and we valed round the drawing-room! The King of Spain was quite a good shot; and I hope their Majesties enjoyed their visit as much as we did their company. Besides shooting, the King, my sister-in-law Cissie Bentinck and I rode early each morning. His Majesty was an excellent horseman, and seemed greatly to enjoy his gallops through the Forest. The King was a man of great personal courage, as well as of unusual charm. It is sad to remember all that has happened to him and his family since those happy and, for us, carefree days.

In July 1911, Prince Henry of Prussia, a brother of the German Emperor, headed a tour of the combined German motor clubs through the midland counties. He was attended by General Grierson who had been Military Attaché in Berlin, and who died in a railway-train, when on his way to take command of the 2nd Army Corps during the War. I invited the whole party to luncheon at Welbeck. I met them in my car at Daybrook Corner, near Nottingham, and piloted them by Rufford, Thoresby and Clumber to Welbeck, which we entered by the Sparken Hill gate. Prince Henry said he hoped that the tour would promote good feeling between England and Germany; but personally I was inclined to doubt it, as all that the passers-by saw of the visitors was the blinding cloud of dust raised by their motors. I did not, however, say so to H.I.H.

When we arrived, we had luncheon at round tables in the underground ballroom. After we had sat down, a friend told me that three of the Germans were still waiting outside: so I said, 'Ask them to come in, as we are beginning luncheon.' In a moment or two he returned, and told me that they

refused to do so unless they were placed at the same table as Prince Henry. As that table was already full, I said, 'If they are so pompous as all that, I am very sorry, but I am afraid they must stay outside.' I believe they actually did so; and I hope they felt as hungry all the afternoon as they deserved to do! After luncheon, H.I.H. and the other visitors went on to Harrogate. We all liked Prince Henry very much, and thought him a charming man.

Both my wife and I look back with great pleasure to, and feel deeply honoured by, the visits which the late King and Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians paid to us at Grosvenor Square, Welbeck and Langwell, and we are most grateful to our dear friend Elisalex de Baillet for her kindness in having presented us to them. Their Majesties were later good enough to invite us to Laeken, a visit which we shall never forget, nor their kindness and genial hospitality to us on that occasion.

The Queen alone honoured us with a visit at Grosvenor Square, for nearly a fortnight. We gave Her Majesty our own rooms, in consequence of which she said, 'I am your little cuckoo'; and as such, even now, my wife and I often refer to her in private. While Her Majesty was there, King George and Queen Mary honoured us with their presence at dinner on the evening of July 20th, 1925.

Queen Elizabeth afterwards came to Welbeck, where she played golf with considerable skill, partnered by Arthur Havers, the former professional champion, who stands well over 6 ft. high, while Her Majesty measures perhaps 5 ft. 1 or 5 ft. 2.

In 1930, the King and Queen of the Belgians both honoured us with their presence at Langwell. I have already written an account of this visit in *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*, 1933, p. 126. We little thought then of the impending tragedy which was so soon to occur. Alas, alas, those happy days are gone, never to return; but as long as we live we shall always value the memory of them, for none of our friends ever occupied a warmer place in our hearts. The Queen is a woman of great courage. During the War H.M. flew many times over the German

lines on expeditions to England; and both she and the King, escorted by Admiral Sir Roger Keyes with a guard of British bluejackets, were present in Ostend during its evacuation by the German troops.

Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, honoured us by a visit in July, 1928. The object of Their Majesties' visit was to open the splendid new buildings presented to University College, Nottingham, by Sir Jesse Boot, who was soon afterwards created Lord Trent, and to attend the Show of the Royal Agricultural Society in Wollaton Park on the following day. When Their Majesties opened the College buildings, they and a few others were invited to tea by Lady Boot. Afterwards Their Majesties, my wife and I were taken to an adjoining room to visit Sir Jesse, whom we found lying on a couch; but, though he was unable to move, his mind was as alert and cheerful as ever. On this occasion Their Majesties promoted the Mayor of Nottingham to the Lord Mayoralty. Their gracious intention had not been previously announced: and I had the pleasure and honour of making it known by addressing the Mayor as 'My Lord Mayor' during the opening ceremony in the College buildings—an announcement which was, of course, received with much enthusiasm.

There were two centenarians living in Nottingham at the time, Mr. William Walker and Mrs. Bousfield, and it was arranged for them to be presented to Their Majesties during the proceedings. It was found, however, that it would not be advisable for them to be presented at the same time, for while the old man, who was no less than a hundred and six, strongly believed in the enjoyment of the good things of this world, the old lady, aged only a hundred, was a convinced and, I believe, lifelong total-abstainer. It was therefore decided that the old man should be presented when Their Majesties and their suites arrived in motor cars at the City Boundary, where they entered their carriages; while the old lady was presented at the University College. Though a centenarian,

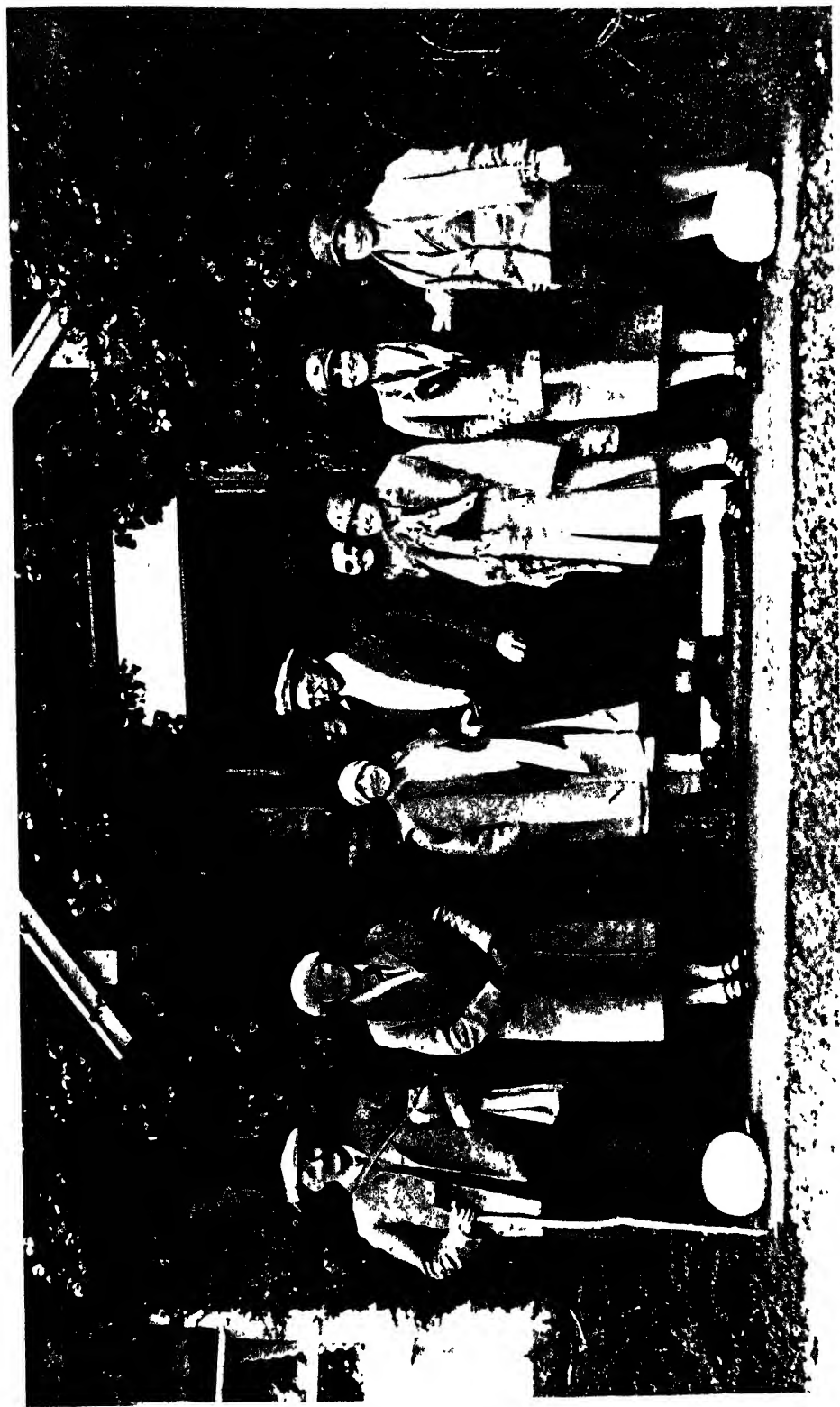
she would still have passed anywhere for sixty-five or seventy years of age. One of her sons is a well known K.C. Mrs. Bousfield died only a short time ago, in her 106th year.

The old man was no less remarkable. When asked about his diet he replied, 'What do I like to live on? Why, plenty good beer, plenty good baccy, and plenty good pork pies.' Think of eating 'plenty good pork pies' at a hundred and six! Even at my age, I cannot eat pork pie with impunity. I was told that he helped to build the first Midland Station at Nottingham. When questioned about his friends he said, 'Dear old Bill Jones, he was a good pal of mine; the best pal I ever had.' 'Have you seen him lately?' 'Seen him lately?—Why, Lord bless you, no! He died above eighty year ago!' I may say that I sent him a present of game; but he died a few days after its arrival. I hope the change of diet, from pork pies to roast pheasant, was not responsible for this dire result.

I have just (April, 1936) seen and talked with a dear old lady who lives at the Boat House at Murthly on the Tay. Her name is Maggie Miller, and she will be no less than a hundred and six years old if she survives until September. [My wife visited her in April 1937, and found her in excellent health and spirits; but she died during the summer.] She told me that in her youth she was in service in London, and well remembered seeing the troops march through Hyde Park on their way to the Crimea. She seems to enjoy very good health, and is very well and lovingly cared for by her two nieces, both of whom, I believe, are over seventy.

A few years ago, there was an old man named Mellors living near Welbeck, who was also said to be rising a hundred. All sorts of presents were given to him, and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife, who were then our guests, paid him a visit. The poor old boy was a bit of a fraud, however, for when he died he was found to be under ninety.

In August 1929, we were honoured by a visit from the present King and Queen, then T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York, who graciously consented to open the Orthopaedic Hospital at



BRAEMORE LODGE, CAITHNESS, OCTOBER 1930

Back: Major Baker-Carr, Maggie Sutherland.

Front: A. Sutherland, Winifred Portland, Queen of the Belgians, King of the Belgians, Ivy Titchfield, Victoria Wemyss, Miss S. Alexander-Sinclair.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND
QUEEN AT WELBECK
November, 1912

Harlow Wood, near Mansfield, in which my wife takes such a great and abiding interest. Their Royal Highnesses performed the ceremony with great kindness, and everybody was delighted to see them. Amongst our other guests were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Linlithgow, Lord and Lady Hartington, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lady Desborough, Lord Eldon, Lord Hugh Cecil and Count Guy de Baillet. Lady Helen Graham and Rear-Admiral Basil Brooke were in waiting upon T.R.H.

The first occasion when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales honoured us with his presence at Welbeck was in July, 1923, when he made a tour of the mining and other industrial districts in the neighbourhood. H.R.H. and I left Welbeck at about nine o'clock in the morning, visited Mansfield, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Hucknall, Nottingham and other places, and did not return until after eight in the evening. Throughout the day, H.R.H. took the most keen and intelligent interest in the vast number of people through whom he passed. Whenever he saw ex-service men, in particular members of the British Legion, he stopped the car and talked to them; and I could see from his face and theirs how keen his interest in them was, and how much they appreciated his presence and the remarks which he made to them.

When we returned home, I said, 'Well—thank goodness that's well over!' 'Ah!' replied H.R.H., 'it's all very well for *you* to say so. It may be over for you, but it's never, never over for me. Most of my days are like this, and there seems to be no end to it. All the same, I love seeing the people, and I'll willingly spend my life in trying to help them. I only hope I may succeed in doing so'.

The Prince was again our honoured guest, this time at his own request, to meet the members of the Argentine Mission in 1931. H.R.H. wrote to me that he had received wonderful hospitality in Argentina, and that he wished to do his best for the Mission: so would we invite the members of it to Welbeck? I replied that we should be delighted to do so, especially if he would be our guest as well. H.R.H. gladly fell in with the suggestion.

H.R.H. arrived in his aeroplane, and landed in the Park. My wife and I met him; and he at once suggested that she should take him, before he had had any tea, to inspect the Unemployment Centres in which she takes such deep interest. She told me that H.R.H. made himself quite charming to the men in the various clubs, and that they all seemed delighted to have him among them. He then returned to Welbeck to help us receive our guests, who arrived in time for dinner.

The Prince made himself most helpful and charming to everyone. I was specially struck by his kindness when I urged him to take a little recreation, and to play golf whilst I entertained his friends. He said on no account would he do so; he had brought them to Welbeck, and he was determined to make their visit as pleasant and agreeable as possible.

Among our other guests were Dr. Julio Roca, Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, His Excellency the Argentine Ambassador and Señora Malbran, Dr. M. A. de Cárcano, the Minister of Agriculture, Señora de Cárcano, and their daughter Stella, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Lovat, Lord Eldon, Countess Sophie Clary, the Rt. Hon. William and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, Admiral Sir Henry Buller, Major Hugh Lloyd Thomas, and Major Eric Crankshaw.

Señora de Cárcano was a very beautiful woman, and her daughter was the same, besides being a very clever, quick-witted girl. When we visited the Prince's farm at Lenton, near Nottingham, we were shown a fine herd of cattle; and a particularly beautiful heifer was pointed out to Stella. She did not understand, and asked me, 'What is a beautiful heifer?'—so, in fun, I replied, 'You are a beautiful heifer yourself.' Stella at once remarked, 'I do not mind your calling me a heifer, particularly a beautiful one; but I do not like the suggestion that my mother is a cow; and I shall tell her what you said!'

At the close of this party, H.R.H. was the first to sign his name in a new volume of the Visitors' Book, adding on the blank leaf opposite the words, 'Good luck to Welbeck'.

This was the last Welbeck party Simon Lovat attended. He died very suddenly within a week of leaving our house. By his death Scotland lost one of her most gallant soldiers and best and most capable citizens, and the King a most loyal, true and devoted subject.

On December 5th, 1929, I was fortunate enough to complete my fiftieth year as Duke of Portland. My tenants and friends were so kind and good as to express their pleasure and satisfaction; and they gave me a charmingly worded address,¹ at the same time making a generous present to my wife. We celebrated the event by a party in the house, and two numerous-ly attended balls took place in the underground rooms, at each of which about a thousand guests were present. The presentations were made during the first ball, when dancing was kept up till the early hours of the morning. We were both deeply touched by the kindness and good feeling shown to us, which we sincerely reciprocate.

Among the almost countless friends whom it has been our

¹Your Grace,

On the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of your succession to the Dukedom, we, the Tenants of your Estates in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Northumberland, Ayrshire, Caithness and North Lynn, desire to place on permanent record how gladly we welcome this happy event.

Few of us have been fortunate enough to have our tenure under you for the whole period, many can look back however over a number of years in that position, some only for a short space, others for a longer, but we are all united in a sense of gratitude to you, deepening as the years go on.

We are conscious that Your Grace's relations with us have always been marked by personal interest in our welfare, unfailing encouragement in our work, and unusual kindness in all your dealings with us your neighbours.

On our part we wish to assure Your Grace that you have united us to the Duchess and yourself by ties which have grown from those of duty to those of true and respectful affection. For these reasons we ask you to accept this outward expression of our real friendship towards you both. At the same time we desire to express the hope that your lives may be long continued in health and in the enjoyment of the harvest of good will which you have both richly deserved from your services in the years that are past.

Signed on behalf of the Tenants:

SAM BOOTH.

A. FITZHERBERT WRIGHT.

JAMES W. DONALD.

W. E. COX.

CECIL A. COCHRANE.

J. M. RUTHERFORD.

W. ANTCLIFF.

JOHN DUNGAIT.

6th December, 1929.

pleasure to entertain, I remember the Marquis de Soveral with particular affection and respect. On many occasions he was a most welcome guest at Welbeck and in London: in fact, we considered no party complete without him, for with him present it was bound to be a success, because he made everyone happy and appear at their best. He had a real genius for society. Fortunately he did not care for shooting, or any other sport; but, being a most pleasant and charming companion, he kept all the ladies happy and, young or old, they rejoiced in his company. One very cold and threatening morning, the late King Edward, who was our guest at the time, was going out to shoot. He found Soveral warming himself by the fire in the Gothic Hall, and remarked, 'Well, Soveral: I don't think you are a very keen sportsman!' 'Pas enragé, votre Majesté,' answered Soveral, with a twinkle in his eye; 'pas enragé.'

When Soveral first came to this country, his English was an almost word-for-word translation from French. He happened to be at a luncheon party when his hostess said, 'I hear you have been unwell, M. de Soveral, I am so glad you are better. What was the matter?' 'Dear Madame, it was nothing—really nothing at all,' replied Soveral; 'only a little of the gout in the bottom (*au fond*).'

Soveral held a unique position in society, being a great favourite of Queen Victoria and of the Prince and Princess of Wales, as indeed he was of everyone. He well deserved this affection, for a more kindly and loyal friend, not only to private individuals but to Great Britain as well, could not be found. I always admired his manner at the various Court ceremonies he attended: for, although he was on intimate terms with every member of the Royal Family, he made his obeisance to them with the utmost respect, as though he had never met them before.

After a temporary return to Portugal, where he remained for some little time, he came back to London as Portuguese Minister. When I greeted him I said, 'How long shall you be staying in England?' and he replied with emphasis, 'For the



THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL



SENHOR LUIZ DE SOVERAL, 1898
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



COUNT ALBERT MENSDORFF, 1905
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII

rest of my life, I hope: for, in my opinion, it is the best country—in fact the *only* country—in Europe to live in.’

He was an exceedingly clever and far-seeing man, and a born diplomat. I remember that in April, 1918, when everything appeared to be going badly at the Front, he said to me, ‘Why are you all so depressed? There is no need for that. I am perfectly certain that this is Germany’s last effort; it has already failed; and you have won the War. So cheer up, all of you!’ He died in France in 1922, and I visited his grave in Père Lachaise Cemetery, which I am glad to say I found in beautiful order.

After his death, Lord Rosebery wrote to King Manuel of Portugal as follows:

DALMENY HOUSE,

October 7th, 1922.

‘I cannot refrain from intruding on you with regard to the death of our dear friend Soveral. No Sovereign ever had a truer servant or friend than Your Majesty had in him, and I feel most deeply for your loss, which is exceptional. To all of us he was the most charming of companions and the truest of friends. Indeed, I doubt if any death since that of King Edward will leave so large a gap in society. He was, moreover, a consummate diplomatist, perhaps the best in my circle of knowledge. . . .’ (Crewe, *Lord Rosebery*, 1931, II, 653).

Count A. Mensdorff, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London before the Great War, was a great friend of Soveral and also an intimate friend of ours; and I am glad to say that we very often see him when he returns to England. He held in some ways a unique position in England. He was a distant connection by marriage of Queen Victoria, and H.M. gave him the rare honour of wearing the Windsor uniform at dinner, when he was a visitor at the Castle.

I also knew Count Károlyi, who was Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to this country. I think Countess Károlyi was one of the most beautiful and charming women I ever knew. I visited Budapest for the Millennium of the Hungarian Nation in

1896, a good many years after the death of Count Károlyi, and I think, even then, Countess Károlyi was the most lovely woman to be seen.

Count and Countess Deym succeeded them as Ambassador and Ambadress, and they too were intimate and charming friends of ours. I need not refer here to Count Charles Kinsky, another Austrian diplomat and sportsman whom I met in the hunting field, as I have already done so in my book *Memories of Racing and Hunting*. Then there was dear old Monsieur de Staal and his wife, the Russian Ambassador and Ambadress. He was, to my mind, a typical diplomat. Though I believe he could speak English as well as I can, or perhaps better, he always insisted on talking French. He was several times our guest at Welbeck, and everyone regretted his departure and return to Russia.

One of the first ladies I knew who came across the Atlantic (God forbid that I should call it the Herring Pond!) was Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. When she arrived in London, as Miss Yznaga, she took Society completely by storm by her beauty, wit and vivacity, and it was soon at her very pretty feet. She married Lord Mandeville, the eldest son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Manchester,¹ and became the mother of lovely twin girls, Mary and Alice. I shall never forget their beauty when they were our guests at Langwell; but alas, both of them died of consumption within the next few years. Natica, the widow of Sir John Lister-Kaye, a great friend of mine, is her sister.

Consuelo was very often our guest; in fact, we never considered that any party was complete without her dear and witty presence. Looking back, I can still see everyone crowded round her at tea-time, all happily laughing at her continual flow of witty and amusing stories delivered in a charming, soft Southern voice, for she was a native of Cuba. One of these stories occurs to me. When in an hotel, she was in what she called 'a fixed bath' when, to her horror, the door suddenly opened;

¹Afterwards Duchess of Devonshire.



Above: SEÑORITA STELLA DE CÁRCANO
(Violet Rutland, 1933)

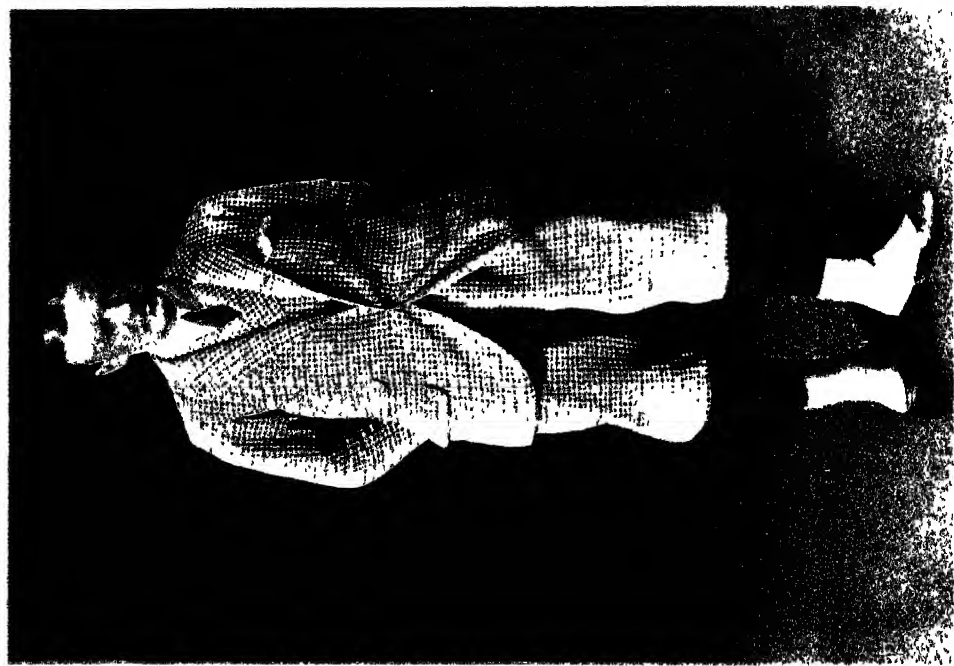
Below: LADY MARY AND LADY ALICE MONTAGU
(Violet Granby, 1894)



Left: KITTY DRUMMOND

(J. S. Sargent)

Right: MAJ.-GEN. LAURENCE DRUMMOND



and in walked a man. 'How awful! What *did* you do?' everyone asked. 'My dear, I just covered myself with soap-suds, and sat down in the water as deep as I could. Such, however, was the good feeling of the man that he turned round, opened the door and, as he went out, said, "I beg your pardon, SIR, for my intrusion!"' Everyone loved this story, and our guests often said, 'Now, Consuelo, tell us about the *fixed bath*.' She had many other stories, but that is the one I remember best.

Another brilliant American was Miss Jennie Jerome, a beautiful brunette with flashing eyes, and with great charm and ability as well. As is well known, she married the famous Lord Randolph Churchill, and was the mother of the equally, if not more, famous Winston. Her sisters were Léonie, now Lady Leslie of Glaslough, and Clara, who married Mr. Moreton Frewen. Another very beautiful American was Miss Adèle Grant, who married my old friend George Capell, afterwards Earl of Essex.

Among other old and dear friends are General Laurence Drummond and his beautiful wife, who have often been our guests at Welbeck and Langwell, and who brought H.I.H. Prince Chichibu of Japan to Langwell in 1925. I have already alluded to this visit in Chapter IX of *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*.

No recollections of my life would be complete without very warm and affectionate mention of my wife's uncle, dear Sir Henry Graham, Clerk of the Parliaments, father of Sir Ronald Graham, the eminent diplomat who was for twelve years British Ambassador in Rome, and of Captain Harry Graham, Coldstream Guards, who rendered distinguished service during the Great War, and was the author of *Ruthless Rhymes* and a great number of other successful books and plays.

Sir Henry Graham was a very good musician. He loved extemporising upon the piano, and composed many amusing songs. Among the best of these were the 'Fairy of the Ring', and several most entertaining medleys in which classical, operatic and topical music were ingeniously blended. I well remember

that he and Fred Milner most amusingly acted a burlesque of *Romeo and Juliet*, and kept us laughing—laughing—laughing. He was also a keen and most excellent fisherman.

Early in the War Sir Henry suffered from cataract, and for two years became gradually more and more blind, until it was possible for the usual operation to be performed. When this was successfully over, a friend said, 'I expect you find the world a good deal changed. What surprises you most?' Without hesitation Sir Henry replied, 'The legs of the ladies. When I went blind, you could see nothing but their shoes; but now you can see a great deal more than that—rather too much, perhaps!'

Among our oldest and very dearest friends and guests are Willy and Ettie Desborough, renowned for their hospitality at beautiful Taplow Court and, since the death of Lord Cowper in 1905, at Panshanger. Lord Cowper was one of the most handsome and distinguished-looking men I ever saw, and Lady Cowper a remarkably beautiful woman. My wife and I were their guests at Panshanger at both summer and winter parties. Ettie has a perfect talent as a hostess. She not only makes everyone feel at home in her company but, by her sympathy, understanding and kindness, gives everyone the charming sensation of being her most favoured guest. That, at least, is the feeling I invariably have when I am in either of her houses, which I always enter with joy and leave with regret.

The sofa shown in plate 38 was the property of Ettie's great-grandmother, Lady Cowper, who afterwards married Lord Palmerston; and the *tabaret* with which it is covered is also found on the furniture bought by the late Duke of Portland at the sale of Lady Palmerston's effects at Cambridge House, in 1869 or 1870. I gave chairs covered with this *tabaret* to Alice Salisbury, Ettie, Mabell Airlie and Lady Hambleden, who are all Lady Palmerston's great-grandchildren, and another to her great-great-grandchild Lady Hartington.

Dear old Willy is one of the world's greatest athletes and sportsmen; and his brains seem to me nearly on a par with his activity and strength, as is shown by his having been elected an

Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1928. I write *nearly* advisedly, for if they were quite as good he would be that tiresome thing, a prodigy, instead of being, as he is, a very able man and a first-rate and most useful citizen of his country. A list of his remarkable athletic successes will be found below;¹ but the crowning achievement of his life, athletic or otherwise, was his marriage to Ettie Fane. In this I am sure my dear old friend will entirely agree.

Their eldest son, Julian, who wrote the beautiful poem *Into Battle*, I knew very well; their second son Billy, who won the Newcastle Scholarship at Eton as an Oppidan and, later, Balliol and Craven Scholarships at Oxford, I saw less frequently. I know, however, that they were both young men of a good deal more than average ability, and no doubt, if they had survived,

¹*Harrow*. Played in the Harrow elevens of 1873 and 1874. In 1873 he got four wickets for 27 runs in the first innings, including those of the Hon. Edward and Alfred Lyttleton. Harrow won by 5 wickets.

In 1874 Lord Desborough was awarded the School bowling and catching prizes for that year. He won the School Mile in 4 mins. 37 secs. a school record for more than sixty years.

Oxford. Ran in the three-mile race against Cambridge. Rowed in the dead-heat Boat Race of 1877, and in the 1878 crew, which won by ten lengths. Was President of the Oxford University Athletic Club and the Oxford University Boat Club, and Master of the Drag Hounds.

Alps. Climbed a good deal in the Alps in 1876, '77, '79. Ascended the Matterhorn three times by different routes.

Punting. Won Punting Championship of the Thames three successive years.

Fencing. Won the Foils at Harrow and Oxford, also the Épée at the Military Tournaments in 1904 and 1906. Represented England in four International Competitions including the Olympic Games in Athens 1906.

Rowing. Stroked an eight in a clinker-built sliding-seat boat from Dover to Calais in 1885, and sculled from Oxford to Putney, 105 miles, in the day, with two others in a treble sculling boat in 1889.

Swimming. Swam twice across Niagara pool, starting as near the Falls as possible, in 1884 and 1888.

Stalking and Fishing. Killed 100 Scotch stags in one season; and 100 tarpon in three weeks in Florida.

Presidencies, Past and Present. O.U.A.C., O.U.B.C., M.C.C., Amateur Athletic Association. Lawn Tennis Association. Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Club. Fencing Association. Wrestling Association and the Olympic Games of London, 1908.

Coaching. Past President of the Four-in-hand Driving Club, and of the Coaching Club.

they would have gained distinguished positions in life. Julian was a first-class boxer and sportsman—in fact, he always seemed to me a perfect specimen of a young Englishman. The stalkers at Langwell and Braemore still talk of him as one of the finest walkers they have ever seen, especially over the rough ground at Braemore, when in pursuit of what his father calls ‘Forsinarders.’

It will be seen from the footnote that in 1884 Willy swam across Niagara pool as near as possible to the Falls. In 1888 he swam across it again, to show Mr. J. E. C. Milburn that it could be done. Mr. Milburn was a distinguished American lawyer who lived at Buffalo, and President McKinley was a guest in his house when he was assassinated at Buffalo Exhibition. He was the father of Devereux Milburn, the famous back in the Champion American Polo Team. Mr. Milburn, who was crossing to America by the same boat, had heard that Willy had swum across the pool just below the falls of Niagara, and expressed surprise almost amounting to doubt; so Willy, then on his way to a shooting expedition in the Rockies, said that if he would meet him at Niagara he would do it again.

They duly met at Niagara, but the day was so unpropitious, owing to hail and snow, that they decided to put it off till the next day, and adjourned to Mr. Milburn’s house at Buffalo. The next day was no better as regards the weather; there were some storms of snow, and many difficulties were encountered—so much so that Milburn became very anxious and tried to dissuade Willy from the attempt. But it had to be done, and was done. The officials on the spot, which had been taken over by the Government, would give no help or advice. Willy tells me that he started in a back eddy, hit a rock with his right foot, and looking up through the spray, which is very heavy there, found that instead of swimming across, as he imagined he was doing, he was being taken by the backwash towards the Falls, which he saw above his head. This would have been rather a formidable shower-bath, so he struck out for the middle, and at last landed safely on the Canadian side.

When Willy told me this, I asked him whether Ettie was not very proud of him. 'Proud?' he answered—'No, not at all! She pretended to be terribly angry with me, and demanded to know why I had tried to make her a widow, though she was glad Providence had thwarted my nefarious design!' I also asked him whether the feat was very difficult. He said that, for a really strong swimmer, it was not, provided his head was cool, and that he kept his legs as near to the surface as possible, to avoid the pull of the under-current. 'The second time I did it,' he added; 'just for a minute or two, I really did think something might go wrong.'

When on a hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains, Willy had another adventure, from which he was fortunate to escape with his life. Having made a bet with a friend that he would shoot an animal before breakfast, he set out alone one morning. On attempting to return to camp, he found he had lost his bearings; and he spent two days and two nights wandering in the mountains, until he was rescued by a solitary trapper and taken back to his party. Willy afterwards wrote an interesting account of this experience, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* of May, 1892, under the title 'Lost in the Rockies'; and he has now been good enough to make an abridgement of it, which will be found in Appendix No. IV.

Ettie has kindly written her early recollections of Welbeck, with which I conclude this chapter.

'Winnie and Portland married in June, 1889, two years after we did, and Willy and I went to stay with them for the first time in September of that year, at Langwell, three months after their wedding. It was the first of many happy visits to them, and Welbeck and all the Portlands' houses have been a constant centre of delight in both our lives all through the intervening years. I don't think that anyone can ever have been with Winnie and Portland without receiving a new impulse to kindness, because kindness has always shone out of everything they say and do, and the impression never wavers that they will take any trouble in the world to help other people; it is as natural and

inevitable to them as breathing. Someone said the other day, "I do wish that everybody would not take it for granted that I have a kind heart and plenty of leisure." They would have been quite safe in assuming both these facts with the Portlands. When King George and Queen Mary paid their State Visit to Welbeck in July, 1928, one of the most lovely things of all was to see, as they travelled about Nottinghamshire, the welcome given everywhere to Winnie, who drove¹ in the motor just behind the one occupied by the King and Queen and Portland. It was as if the crowds, in the overwhelming loyalty of their greeting to Their Majesties, wished her too to lose no sight of their adoration and gratitude, and it touched her at times to the point of tears. Indeed she has worked for those people her whole life long, and the story of what she has done for the sick and suffering among the miners can never be fully told. Darling Winnie had then been married for thirty-nine years, but the shouts were still for "the young Doochess", and she looked the part infallibly.

'How many recollections come back to memory of those enchanting parties, and the beloved friends who were so often there, Consuelo Manchester, Soveral, the Ripons, the Salisburys, the Kenmares, Arthur Balfour, Cynthia Graham, Simon Lovat (and—later on—his wife Laura, most lovely and loved of beings), the Islingtons, Evan Charteris, B. Carr, Mollie Sneyd, Hugh Cecil, Wilty,² Lord Kitchener, John Revelstoke, the D'Abernons, Mensdorff, the George Curzons. The two latter were staying there in November, 1898, just before they went out to govern India. There was a great ball at Clumber one night, and, on returning to Welbeck in the early morning, in a perfectly opaque fog, one of the carriages lost its way and went crashing into glass "frames" in some market or kitchen garden. We never found out whose property we had damaged. George and Mary Curzon had been staying at Panshanger a week or two before: the train was late at the tiny station of Cole Green

¹With Cosmo Lang, then Archbishop of York, and now of Canterbury. P

²Lord Winchester. P

when the guests were returning to London, and George thought it best to telegraph to Hatfield to have the London train kept there for him, as he had an important appointment. Portland and I were amused to hear the gruff old country station-master spelling out the message, to make sure he had got it right, "Lord Curzon—of—Kedleston—Viceroy—De—Des—Designate—Why, yer'll be there yerself before the wire!"

'A great shooting-party at Welbeck before that one—in December, 1897—was for King Edward and Queen Alexandra, then Prince and Princess of Wales. The lovely Princess was fond of bridge, and played a peculiar form of her own. Winnie played too, but had difficulty in what she called "sorting her tribes", and could only do this if she stood up. Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, watched this game with some surprise.

'A happy Summer party was in August, 1899. Lord Kitchen-er was one of the guests, not long after the River War. There was, as usual in August there, a great Agricultural Show in the Park. There was also a tremendous wind, and, when Portland got up to speak, the whole of his notes blew away: they contained, necessarily, a good many statistics, but he made his complete speech without their aid, and with the greatest composure.

'Another summer gathering comes to mind, in August, 1904, when the alterations and rebuilding after the fire at Welbeck were completed, and when Mr. Chamberlain made one of his first great platform speeches, after leaving the Government, on Protection, to a gigantic audience in the riding school.

'A terrific thunderstorm came on, and the noise of the hail on the glass roof, and the chattering of the sparrows under it, drowned even Mr. Chamberlain's superlative voice, and for a few minutes there was great confusion; some of the crowds at the back, who couldn't hear a word, began to play football with their hats, and for a very short time it seemed to be touch-and-go. But it was amazing to watch the swiftness with which "Joe" recaptured the attention of his hearers, as the storm mercifully moderated.

'A popular peer in the Welbeck party was handed a sequence

of telegrams during that meeting. He divulged their contents to a favoured few. "This is from the Emperor of ——. He is deeply interested in the meeting, and wishes it all success." "Ah, this is from Admiral —— from Japan." "Here is one from Washington, my old friend, Senator ——" It was never quite known if he meant these messages to be taken as a joke, or whether he really expected his friends to be impressed by this very striking co-ordination of world-time.

"There was a memorable shooting-party and ball in November, 1907, for the young King Alfonso and Queen Ena of Spain who were staying in England that autumn. Someone rather rashly asked him about the great tragedy on their wedding-day, and whether it had not affected his nerves. He said, so very simply and gently, "No. You see I do really believe in God."

"But memories crowd too quickly to be set down here. In August, 1911, we had the happiness of taking our eldest daughter, Monica, who had come out in that wonderful Coronation year, to her first Welbeck party, a huge gathering of what dear Desmond FitzGerald, who was there, politely called "very young, and rather young". In April, 1914, Titchfield's great coming-of-age party took place, and all its festivities, and, four months afterwards, came the War.

"I must end with the week in January, 1930, when so many old friends and young met at Welbeck, fifty years after Portland's succession, to take part in the rejoicings of the whole neighbourhood, rich and poor. It was, perhaps, one of the most touching experiences in the long lives of many of the Portlands' contemporaries: certainly no contemporaries in any era can ever have been blessed with more perfect friends, in shadow and sunshine, than those two.' And so ends Ettie's charming little contribution to these pages.

I had the great pleasure of saying a few words at a little meeting held at 18, Carlton House Terrace, on February 17th, 1937 to celebrate Willy and Ettie's Golden Wedding; and I should like to add them to what I have already written:



MAGDALEN



LAURA LOVAT AND SHIMI
Shimi is now 15th Lord Lovat



THE 7TH EARL COWPER, K.G.
(Violet Granby, 1894)

‘I have been asked by Her who simply must be obeyed,¹ to say a very few words, and it gives me great pleasure to do so—in the first place, because this party is entirely informal; and in the second place, because I am sure we are all one in our feeling of warm and affectionate friendship for Ettie and Willy Desborough.

‘The reason of our being here is very simple. It is to wish the two dear people to whom I have alluded, continued life and happiness, and to congratulate them upon having reached their Golden Wedding Day. It is difficult to believe it, however, for, such is their vim and general outlook on life, that it might well be their Silver Wedding instead of their Golden Anniversary. But a certain book, which I have heard sometimes disrespectfully alluded to as the *Snob’s Bible*, ruthless as it is with regard to the age of men, though generally and happily more merciful to women, records the hard fact that their wedding took place on February 17th, 1887.

‘During the fifty years which have passed since then, nearly all of us have continually enjoyed their charming hospitality, meeting both beauty, brains and muscle at the delightful parties which they so often give in their lovely country homes. In the winter, some of us have shot at, sometimes have joyfully killed, but much more often, alas, have sorrowfully missed, the very high-flying pheasants—I know of none higher—over the celebrated Panshanger woods, especially at the far-famed stand known as the Chisel Shelf, where the boughs of the high, overhanging trees must be so full of shot fired behind the tails of escaping rocketers, that I wonder they do not grow lead pencils instead of leaves during the spring! In the summer too, many of you, no doubt, have spent restful and delightful afternoons on the river at Taplow, either in boats, or better still, have been punted with ease and skill by the foremost exponent of that art; for as a waterman, Willy Desborough is well known to be at the head of the River, over both amateurs and professionals. Long may he continue to hold that distinction. I am sure you will all

¹Otherwise Mary Minto.

join with me in sincere and heartfelt congratulations to him upon his fortunate recovery, after the serious illness which overtook him, and caused us all such terrible anxiety, only a short time ago.

‘As for dear Ettie—as her friends (and I hope she will allow me to include myself among them) are privileged to call her—I think it is sufficient to say that her reputation as a hostess is unrivalled; her charm is magnetic; her friendship is constant and true; her kindness is unfailing. It is no wonder that, men and women alike, all love and adore her.

‘It has, I am sure, given their intimate friends great happiness and satisfaction to be able to unite in a Golden Wedding present, which we hope they will do us the honour, and give us the infinite pleasure, to accept. Owing to unavoidable delays, the gift is not yet quite ready; but we hope to have an opportunity of making the presentation a little later. For that reason all we can do on this occasion is to give them this little book. It contains the names of many devoted friends who wish them every blessing in the world.’

Willy Desborough then made the following reply:

‘On behalf of Lady Desborough who, I have every reason to know, is much better qualified to do it for herself, I give our thanks to the Duke of Portland—I suppose now my oldest friend—for his very great goodness in coming here to make this presentation; and to Lady Minto for her tact, genius and organising capacity, inspired by affection, which has made this occasion possible; and last but not least to all our old friends present here to-day.

‘I can understand your coming to congratulate Lady Desborough, whose keen and sympathetic interest in the joys and sorrows of her many friends and acquaintances, poor as well as rich, has earned her a prominent part in their love. As regards myself, I sometimes wonder that I have a friend left, as I am apt to bore my acquaintances with the number of gallons which go over Teddington Weir, and kindred matters.

‘The Duke has said something about the passing of time, and



W. H. GRENFELL
Champion punter of the Thames



THE NIAGARA FALLS

it is said that women are as old as they look, and men as old as they feel. All questions of looks I leave entirely to Lady Desborough. But I must tell you that, as regards myself, I experienced rather a shock the other day. In the course of my researches connected with a fixed Easter and calendar reform, I was rather surprised and horrified to find that I was two years older than Methuselah. Adam, Noah and Methuselah apparently belong to an era of the Hebrew Calendar when lunar months of about $29\frac{1}{2}$ days were counted as years. So instead of living 969 years (which an irreverent boy said he took for his telephone number), Methuselah was only 79 when he was cut off; Adam was 75 and not 930, and Noah 77 instead of 950. Abraham and Isaac, who lived in an era when five months went to the year, were only 72 and 74; mere striplings, in fact.

‘But perhaps I had better get off the Patriarchs, or I shall lose my few remaining friends, and come to the matter in hand.

‘As regards Lady Desborough and myself, I am glad to say that, in the words of the King’s most gracious speech from the Throne, relations continue to be friendly, and long may they remain so. A little girl once asked her mother, “Why did you marry Daddy?” and all the mother said was, “So you have begun to wonder too.” I do not know whether any of my children have asked my wife the same question, or what her answer was, though I hope to find out; but this perhaps is a matter for a less public occasion.

‘Fifty years is a long period, and I should like to give a brief synopsis of the changes which have taken place socially, politically, athletically and economically during that period; but perhaps I had better not, and I join to the full in the very general wish that I should sit down. In sitting down I should like to reiterate our most grateful thanks to the Duke, to Lady Minto, and to all of you, our kind friends, who have given us such pleasure by coming here to welcome us on the day of our Golden Wedding.’

I think the following touching lines are most appropriate to the lives and characters of both Willy and Ettie Desborough:

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

On May 27th, Frank Mildmay gave a party at his house in Berkeley Square, which unfortunately I was not able to attend, to celebrate the Golden Wedding of the Kenmares; and then, on June 1st, we gave a house-warming party at 17 Hill Street, to celebrate the same happy occasion for the Salisburys, thereby completing the triumphant trio. Nearly two hundred friends accepted the invitation, and H.M. Queen Mary honoured our house by her presence. Her Majesty presented a dinner service and a golden bell to the Desboroughs, and rather larger bells to the Kenmares and Salisburys. I venture to append the little speech I made.

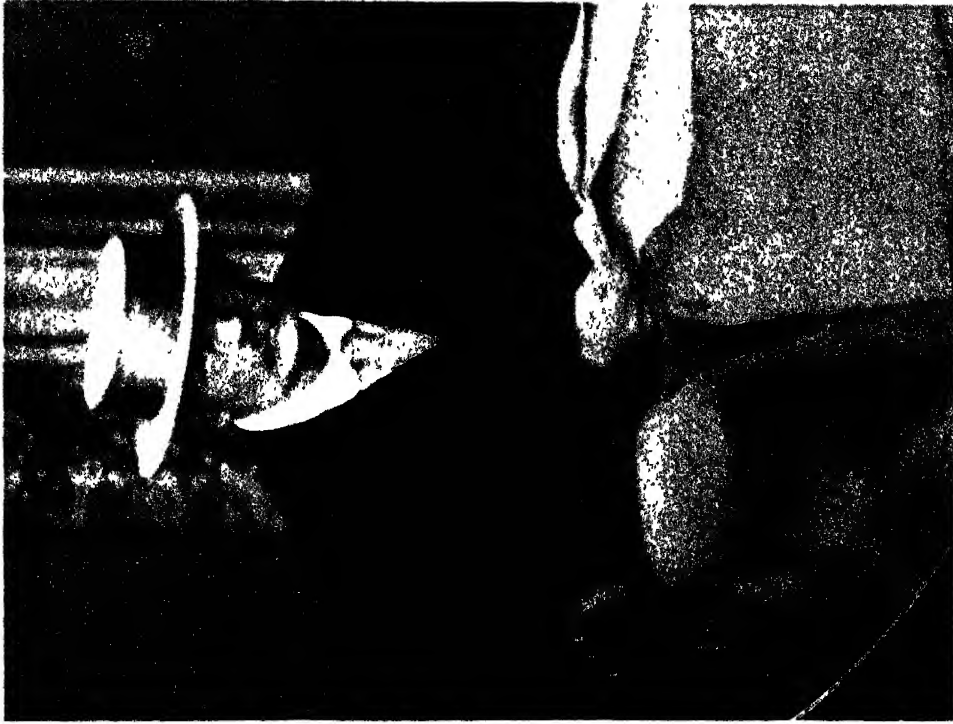
‘I assure your Majesty that not only my wife and I, but I am sure all our friends, are extremely grateful that you have been so kind and so gracious as to honour this little party by your presence.

‘My dear friends,

‘—I much prefer to address you in that way than by the more usual and formal commencement to a speech—

‘We have invited you, who have so kindly contributed towards these Golden Wedding presents, to come here this afternoon, because a short time ago, Alice and Jim Salisbury completed fifty years since their Wedding Day.

‘As I am sure you are aware, four other of our friends have also fortunately completed their fifty years of happy married life during the past few months. Taking them in the order of attainment—not in order of our affection for them, for if we did



LORD DESBOROUGH, K.G.



LADY DESBOROUGH, JULIAN
AND ROSEMARY SALMOND
1929



R. W. GOULDING
Welbeck Abbey, 1914

so, I am sure we should take them all together—they are Ettie and Willy Desborough, and Elizabeth and Val Kenmare. Some of you, I know, think of them as Val and Elizabeth; but I venture to say that *I* think of them as Elizabeth and Val. The anniversaries of the Desboroughs and their Golden Weddings have already been celebrated; and now the day has come when we can sincerely congratulate Alice and Jim Salisbury on having celebrated their anniversary too.

‘I am sure we all consider it a very happy, and at the same time rather curious coincidence, that they have all attained their Golden Weddings not only in the same year, but also within about four months of one another. I am quite certain too that we all wish to congratulate them most heartily on having been blessed with so many years of happy married life, during which, though all of them have many public and other important duties to perform, they have yet found time to bestow upon us, their friends, the cherished gift of their constant and true affection, which, I can assure them, is extremely precious to us and is warmly returned by us all.

‘I will now ask them, on your behalf and on my own, to accept these small presents.

‘In the case of Willy and Ettie, to whom we will give their present first, as they are, so to speak, the senior members of the trio, our present is perhaps a rather smaller golden bell than the other two bells. With it, however, goes a plate—I need hardly say, one of a set. I venture to suggest that they should ring the bell for dinner, and use the dinner service, of which this is only a specimen, for its consumption. Please, dear Willy and Ettie, don’t forget that I and others are sometimes hungry too.

‘The other two presents are rather larger bells. I think it may not be altogether inappropriate to term them Golden Wedding Bells; and I trust that our dear friends will always regard them in that happy light.’

H.M. Queen Mary then most kindly and graciously made the presentations. Unfortunately neither Jim Salisbury nor I kept any note of the witty and charming speech which he made in

reply. In the words of a letter he wrote to me, ‘I thought it over, of course, beforehand, and I may have had a note or two in my pocket, but am not sure. At any rate it is all vanished with the breath that uttered it.’ Every one of us thought that it was perfect, and we were all much moved.

IV. THE ART COLLECTIONS

■

THE preservation of many of the works of art at Welbeck is unquestionably due, in the first place, to the able work and loving care of Lady Bolsover, of which I have already written. In 1896 the collection was entrusted to Mr. S. Arthur Strong, who had charge at the same time of the Duke of Devonshire's library and pictures at Chatsworth. When, in the following year, Mr. Strong became Librarian to the House of Lords, he continued to exercise occasional supervision of the collection for some time, and compiled a *Catalogue of letters . . . exhibited in the Library at Welbeck*, which was published in 1903. A catalogue of the printed books in the library had already been made by Mr. John Nicholson of Lincoln's Inn; and Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray's catalogue of the pictures appeared in 1894.

In 1902, acting on the ever excellent advice of my wife's dear mother, Mrs. Dallas-Yorke, I offered the post of librarian to Mr. Richard W. Goulding of Louth, where he was already well known as a scholar and an antiquary. Mr. Goulding at once settled down to the difficult and somewhat complicated work before him, and soon gave evidence of the great industry and ability which those who knew him in later years had constant reason to value and to acknowledge.

One of his first duties at Welbeck was to help Mr. Lionel Cust¹ to arrange and hang about six hundred pictures and prints, which had been displaced when the Oxford Wing was destroyed by fire in 1900; and I do not know what we should have done without his clear head and power of organisation.

¹Afterwards Sir Lionel Cust, K.C.V.O., Surveyor of the King's pictures.

In the years which followed, he was strenuously occupied with arranging and making catalogues of the family papers and works of art, which to him was a labour of love. Indeed, he came to regard every article at Welbeck with the most extraordinary affection, almost as if they were his own children. Of his work as an art-critic and historian, I quote the just and touching words¹ of his friend Mr. C. H. Collins Baker, late surveyor of the King's pictures:

'It is lamentably true that the death of R. W. Goulding, has struck a heavy blow at English art-scholarship. His scholarship was exact and scrupulous; he spared no pains and took no chances in verifying his research. There will hardly be a collection of English portraits in this country where his authority was not prized. His work on the "Wriothesley Portraits" has been referred to; and his studies of "Gervase Holles", "Henrietta, Countess of Oxford", and "Sir Richard Kaye" are little monuments of his thorough method. But the work for which he is most widely honoured is his "Welbeck Abbey Miniatures", published by the Walpole Society in 1916. Here Goulding took his place as the first authority on English miniatures, a field in which such scholarship had long been needed. Perhaps an even greater monument to his scrupulous and exact labours would have been the "Catalogue of the Welbeck Abbey Pictures", on which he was engaged these many years, and his admirers may regret that he had not more opportunities for his artistic labours. To all those who knew his incorruptible sincerity and loyalty in friendship, the modesty and lovable shyness of his nature, and his deeply contained sense of fun and humour, R. W. Goulding's loss will not be made good.'

Fortunately the catalogue of pictures to which Mr. Collins Baker refers was nearly completed at the time of Goulding's death. It was afterwards edited for the press by Mr. C. K. Adams, of the National Portrait Gallery, and was published at Cambridge in 1936.

From the outbreak of the Great War, in addition to his work

¹From *The Times*, November, 1929.

as librarian which had accordingly to be curtailed though it was never abandoned, he acted as my private secretary; and I cannot speak too highly of the tact, courtesy and knowledge of human nature which he invariably displayed. In the summer of 1929 his health failed; and to the deep and lasting regret of everyone connected with Welbeck, he died at his old home in Louth, on November 9th. By his passing I lost, not only a most able librarian, but a man whom I had learned to regard as a very dear friend and a faithful adviser in all my affairs.

Richard Goulding was in many ways a very remarkable man. Though without the advantage of a University education, he became widely recognised as a profound and learned authority upon English portraiture and costume; while as archivist and librarian he was a worthy successor of Humphrey Wanley,¹ whose portrait stood always on his desk. But he was no dry-as-dust scholar: his knowledge and love of English literature, of the writings of his beloved Charles Lamb in particular, made the library at Welbeck a familiar and happy retreat for him; he was, besides, deeply versed in botanical studies, which led him often into the open air; while under his natural reserve and scrupulous accuracy of speech, there lay a very frank, affectionate and attractive personality.

Though extremely quiet and courteous, he was quite able to hold his own when occasion arose. A well-known public man visited the Abbey one day, when I was away from home, and found his way to the Library. Goulding came forward, asked whether he wished to consult any special book or document, and brought the required volume, which they proceeded to discuss. In a few minutes' time C. said, 'You are Mr. Goulding, I presume?' Goulding, who had many times worked with him, and even regarded him as a friend, was naturally rather taken aback; but after a short interval he very quietly said, 'I *believe* I have the honour of addressing Lord C. of K. Am I not right in

¹The famous library-keeper of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. Many of the pictures, manuscripts, etc., at Welbeck formerly belonged to Lord Oxford: so Goulding was Wanley's successor in fact as well as in spirit.

my surmise?' When I returned home, he told me what had passed, and said he hoped he had not exceeded the bounds of courtesy; but I very quickly set his mind at rest by replying, 'I think he well deserved the retort, and I only wish I'd had the opportunity of making it myself!'

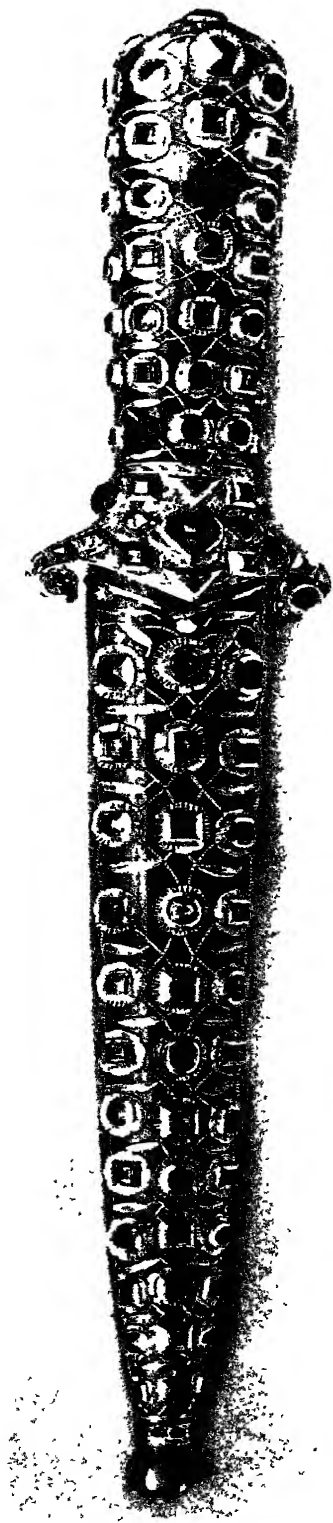
After Goulding's death I consulted Sir Arthur Cowley, then Bodley's Librarian, and at his suggestion offered the appointment to his assistant Mr. Francis Needham, a graduate of the House. Mr. Needham has given me valuable help in writing this and my other books; indeed, I could not have written them without him.

It is impossible, within the limits of a chapter, to describe all the works of art and other relics of the past which the Abbey contains; nor is it necessary to make the attempt, as most of them have been carefully catalogued by the best authorities.¹ But there are certain objects of, I think, outstanding interest which my guests often ask to be shown, and one or two little stories about them of too frivolous a nature to be included in any catalogue. So I propose to deal mainly with these; and as the best means of doing so, I should like to take the reader on a short tour round part of the house.

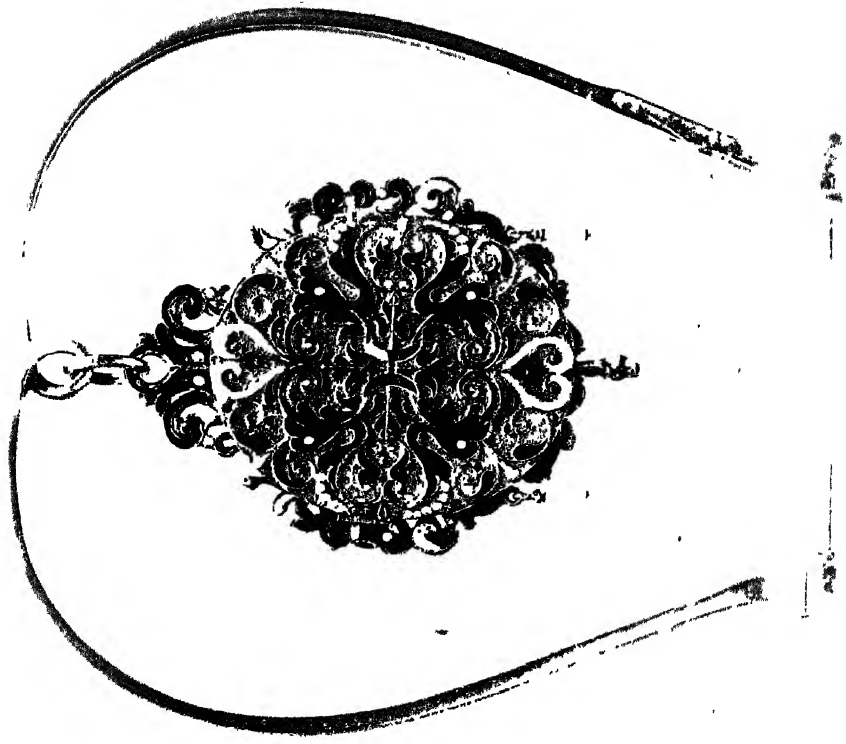
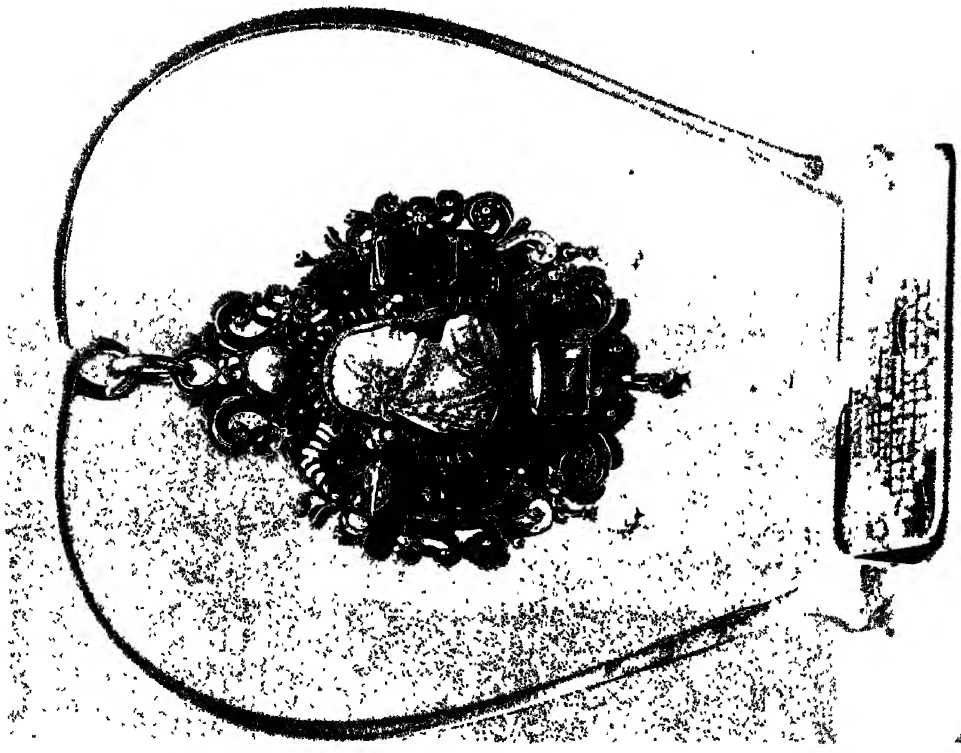
The entrance hall is a large, panelled room, with a fireplace of Derbyshire marble erected by the Countess of Oxford in 1744. On the walls are three of a set of eight panels of horsemanship tapestry, two others being in the Library, made at Antwerp for William Cavendish, Marquess of Newcastle, from designs by the Dutch painter van Diepenbeke. I may mention, too, a portrait, by Gerard Soest, of Newcastle's daughter, Lady Jane Cavendish (afterwards Cheyne²) who remained in charge of Welbeck during the Civil War, and saved her father's silver-plate by having it buried under the brew-house floor. There is also an attractive portrait, probably by Adriaen Hanneman, of

¹To those already mentioned, I may add the *Catalogue of Plate* by Mr. E. Alfred Jones, published by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son in 1935.

²Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, was named after her husband, Charles Cheyne, afterwards 1st Viscount Newhaven. They are both buried in Chelsea Old Church.



DAGGER OF HENRY VIII



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS' JEWEL
Obverse and reverse

her gallant young cousin Colonel Charles Cavendish, who distinguished himself on the Royalist side, and was killed in 1643, during the siege of Gainsborough, at the age of twenty-three. I am attached to this picture, both for its own sake, and because it reminds me of the famous portrait of Claverhouse as a young man, belonging to Mrs. Leslie-Melville, which I think I would sooner possess than any other picture in the world.

Between the entrance hall and the Gothic Hall is a small ante-room; and in this hangs a portrait of the famous Bess of Hardwick,¹ wearing a black dress and four long ropes of pearls. I once showed it to two American ladies, and told them, 'That is Bess of Hardwick.' 'Oh, indeed?' they replied, probably never having heard of her. 'Yes', I said, 'and she had four husbands.' 'Well', remarked one of the ladies, 'I guess that woman was a husband-waster, and no mistake.' 'But she didn't do so badly,' said the other: 'four ropes of pearls—one from each husband, I suppose!' As may be seen from the footnote, however, she received much more than pearls from at least three of them.

The Gothic Hall is a large and lofty room, decorated by Lady Oxford in the style known, from its most famous example, as Strawberry Hill Gothic. When I first came to Welbeck, for Christmas, 1879, we used this as a dining-room; but after the fire of 1900 it was made the chief sitting-room of the house. At the further end are portraits by the French painter, Hyacinthe Rigaud, of the 1st Earl of Portland, his son (afterwards the 1st Duke), and Matthew Prior the poet. These were painted at Paris in 1697-8, where the Earl of Portland was sent by William III on a special Embassy to the Court of France, with Prior as his secretary. Evidently Rigaud was a temperamental person as, in a letter to the Earl, Prior calls him 'that stuttering rogue Rygault', and says, 'I hasten him all I can, and flatter him

¹Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of John Hardwick of Hardwick, Co. Derby, married (1) Robert Barlow of Barlow, (2) Sir William Cavendish, (3) Sir William St. Loe, and (4) George Talbot, 6th Earl of Shrewsbury. Her father and her various husbands left her vast estates in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and Somerset; and she built magnificent houses at Hardwick, Chatsworth and Oldcotes. She died in 1608, 'regretted, by none, as her temper had become very foul'.

all I can, without which it is impossible to make him work'! On a small easel are drawings by Rubens and Polidoro. The Rubens, a splendidly modelled group of tritons and nereids, was lately proved by Mr. Neil Maclaren of the National Gallery to be the design, made about 1633, for an ivory salt which is now at Stockholm. Above these pictures is a portrait of William III by Wissing, traditionally believed to have been given by the King to the Earl of Portland. The story of Portland's long and faithful service to King William, and of the remarkable friendship which existed between them, may be read in the pages of Macaulay. More than two hundred of the King's letters to Portland still remain at Welbeck; and they form, perhaps, the most intimate and valuable series of Royal letters in existence.

At the lower end of the room are a marble plaque and a small bust, both by J. M. Rysbrack, of Lady Margaret Harley, afterwards Duchess of Portland, who first became famous, at seven years of age, as the heroine of Prior's well-known lines, 'My noble, lovely little Peggy'. Upon the death of her only brother when four days old, she became the heiress of the Cavendish, Holles and Harley families and, by her marriage to the 2nd Duke of Portland in 1734, brought Welbeck into the possession of the Bentincks. This, no doubt, was clever of her; but I venture to think it was more clever still to be the mother of a son who was twice Prime Minister! Later in life she became a friend of Mrs. Delany, in whose letters she is often mentioned. She also formed a great collection of antiquities and curiosities, known as the Portland Museum, which was sold after her death in 1785. The Portland Vase, perhaps the most famous work of art in the possession of my family, was one of the treasures of this collection, and was bought in by her son, the 3rd Duke.

At the further end of the Gothic Hall, two doors lead to a long corridor which runs the whole length of the south or Oxford wing. The main staircase is immediately opposite these doors; and here are hung two well-known paintings by George Stubbs, one of the 3rd Duke of Portland on a white horse, and the other of the 3rd Duke and his brother, Lord Edward Bentinck, whose

attractive nickname was *Jolly Heart*. I may say that I believe he fully lived up to it—very often in Paris. These two pictures have been exhibited many times, and are fine examples of Stubbs's work at its very best.

In the corridor, to the right, is a striking portrait by Sir Francis Grant of my great-uncle, the 4th Duke of Portland, when eighty-four years old, which was presented to him by nearly eight hundred of his tenants in December, 1852. He is shown in the dress he generally wore—a blue coat with brass buttons, leather breeches and top boots. Because of this, he was affectionately nicknamed 'Old Leather Breeches' by his friends and tenants in the neighbourhood of Welbeck. The riding-boots shown in the portrait are still preserved in the Abbey. The presentation was made by Col. W. S. Welfitt of Langwith Lodge, who was still alive when I succeeded to the estates in 1879, and made me a presentation on behalf of the tenants. He told me that the Duke once said, 'What other people term obstinacy, we Bentincks consider to be justifiable firmness!'

The 4th Duke was a man of considerable ability and very versatile gifts. Though he cared little for public life, he held the office of Lord Privy Seal in Canning's short-lived administration of 1827. His experiments in ship-building, carried out in his own shipyard at Troon in Ayrshire under the supervision of Captain (afterwards Sir William) Symonds, were taken up by the Admiralty, and led to considerable changes in the construction of gun-brigs. He was also widely known as a practical agriculturist of great experience and progressive views; and, among other works, he made the famous water-meadows at Clipstone, thereby converting large tracts of waste heather-land into valuable grazing pastures. I need not enlarge upon his career, as it will be fully treated by Professor A. S. Turberville, in his forthcoming work on the history of Welbeck and its owners.

Near the Gothic Hall is the House Library, formerly known as the Music Room, which we often use after dinner when we have guests. The room itself is only about a hundred years old, and is of little interest; but it contains a number of Stuart and

other historical relics which are among our most cherished possessions.

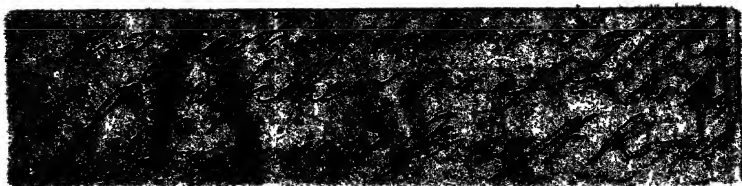
The oldest of these is an oriental dagger, the hilt and sheath of white jade studded with jacinths, which is believed on early authority to have been the property of King Henry VIII. It was in the famous collection formed between 1615 and 1646 by Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Arundel. When the remains of the Arundel collection were sold at Tart Hall¹ in 1720, Edward Harley, later 2nd Earl of Oxford, bought it for £45. It has remained in the possession of my family ever since.

Near the dagger is an enamelled and jewelled pendant of Renaissance design, set with a cameo portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots. It was given by Mary to Thomas Howard, 4th Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded in 1572 on account of his correspondence with that unfortunate Queen. He was the grandfather of the 2nd Earl of Arundel, from whose collection this pendant, too, was acquired by Edward Harley in 1720. There is also a sardonyx cameo of three strata bearing a profile portrait of Queen Elizabeth, mounted as a brooch in a heavy gold setting of the period. This was in the possession of the 2nd Lord Oxford in 1741, but I do not know how he acquired it.

In the same case is a group of relics of King Charles I: his seal as Prince of Wales, carved on a 78-carat emerald; his gold toothpick and pearl ear-ring; and the chalice from which he received the Communion on the morning of his execution. As these objects are of special interest, I will describe them at rather more length.

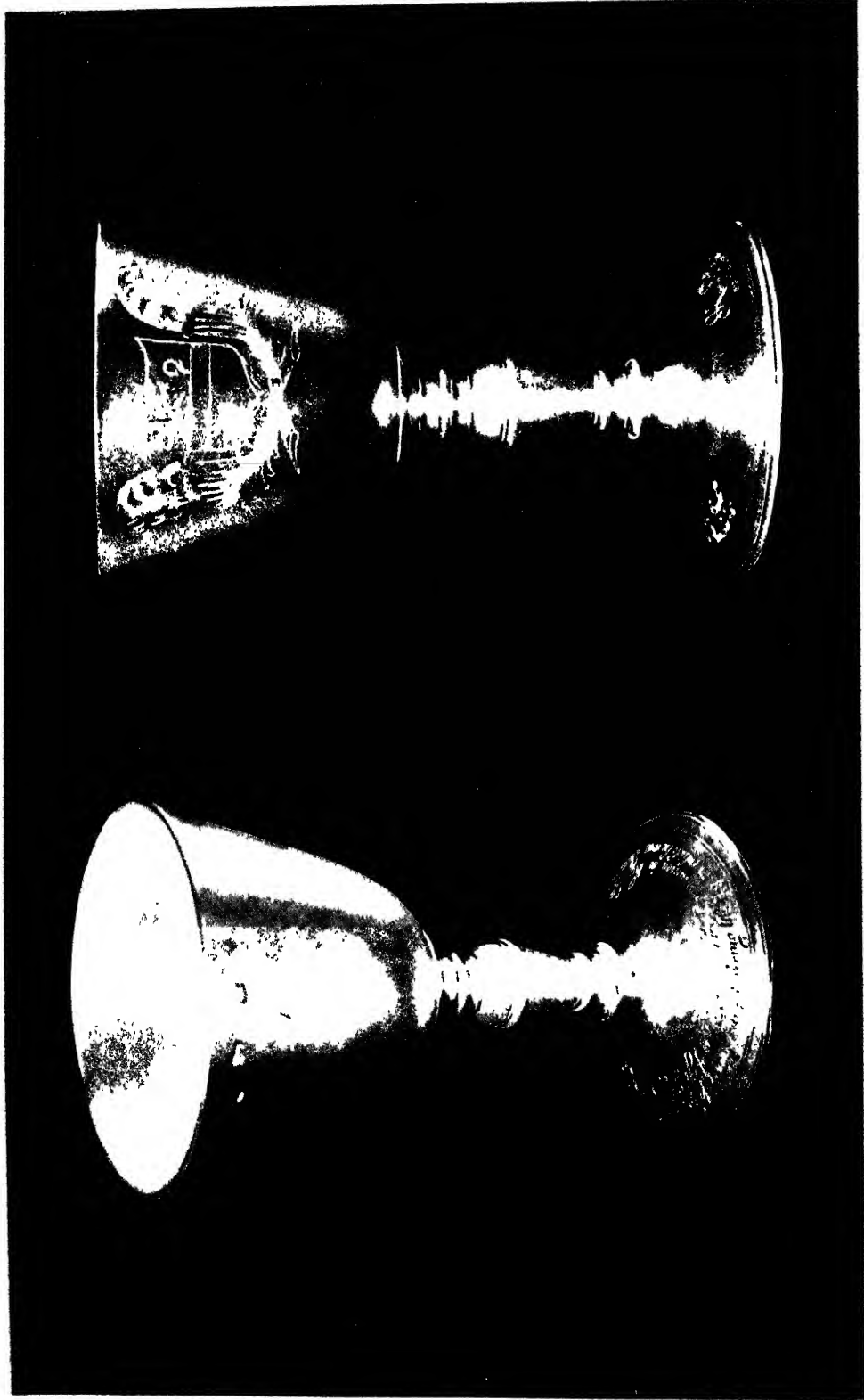
The emerald seal is cut in the shape of a six-sided cylinder, and is carved with trophies of arms and fruit in the style of about the end of the sixteenth century. At the top, which is pierced for suspension, is a sun-mask; and on the flat base is the seal, of the Prince's crest, motto and coronet, with the initials *C.P.* From the way in which the base has been shortened, it seems likely that an earlier seal (perhaps that of James I or Henry,

¹I have heard that it stood on the site of Stafford House, now the London Museum.



Cameo portrait of Queen Elizabeth
 Emerald Seal of Charles, Prince of Wales
 Toothpick and Case of Charles I
 Pearl Earring of Charles I

Authenticating paper in the handwriting of Queen Mary of Orange



CHALICE FROM WHICH CHARLES I RECEIVED COMMUNION ON THE DAY OF HIS
EXECUTION
January 30th, 1648-9

Prince of Wales) was removed, and that of Prince Charles cut in its place. This also was purchased by Edward Harley from the Arundel collection in 1720.

The gold toothpick and case were given to Colonel Matthew Thomlinson by King Charles on the night before his execution. After the Restoration, in his evidence at the trial of Colonel Hacker on October 15th, 1660, Colonel Thomlinson used these words: 'That very night before his death he [the King] was pleased to give me a legacy, which was a gold toothpicker and case, that he kept in his pocket.'¹ From Colonel Thomlinson the toothpick passed to his sister Jane, Lady Twysden, and from her to her son, Sir Roger Twysden, the 2nd Baronet. It descended by inheritance to the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Baronets, and then to the only daughter and heiress of the 6th Baronet, Rebecca, who, in 1802, married Thomas Law Hodges of Hemsted, Kent. Their granddaughter, Mrs. H. J. Peareth of Pitnacree sold it to Sir George Donaldson, upon whose death I purchased it in 1925.

The pearl ear-ring was given to the 1st Earl of Portland by Queen Mary of Orange; and with it is a paper in her handwriting, 'This pearle was taken out of y^e King my grandfather's ear after he was beheaded & given y^e Princess Royall'—that is, to Mary, Princess of Orange, the mother of William III. The ear-ring is clearly shown in the triple portrait of Charles I by Vandyck, in His Majesty's collection at Windsor, and in many others, such as the equestrian portrait in the National Gallery, and another in the Louvre showing the King on foot.

The historic chalice, which is really an ordinary drinking-cup converted to sacred use, stands 7½ inches high, and bears the London marks of 1629-30. Its appearance will be seen from plate 43. On the foot is an inscription in contemporary lettering: 'King Charles the First: received the Communion in this Boule: on tuesday the 30th of January 1648 being the day in which he was Murthered.' The bowl is engraved with the arms

¹*An Exact and Impartial Account of the Indictment . . . of Twenty nine Regicides*, 1660, p. 219.

of Sir Henry Hene (or Henn), 1st Baronet, of Winkfield, Co. Berks., who died in 1668; and his initials and those of his wife, ^H_{HD}, may be seen underneath the foot.

The Communion was administered to King Charles on the day of his execution by Thomas Juxon, Bishop of London (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), who, it is stated in the Memoirs of Sir Thomas Herbert, then 'had his lodging in Sir Henry Henn's house, near St. James's Gate'; so it seems almost certain that the cup was lent by Sir Henry to Juxon for the ceremony, and was afterwards returned to him. How it came into the possession of my family, I do not know; but it was already theirs before 1744, because I have a letter from John Anstis, Garter King of Arms (who died in that year), written to the 2nd Duke of Portland, explaining the arms on the bowl.

The chalice was exhibited at Lansdowne House in 1929. During the Exhibition, an old lady approached Blanchie Lennox, who was one of the chief organisers, and asked whether she might be allowed to touch the chalice for a moment. She went on to explain that she belonged to a Stuart Society, each of whose members had a medal, and that if only she might touch the chalice which the Royal Martyr had used, with her medal, then she could convey the virtue of it to those of her fellow-members. Blanchie told her that the chalice belonged to me, and promised to ask my leave to open the case in which it was shown—a permission which I was of course delighted to give. The old lady was then invited to go to Lansdowne House at an hour before the public was admitted, and the chalice was taken out of its case. She first knelt down to say a prayer, carefully drew her medal all round the rim, to be certain of touching the place where King Charles's lips had rested, then said another short prayer, and went away happy. I thought, and still think, that this was a delightful and moving little incident.

The relics I have described stand upon an ebony cabinet made to contain the family miniatures—a collection now well known through Mr. Goulding's excellent and scholarly catalogue, to which I have already referred. There are many fine

examples of the work of Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac and Peter Oliver, John Hoskins, and Samuel Cooper, to name only a few of the more important artists represented; and the collection is remarkable—indeed, I believe it is unmatched—for the high quality and brilliant condition of the miniatures of this early period which it contains, nearly all of them having been in the possession of the family since they were painted.

I was once showing the miniatures to Count Larisch. After seeing the portraits of many ladies, he came to the miniature of my grandmother, Lady Charles Bentinck (page 343), and immediately said, 'Never mind the others. Grannie wins in a canter!'

In a frame at the side of the cabinet is yet another relic of King Charles—the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter which he wore upon the scaffold. This, like the gold toothpick, was given to Colonel Matthew Thomlinson, who restored to Charles II, in 1650, the George which then hung from it. The George is now at Windsor. The central cameo is on a hinge, and formerly enclosed a miniature portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria; but this has long since disappeared.

The ribbon is now in two pieces; and I think their history is both curious and romantic. The smaller of the two was cut off, presumably about the middle of the seventeenth century, and given to Colonel Thomlinson's sister Jane, who married Sir Thomas Twysden, the judge and 1st Baronet. Her daughter Margaret became the second wife of Sir Thomas Style; and, through her, the ribbon passed into the possession of the Style family, and remained with them until the 10th Baronet, Sir F. Montague Style, sold it in 1919. I acquired it when it reappeared in Messrs. Sotheby's rooms in March, 1925.

The larger piece had exactly the same history as the toothpick, and came to me from Sir George Donaldson's collection in October, 1928: so the two portions were reunited after a separation which lasted for about two hundred and twenty-five years. I believe there is a third piece of the ribbon, though no more than a fragment, in the possession of Mr. W. E. Jennings Bramley, of Mariut, in Egypt, who is a connection of both the

Twysden and Style families, though it is uncertain through whom the ribbon descended to him.

Above the cabinet is a Rosary of fifty cherry-stones and six plum-stones, all wonderfully and minutely carved with classical busts, scenes and inscriptions. It is Flemish work of about 1600 and was bought by Margaret, Duchess of Portland, in 1773, from the collection of the well-known antiquary, James West. It is traditionally believed to have been the property of Queen Henrietta Maria, and that the diamond cross, now missing, was pawned by the Queen during the exile of the Royal Family in Flanders.

In the same case is a gold ring, set with a large pigeon-blood ruby, table-cut, between two diamonds. With it is a paper in the handwriting of Queen Mary of Orange: 'This Ruby so set was given me by the Prince three days after we wear Married, w^{ch} being the first thing he gave me I have ever had a perticuler esteem for it; when I was to be crowned I had it made big enough for y^t finger for y^t ocation but by mistake twas put on y^e Kings finger & I had that put on mine was designed for him, but we changed & I have worn it ever since till last Thursday y^e 4⁷ of November 1689 y^e stone dropt out at diner. I was extreamly trobled at it upon y^e accounts forementioned; therefore haveing found it lock it up for fear of y^e like mischance againe. Oct. y^e 19 1694 I gave it Mr. Beauvoir to set fast.' There can be no doubt that the ring, and the paper, were given to the 1st Earl of Portland, either by the Queen, or by William III after her death. I think they present a very pleasant and human picture of the Queen, and of the affection she felt for her husband's first gift to her.

In a small shagreen case is the ivory-handled pen-knife with which a French spy, the Marquis de Guiscard, attempted to murder my ancestor Robert Harley, the then Lord High Treasurer, in 1712. The incident, which caused intense excitement throughout the country and, incidentally, resulted in Harley's elevation to the Earldom of Oxford, may be studied in any history of the Reign of Queen Anne. The penknife was

inherited by Captain Edward Bacon, late 18th Hussars, a grandson of the last Harley Earl of Oxford, from whose family I bought it about twenty years ago.

The pictures in this room are all portraits of members of the Harley family. The most interesting are perhaps those of Robert Harley in his robes as Lord High Treasurer, and of his daughter-in-law Henrietta, Countess of Oxford, in an olive-green riding-habit, both signed by Kneller; of the little heiress, Lady Margaret Harley, who married the 2nd Duke of Portland, painted as a shepherdess by Michael Dahl; and two great landscapes by Wootton, showing Lady Oxford hawking at Wimpole and hunting the hare on Orwell Hill in its vicinity. The chandeliers in this and the next room were once the property of Lord and Lady Palmerston.

Leading from the House Library is the Gobelins Drawing Room, so named from the tapestries with which it is hung. These are signed by Neilson, the Scottish Director of the Gobelins manufactory, and are dated 1783. The background is rose-pink, with central medallions after designs by François Boucher, and elaborate borders. They are in remarkably fine condition, and may never have been used until they were hung in this room about thirty-five years ago. At all events, they are first mentioned in a Welbeck inventory of 1833 as being in '2 long Tin Boxes'; and they were still in these boxes when I succeeded, as my sister Ottoline has already stated. When exhibited at South Kensington in 1920-1, they were considered so fine that a special room was set apart for their display. Baron de Rothschild of Vienna once told me that, if they were his, he would build a house round them.

Near the fireplace is a small silver tea-table of the Queen Anne period, with an elaborately quartered coat of arms of Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, to whom it belonged. By it stands a *bonheur du jour* or table-cabinet, set with plaques of Sèvres porcelain, and mounted with gilded ormolu of wonderful fineness. It is believed to have been the property of Queen Marie Antoinette, and is a magnificent piece of its kind. In a

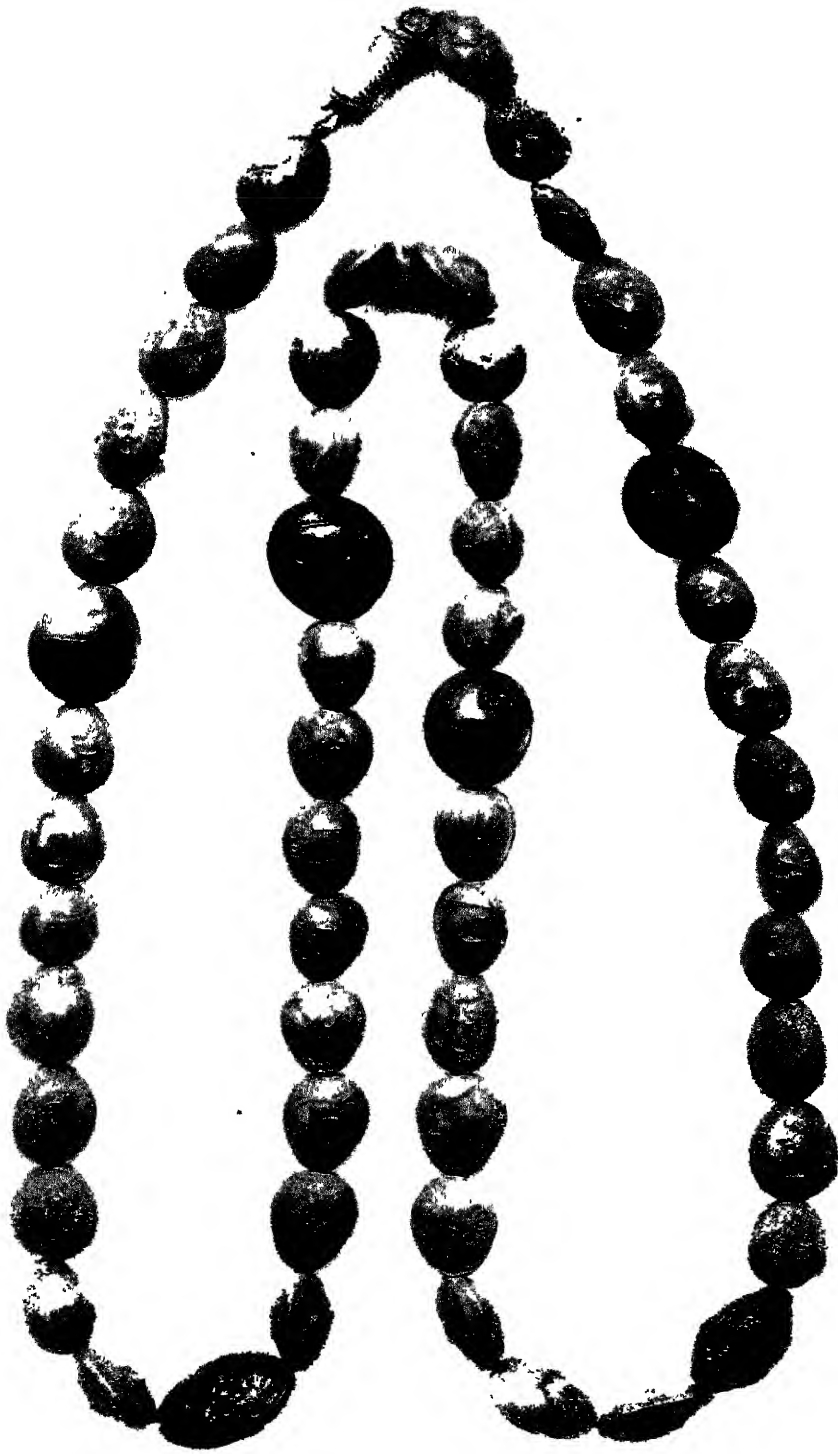
cabinet between the windows is a quantity of Sèvres porcelain, some of it bearing the monogram of Madame Du Barry, and all, I believe, of the finest quality and decoration.

Next to the Gobelins Room is the Swan Drawing Room, named after its carpet, which has a central design of swans, and was bought from the Aubusson Dépôt in London by the 4th Duke of Portland in 1833. Over the mantelpiece and between the windows are mirrors in Chippendale frames, elaborately carved in the Chinese manner with birds and oriental figures. I have heard it said that the late Duke purchased them in Ireland. On the walls are many portraits of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Four are by Reynolds—of the 3rd Duke of Portland; of his son the 4th Duke, painted when a child, in red Van Dyck costume; of the 3rd Duke's brother-in-law, Lord Richard Cavendish; and of the 'butcher' Duke of Cumberland. The portrait of Lord Richard Cavendish, which was greatly admired by both Sargent and László when they worked in this room, was Lord Richard's gift to his sister Dorothy, Duchess of Portland.

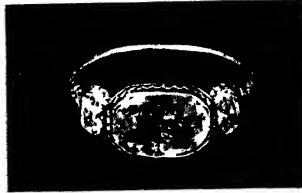
There are also four portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence—of Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of India 1827–35, his wife, *née* Mary Acheson, a daughter of Lord Gosford, his brother (my grandfather) Lord Charles Bentinck, and his sister Lady Mary Bentinck. By the same artist is an oil-sketch of my father as a child, which formerly belonged to my cousin, Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck.

Of the other pictures in the room I will mention only three—a charming, little full-length portrait of a lady, believed to be the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, by Angelica Kaufmann; a head and shoulders by Hoppner, of Renira, Baroness Van Tuyll, who married a member of the Dutch branch of my family; and a copy, made by George Richmond, R.A., in 1856, of Romney's beautiful portrait of Lady Edward Bentinck, who was a daughter of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist.

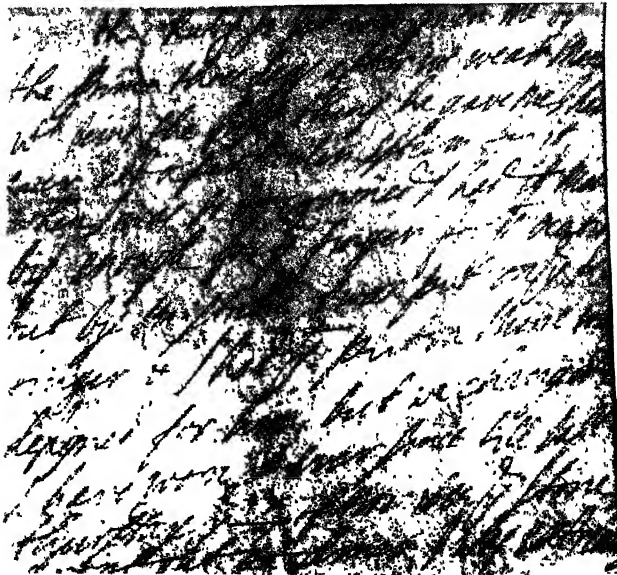
George Richmond told me in after years that, when a young man, he saw the original picture in the house of Archdeacon



ROSARY OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA



Coronation Ring of Queen Mary of Orange



Authenticating paper in her handwriting

W. H. Bentinck, Lady Edward's son, and fell so much in love with it that he made a copy without asking the owner's leave. The Archdeacon was not unnaturally annoyed; and, feeling he had overstepped the bounds of courtesy, Richmond determined never to part with the copy for money. He said that he was now (1893) an old man and, though still fond of the picture, he would like to make sure of its future by giving it to me.

The original painting became the property of Lord Hillingdon, and was afterwards purchased through the Felton Bequest for the National Gallery of Melbourne. The then adviser to the Felton Trustees was my guest, some years ago; and, when passing through the Swan Drawing Room, he suddenly caught sight of Richmond's picture and said, 'Good heavens! Is that the original, and have I made the most awful mistake?' I very quickly set his mind at rest; but I still remember with amusement the sudden start and look of anxiety with which he put the question.

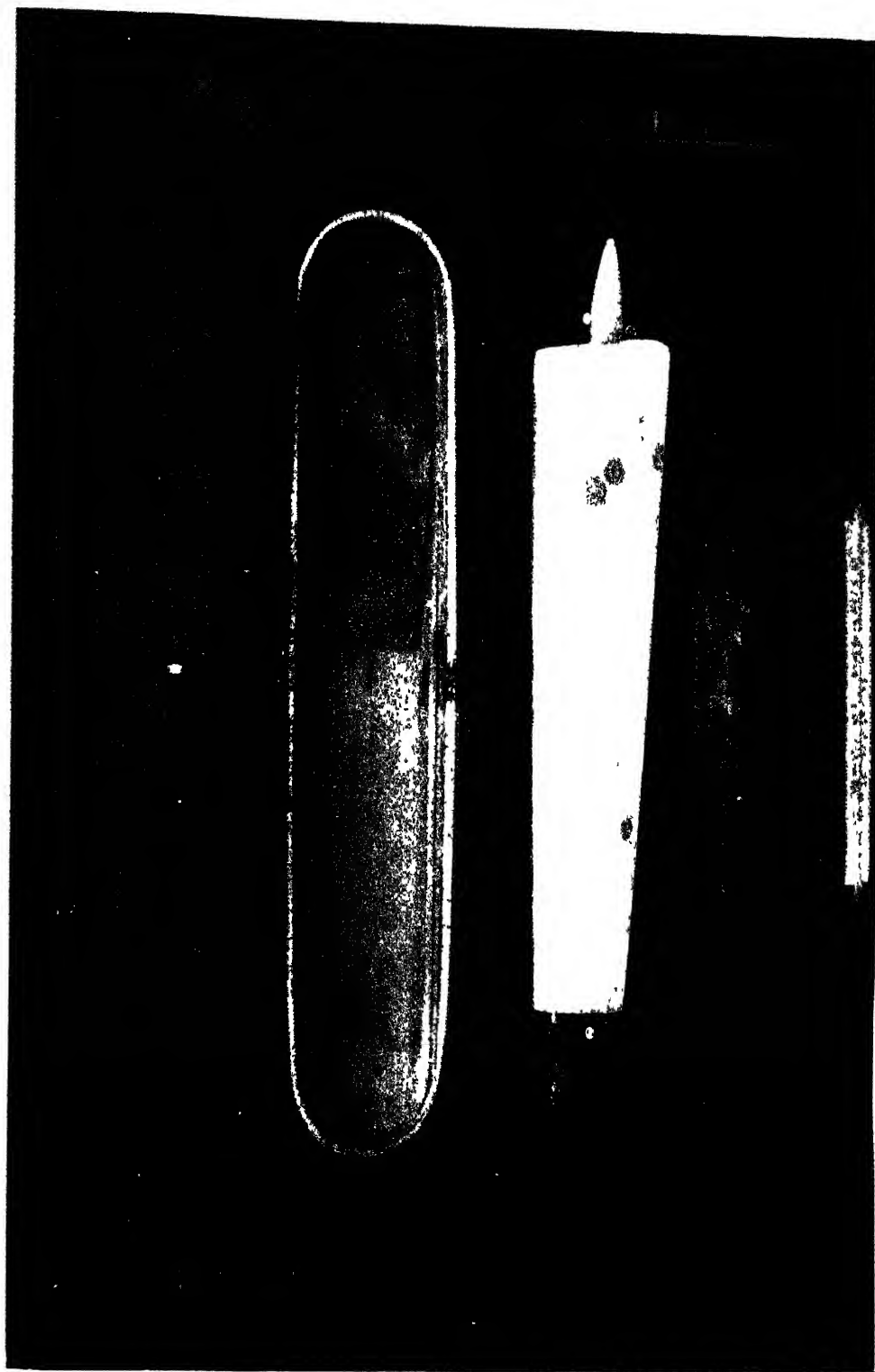
At the end of this side of the house is the dining-room, which was reconstructed by Sir Ernest George after the fire of 1900. The pictures are all by Van Dyck, or by artists of his school. The earliest, and perhaps the most arresting, is a portrait of an unknown man, called a Senator of Antwerp, in Van Dyck's early or Genoese manner. It is a wonderful study of character. The eyes follow one everywhere, and, to me at least, convey the impression of a man at once cultivated, subtle and a little untrustworthy. On either side of the fireplace are full-length portraits, both of great quality, of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and the famous Earl of Strafford. These two men were friends; and at Wentworth Woodhouse there are still preserved letters from Strafford to his Agent Raylton, written in 1636, mentioning the despatch of this portrait to Welbeck, and Vandyck's excessive charge for it—the amount being fifty pounds! Newcastle was originally painted wearing the red ribbon of the Bath; but in 1661, after his return from exile, he was invested with the Order of the Garter, and the red ribbon was then overpainted with blue, and the Garter and the Star added.

As the Garter ribbon is worn over the left shoulder, and that of the Bath over the right, it is of course shown on the wrong side.

On the north wall is an original portrait of Charles II as a boy, also by Van Dyck. It was painted for the Duke of Newcastle, who was the young Prince's 'Governor' for some years after 1638. There is a similar portrait at Windsor; but, according to the official *Catalogue Raisonné of the Pictures . . . at Windsor Castle* (1922), 'This is probably a School copy; a better version is in the Collection . . . at Welbeck Abbey'. Near it are portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria and Archbishop Laud, both after Van Dyck. The late Archbishop Davidson and I compared this portrait of Laud with the version at Lambeth, and I am afraid mine came out second best, much to the delight of the Archbishop. Someone, however, rather unkindly pointed out that the Lambeth version is inferior to the one then, and perhaps still, in the Hermitage at Petrograd. Other pictures, which I will mention but need not describe, are those of Charles I (a fine head, attributed to Van Dyck's pupil Henry Stone), Sir Kenelm Digby and his family, with remarkable portraits of his two sons, and Ben Jonson, the poet. In the window-recess is a very sensitive portrait of John Fletcher, the playwright, signed by Cornelius Johnson and dated 1621.

On one of the sideboards is a clock by the famous maker Thomas Tompion, who flourished during the reign of Queen Anne and was, I believe, the only clockmaker ever buried in Westminster Abbey. It has an elaborate case of tortoiseshell and ormolu, and still keeps very good time. Tompion's bill for this and other clocks, of which one is at Welbeck Woodhouse and a third at 17 Hill Street, is preserved in the Library. The furniture of this room is all modern, except two panels of Mortlake tapestry, mounted as firescreens, bearing the arms of John Holles, 1st Earl of Clare, who died in 1637. On the sideboards and mantelpiece are some fine pieces of late seventeenth-century silver.

From the dining-room one passes into a small vaulted hall, in which are two alcoves, now used to display some very fine silver-



Broken penknife with which the Marquis de Guiscard attempted to
assassinate Robert Harley, March 8th, 1711

London August 13. 1850

My dear Lady Frederick. I have
been inform'd of the hour
for Tomorrow Wednesday
I will take care to be in
time at the Victory at St George's
Church - & afterwards at Lord
Dunsdale's (see your most serv.)

My dear Lady Frederick
Wellington

LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
TO LADY FREDERICK BENTINCK

Written in his eighty-second year

gilt plate of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Possibly the most interesting piece is a two-handled cup inscribed, 'The last Privey Seale w^{ch} belong'd to England before the Union of Great Brittain w^{ch} tooke place the first of May 1707'. This was made from the original Privy Seal, by John Coggs in 1708, for John Holles, Duke of Newcastle; and the bill for it is still preserved at Welbeck. There are also two magnificent rosewater bowls and ewers, of the period of William III, and a gold font by Paul Storr, probably from a design by Flaxman, made in 1796 for the christening of Lord Woodstock, the grandson of the 3rd Duke of Portland, and last used for the baptism of my granddaughter Peggy Bentinck in 1918.

A door opposite leads into the Horsemanship bedroom and dressing-room, in which the Duke of Newcastle is believed to have composed his famous book, the *Méthode nouvelle de dresser les chevaux*, printed at Antwerp in 1657. The dressing-room is one of the very few rooms in the house to have escaped restoration; it has stone vaulting of about 1610, a carved fireplace of the same period, and attractive panelling. This seems a suitable place to record that there is not a single ghost to be seen in the Abbey, nor is there any tradition of one. I am afraid my ancestors were all too well behaved to be condemned to haunt their successors! Nor do I think they would wish to visit the underground rooms built by my predecessor, for they would probably dislike them as much as I do myself.

Between this room and the front hall is the László Room, a name which will be explained in Chapter IX. It contains two interesting relics of the friendship between King William III and the Earl of Portland. One is a large iron casket, probably intended for a jewel case, covered with red velvet and decorated with plaques and scrolls of steel and gilt metal. On either side are the initials W.M. interlaced; and the lid bears the arms of the Earl of Portland within the collar of the Garter, which Order he received in 1697. It has an intricate spring-lock, and the keys are beautifully pierced with the initials W.M.R.

under a Royal Crown. The other is a large and elaborately carved model of the armed yacht of King William III, flying the royal standard and the flag of SS. George and Andrew. These were both gifts from the King and Queen to the Earl of Portland. In the same room are several early silver 'standishes' or inkstands, one of them, of French workmanship, having formerly belonged to Matthew Prior; a brass table-clock of about 1600, which still keeps time—very noisily too; and twelve silver candlesticks bearing the arms and cipher of Queen Anne, which formed part of the official plate given to Robert Harley as Speaker of the House of Commons from 1701 to 1705. There are portraits by de László on two of the walls, to which I shall refer later. On another wall is a portrait of King Edward VI, of the School of Holbein, showing the young King with pointed, faunlike ears; a small, full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, signed by the elder Gheeraats; and the well-known portrait of a boy by Rembrandt, signed and dated 1634.

In the corridor between the Horsemanship Rooms and the dining-room are many pictures of interest. A full-length portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, is one of several variants of the likeness painted by Philip Oudry in 1578. It bears an inscription, added by Lady Oxford, stating that it is 'An Original . . . taken at Hardwick whilst she was in Custody of George Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury'. On the same wall is a curious portrait of Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's friend and patron, in which he is dressed in mourning clothes, sitting by a broken window, with a cat by his side. It was painted in 1602 or 1603, when the young Earl was imprisoned in the Tower for his complicity in the attempted rebellion of Essex. Near it are two portraits of his wife, Elizabeth Vernon, and two others of their daughter-in-law, Rachel (de Ruvigny), wife of the 4th Lord Southampton, one of them by Van Dyck.

From this hall, a staircase and a long corridor, containing some good Sèvres, Nantgarw and Chelsea porcelain and a large collection of engravings, lead to the Library and Chapel, built by John Smithson in 1623 as a riding school for the 1st Duke

of Newcastle. The chief treasure of the Library is the vast series of correspondence and other historical documents, inherited from the families of Vere, Holles, Harley, Wriothesley and Bentinck. They have been partly catalogued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which has already issued ten volumes of the *Calendar of Portland Papers*; and the remaining correspondence was, for the most part, arranged and carefully indexed by R. W. Goulding.

After Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, died in 1741, his vast collection of manuscripts—partly inherited from his father, and greatly increased by himself with the aid of his famous librarian Humfrey Wanley—was sold by his widow to the British Museum, where it remains as the Harleian collection to this day. Lady Oxford retained practically all the family papers, however, including the first Lord Oxford's official correspondence as Speaker of the House of Commons and, later, as Lord High Treasurer. These, which form an extensive collection in themselves, are still at Welbeck. I shall not attempt to describe them, or the other family papers, as they are being freely used by Professor A. S. Turberville of the University of Leeds, in preparing the history of Welbeck and its owners upon which he is now engaged.

I will, however, allude to a series of letters from the reigning Queens of England from Mary Tudor to Queen Victoria, which are exhibited in a frame. When my daughter Victoria was a girl, her governess, Miss Lamb, set her an examination-paper. One of the questions was, 'State what interesting letters from Reigning Queens there are in the Library.' Victoria wrote that there were letters from Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Mary of Orange, Queen Anne, and finally 'one from Queen Victoria,¹ asking father if she might have the honour of being my godmother.'

In four large frames, there is another series of letters, from the four Lord High Treasurers to Queen Anne, and every Prime Minister from Robert Walpole to the present day, all addressed

¹This letter appears on page 116.

to members of my family. I reproduce one from the Duke (then Marquess) of Wellington to Lord William Bentinck, as it is very characteristic of his dry sense of humour.

‘LESACA, *Sept.* 5th, 1813.

‘MY DEAR LORD,

‘. . . There is no Man better aware than I am of the state of every Officer’s reputation who has to command troops with such miserable means of support as these have; particularly in these days in which such extravagant expectations are excited by that excessively wise and useful class of people the Editors of Newspapers. If I had been at any time capable of doing what these Gentlemen expected, I should now I believe have been in the Moon. They have long ago expected me at Bourdeaux; nay, I understand that there are many of their wise readers (amateurs of the Military Art) who are waiting to join the Army till H. Qrs. will arrive in that city; and when they will hear of the late Spanish Battle, I conclude that they will defer their journey till I shall arrive at Paris. But you may depend upon this; first, that I shall neither myself form nor encourage in others extravagant expectations; secondly that you shall have my full support in any measure that you think proper to adopt under your instructions; and thirdly, that if you do your own duty, as I am sure you will, according to the best of your Judgement and satisfy yourself, you will satisfy your Employers & eventually the British Publick. . . .

‘I have heard so many debates that I never read one, more especially as I know that, unless a Gentleman takes the trouble of writing his speech, the Report of it in the Newspapers is not very accurate. Since Lord Wellesley quitted Spain in 1809, I have never written to or received from him one letter upon any publick subject whatever; and I don’t know what he said or thought on the Alicant Army. I should think however that he could have had no accurate information to enable him to form an opinion at all.

Ever your’s, My Dear Lord, most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.’



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
After signing his final abdication at the Elysée, 1815
(P. Delaroche, 1845)



THE BATTLE OF MARENGO, 1800
BY LORD RANELAGH, TO LORD RANELAGH
COLLECTED, FEBRUARY 1910.

There are also several letters written to the Earl of Portland by the famous Duke of Marlborough, one of which relates to the Battle of Blenheim:

SEFELINGEN, *Augt. 28th, 1704.*

‘MY LORD,

‘I am very much obliged to your Lordp. for the favour of your letter, and tho I doubt not but you will doe me the Justice to believe that my chief aim is to serve the Publick, yet I must own it as a particular satisfaction to me to have the approbation of my friends in my just endeavours, which God has blest with so signal a Victory over our Common Enemy, that I fflatter my self they will not recover the Blow in some years, for we find by the letters we have intercepted of the Enemys going to Paris, that they [one word missing] own their loose to be above forty thousand men; the troups under my comãd has been March’d these three days towards the Rhin, but I have been desir’d to stay for the finishing a treaty with the Electoris for the giving up of Ulm, and the rest of the Garrison; if this treaty does not suced we shal then leave Monsr. Thungen to Carry on the siege, the reducing of this place being of the last Consequence for the security of these Countrys;

‘I recon we shal be with the Army on the Rhin by the 7 of the next month, where I hope we shall meet with further success, before the end of the Campagne,

I am with truth, and respect,

My Lord

Your lordshipes most obedient humble servant

MARLBOROUGH.’

I have already given some account of the Chapel in Chapter II. The lower half of the walls is panelled, and on the upper half are hung Brussels tapestries, some of which were given to us by my wife’s mother, Mrs. Dallas-Yorke. Over the altar is a striking picture of the *Adoration of the Shepherds* by Gerard Honthorst.

From the Library, a staircase leads to the underground

rooms, which are entered from a long passage hung with pictures, by van Diepenbeke and his assistant Sijmons, of the Duke of Newcastle's managed horses. On the left are three rooms of fair size, which we use for supper and sitting out during a ball. One of them contains a fine collection of British birds, originally formed by Donald Ross, the Head Keeper at Langwell, and enlarged in later years; and in cases on the wall opposite are the skins of my great racehorse St. Simon, and of my two Derby winners, Ayrshire and Donovan. The other two supper-rooms are hung with portraits and miscellaneous pictures.

The great ballroom at the end of the corridor, measuring 159 ft. by 63 ft., contains many pictures of historical interest, of which I need mention only two. One is a full-length portrait, probably by the younger Gheeraats, of Shakespeare's patron, the 3rd Earl of Southampton, showing him as a very young man in wonderfully damascened tilting armour. The other, representing an angel contemplating the Cross, is the original cartoon by Sir Joshua Reynolds for part of the West window of New College Chapel, Oxford. It possesses special interest as having been bequeathed by the artist himself to the 3rd Duke of Portland, who was then Chancellor of the University.

I fear I may have wearied the reader by this long voyage of discovery round a house which he or she has possibly never seen. So I will pass over much that I might otherwise describe, and will make an end with my own sitting-room, where a great deal of this book has been dictated and written. It contains, among many other pictures, a portrait of Napoleon by Paul Delaroche, painted in 1845. Though I believe there is no proof that the Emperor ever sat to this painter, who was only eighteen years old at the time of Waterloo, it is certain that he visited the studio of Baron Gros when Delaroche was a pupil there. My predecessor lent the picture to Lady Jane Dalrymple-Hamilton, who showed it to the Duc de Coigny. She wrote to the Duke afterwards, saying that de Coigny 'says he never saw such a likeness, that it is the Emperor himself! . . . he almost screamed when he saw Napoleon'.

Below the portrait is a bronze showing the Emperor seated by a table, shortly before the battle of Marengo. Only about half a dozen copies were made; and this one was given by Prince Talleyrand to the then Lord Rancliffe in 1800. I purchased it from Bunny Hall, the home of the Rancliffe family, in 1910.

Other objects of interest in this room are the beautiful keys worn by the Earl of Portland as Groom of the Stole and First Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King William III, and as Ranger of Windsor Park. I have often wondered whether any of them would fit the present doors of the Royal apartments at Hampton Court.

V. COURT LIFE

In 1886, I was honoured by Queen Victoria, as H.M. appointed me Master of the Horse, on the recommendation of Lord Salisbury, who became Prime Minister upon the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Government in that year. I held the office till 1892, and again from 1895 to 1905. When I became a member of the Household, the late Lord Mount Edgcumbe was the Lord Steward, and the late Lord Lathom the Lord Chamberlain. These three officials, the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Horse, were (and perhaps still are) known as the three Great Officers of State.¹ I was very happy in this office, as my duties were congenial and brought me sometimes into personal contact with Her Majesty, from whom I received much kindness, as I did also from her successor King Edward VII. At the same time I made the acquaintance of many interesting people whom I should not otherwise have known, meeting in my official capacity celebrated individuals from all parts of the world, who came to London to attend the numerous Court ceremonies.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe had been a Court-official for many years, and was formerly an Equerry to the Prince Consort. He was a most attractive, courtly man. He married Lady Katherine Hamilton, daughter of the 1st Duke of Abercorn, and was the

¹In those days the three Great Officers of State, some of the Lords in Waiting and other principal Court officials were nominated by the Prime Minister from the supporters of his party. On the accession of the first Labour Government to power, I believe it was arranged that the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Horse should continue in office; and these have now, I understand, become permanent appointments at the discretion of His Majesty. Of course each department of the Court is staffed by permanent officials, in order to secure a continuity of policy.





HOMAGE BY THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY DURING
A RECEPTION AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1897.
Standing by the Queen is the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain

father of my old friend Valletort, now Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who married Lady Edith Villiers, only daughter of the 5th Lord Clarendon. Alas, she recently died. She was a charming woman, and certainly one of the most beautiful horsewomen I ever saw.

Lord Lathom had a fine, long beard and was a man of extremely dignified figure and appearance. Before his creation as Earl of Lathom in 1880, he had for many years, as Lord Skelmersdale, been an effective and popular Whip to the Conservative Party in the House of Commons. He married a sister of the then Lady Derby, and lived at Lathom in Lancashire, not far from Knowsley. When I knew him, he was still known to his older friends as 'Skelmy'. He was one of the best gun shots of the time; and, when shooting, he divided his beard into two plaits, which he tied behind his neck, out of the way of the stock of his gun. I have never seen this done by anyone else. He reminded me of one of the drawings in Lear's *Book of Nonsense*, 'There was an old man with a beard.' We did not, however, quote this limerick in his presence.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane was a Court official for over fifty years, from 1859 to 1915; and he had all the details of ceremonial and etiquette at his fingers' ends. In his youth he had been very fond of cricket, and he became one of the founders of the I Zingari Cricket Club. For a very long time he was Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department. He superintended the presentations at the various ceremonies, and was very critical of the deportment of the ladies who attended them. It was most amusing to watch the demeanour of some of these ladies, one *débutante* being so nervous that, when she held out her hand for the Queen to place hers upon it, she twice snatched her own hand away and kissed it, before H.M. had time to make the necessary gesture. She then tried to escape from the Royal presence and, when brought back by Sir Spencer, repeated her *faux pas* for the third time. We heard the Queen say, 'Never mind—she is so terribly shy, poor dear.'

Another lady gave her card to be handed to the Lord

Chamberlain; but it was in such a damp and crushed condition that the name was no longer legible, and the card appeared to have been chewed almost to pieces.

Colonel Sir George Maude, the Crown Equerry and Secretary to the Master of the Horse, lived in the Lodge at the Royal Mews. Unfortunately he was very deaf, which made it difficult for him to have personal interviews¹ with Queen Victoria, as H.M. could not make him hear. He served with distinction during the Crimean War, being severely wounded by a shell which burst under his horse at the Battle of Balaclava, where he commanded a battery of artillery. The poor old fellow found it very difficult to explain to ladies why, for a long time afterwards, he was unable to sit down or ride without great discomfort! He used a peculiar wagonette with a hood, and made much hospitable use of it, especially for his charming lady friends, of whom he seemed to possess a great many. He superintended the Royal Studs at Hampton Court, then containing the cream and black horses used on State occasions, besides thoroughbred mares, whose yearlings were sold in the month of June.

A dear old gentleman, the 3rd Lord Crewe, appeared at a Levée with a long *tritoma*, commonly known as a 'red-hot poker', fastened in a buttonhole of his uniform. This created great consternation, and it was amusing to watch Lord Crewe defending his flower, and warding off, first a page, and then the redoubtable Sir Spencer himself, who tried to remove it. The Prince of Wales, who was holding the Levée, was greatly amused.

Lord Crewe was a very generous man, and attended many Charity Dinners. I presided at two of these within a week, and was astonished to see him at both—always with a 'red-hot poker' in his buttonhole. On the second occasion, I said, 'It is extraordinarily kind of you to come, Lord Crewe.' 'Not at all,' he replied, 'you see, I am very fond of society, but I am so old

¹When necessary, he communicated with H.M. in writing. All notes and letters to the Queen from members of her Household had to be sealed, and not gummed down.

that nobody invites me now; so unless I attend dinners like this, I am obliged to stay at home!’

Lord Alfred Paget, born in 1816, became Senior Equerry and Clerk Marshal, and remained in the Royal service practically all his life. He was still a remarkably handsome man, with a loud and rather alarming voice—especially to me, forty years his junior, when he called me ‘my ducal master’, as he loved to do. He was a most genial old gentleman, and the father of a large family, among whom were the then Captain Arthur Paget (afterwards General Sir Arthur Paget) of the Scots Guards,¹ and Admiral Sir Alfred Paget.

Lord Colville of Culross (1818-1903) had a distinguished career, having been Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal to Queen Victoria and afterwards Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra. He was also a first-class man of business, and for many years chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company. I made his acquaintance when I became Master of the Horse, and he always showed me great kindness. Soon after I received the appointment, he said, ‘Now, young fellow, you’ve become one of us, and I hope you won’t mind a very old courtier giving you a little advice. It is this. Sit down whenever you see a vacant chair, and always make yourself comfortable when you have the chance—for, I assure you, you will have very few opportunities of doing either!’

¹Arthur Paget served with great distinction in the Ashanti War, when he and Colonel Brabazon, late of the Grenadier Guards, brought home despatches and the state umbrella of King Kofi Karikari to Queen Victoria. He afterwards served in every war that took place, and commanded a Division in South Africa. Though too old for active service in the Great War, he was sent on a mission to Russia. He married Miss Mary Stevens, a beautiful American lady, and became the father of a very gallant son, Col. A. E. Paget, who unfortunately died of wounds towards the end of the Great War, after being twice mentioned in despatches and receiving a brevet.

During the South African War, he was in the habit of describing the operations of the force under his command in rather florid language, more or less in this style: ‘Having freely sprinkled the enemy position with shrapnel, I then launched my gallant —s to the attack, whereupon the Boers retreated to another position.’ When the outspoken General Brabazon heard this, he remarked, ‘It seems to me, old boy, that Arthur Paget’s operations of war are nothing more nor less than *Operwa Bouffe*.’

He told me that when he was Master of the Buck Hounds, an office which he held from 1866 to 1868, the Prince of Wales hunted with him one day, the stag being taken not far from Paddington Station. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Colville and the hunt servants in their red coats, then rode through the Park down Rotten Row and Constitution Hill to Marlborough House.

At the entertainments at Buckingham Palace, a famous and rather potent brew of hock-cup was served at one of the side-boards in the Royal supper-room. When the Prince and Princess of Wales went to bed, Lord Colville used to say in his cheery voice, 'And now for hock-cup corner!' My wife handed him a glass of hock-cup one evening, and he then, and often afterwards, called her 'my Hebe'.

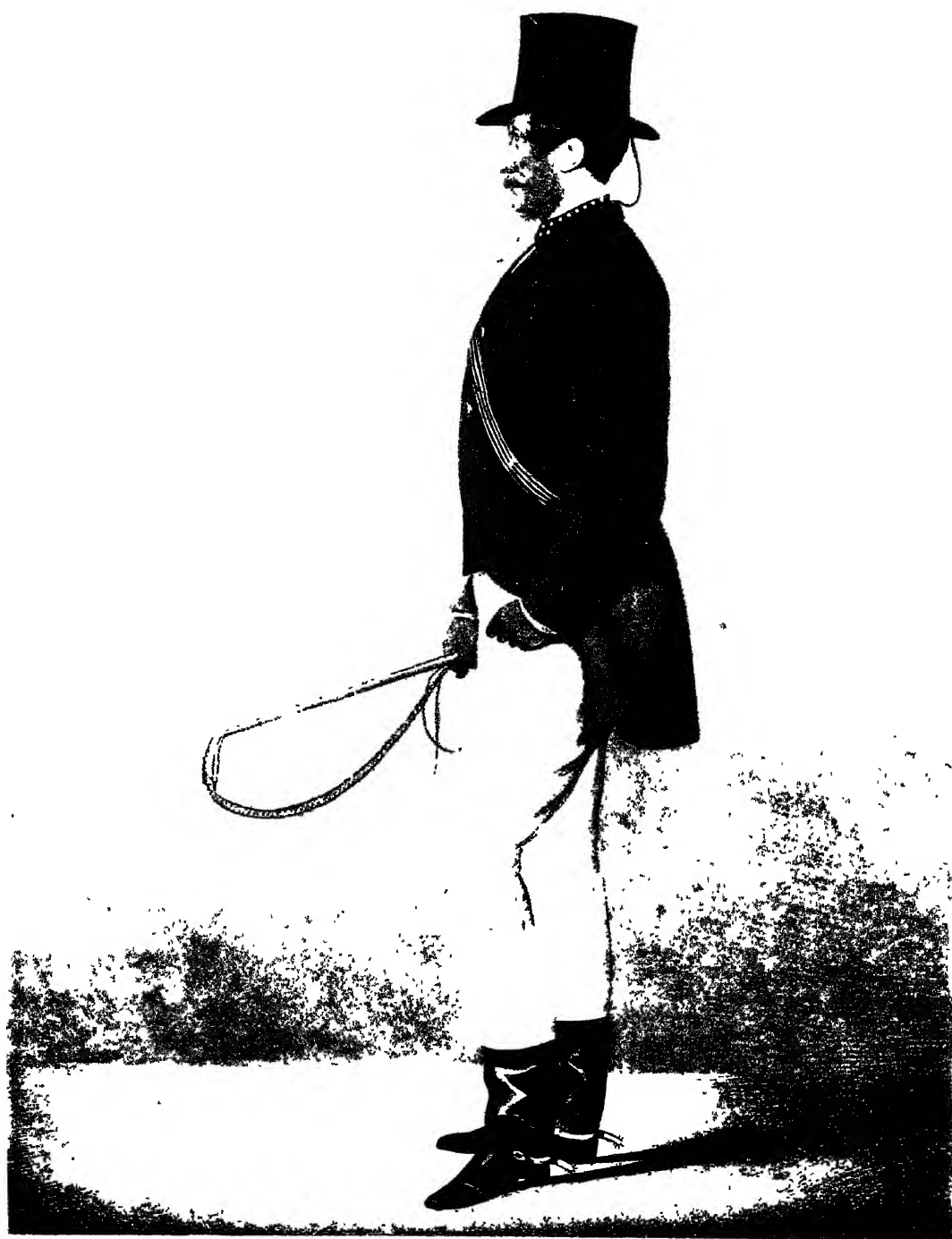
Lord Colville wore a little gold ball attached to his watch-chain. My wife was very curious as to what it contained, but he made rather a mystery of it, and refused to tell her. At last, after much teasing, he opened it—and she saw a beautiful blue eye! 'I lost one of my eyes in a shooting accident,' he told her, 'and this is a spare one I use when the one I am wearing grows hot and uncomfortable. I have another at home, with a merry twinkle in it; and I shall certainly wear that when I have the pleasure of seeing you again.'

Other Equerries were Colonel the Hon. Sir Henry Byng, afterwards Lord Strafford, and my old friend and brother-officer Harry Legge (Colonel the Hon. Sir Henry Legge). It was usual for an Equerry to retire on succeeding to a Peerage; but Sir Henry Byng liked the position, and did not do so. I remember hearing King Edward say in rather a sarcastic voice, 'The Earl of Strafford, *Equerry!*' Harry Legge, who had been Adjutant of the Coldstream in my time, was the father of Nobby Legge, who became a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria and received a commission in the Coldstream Guards, but was, alas, killed at the beginning of the Great War.

The most distinguished, and perhaps the most experienced, of all the Court officials was Sir Henry Ponsonby, private



GENERAL ARTHUR PAGET, 1908
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



LORD COLVILLE OF CULROSS
Master of the Buck Hounds, 1866

Secretary to the Queen. A great deal depended on his discretion and judgment, which, fortunately for everybody concerned, were both very sound. He had been Equerry to the Prince Consort, then served in the Crimea as an officer in the Grenadier Guards, and in due course succeeded General Grey¹ as private Secretary. He was the father of my friends, John, the distinguished soldier, Frederick (Fritz), for many years Keeper of the Privy Purse, and also of Arthur Ponsonby, now Lord Ponsonby of Shulbrede, sometime leader of the Socialist Party in the House of Lords.

From all these older, and certainly much wiser, men than myself, I received much kindness and, when I needed it, good advice.

Harry Stonor was then—as he has been ever since, for he seems never to have grown older—one of the young, sporting elegants of the Court, his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Stonor, having been one of the first Ladies in Waiting to the Princess of Wales after her marriage. I have heard that the Princess visited her very often during her illness, and promised to care for her children. Nobly did the Prince and Princess fulfil their duty, for both Harry and his sister Julie, who afterwards married the Marquis d'Hautpoul, practically made their home at Sandringham, Harry receiving the appointment of Groom in Waiting to both Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, an office which he continued to hold after H.R.H.'s accession to the Throne, and during the Reign of his late Majesty King George, who showed him much kindness also.

At the Drawing Rooms, as they were then called, it was Harry's duty to pick up, fold, and place the trains of the ladies over their arms, after they had passed the presence. Having a slim, elegant figure, he did so with much grace, hardly ever ruffling the toilettes or the tempers of his numerous patients. Indeed, I am sure he must have created as much havoc in their hearts as he did among the game in the shooting season!

¹General Grey (1804-1870) was the second son of Earl Grey, the celebrated Prime Minister. He became the father of Albert, 4th Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and of Lady Victoria Dawnay; Louisa, Countess of Antrim; and Mary, Countess of Minto.

Another, rather different though equally good-looking, type of Court official was my old friend Douglas Dawson.¹ He began life in the Coldstream, and with this regiment he served in at least two campaigns. His elder brother Vesey, also my lifelong friend, showed extreme kindness and generosity to him, giving up a considerable part of his private fortune to enable Douglas to cut a dash in Vienna, Paris, and other Capitals where he became Military Attaché. Douglas was afterwards Comptroller in the Lord Chamberlain's Department, and was appointed Master of Ceremonies to H.M. and Secretary of the Order of the Garter. Extremely good looking, he also possessed considerable ability. We visited Vienna and Paris when he was Military Attaché in those cities (see Chapter XI); and under his wing we had a very good time.

No account of Court life would be complete without a reference to Horace Farquhar. He was a great friend of Lord Fife, and he had a really remarkable social career. A younger son of Sir Walter Townsend-Farquhar, he became a banker, married Lady Scott, the widow of Sir Edward Scott, was appointed Master of the Household in 1901, and created Viscount Farquhar. When I first knew him, he was nicknamed 'Kind Horace'. As Master of the Household to King Edward, he brought the whole establishment into line with modern requirements.

Some time before my appointment—I think in 1885—the Queen honoured me with a command to dine and sleep at Windsor. Lord Salisbury, the then Prime Minister, was present; and at dinner he wore pantaloons instead of the customary knee-breeches and silk stockings. Pantaloons were trousers, made tight from the knee down, and buttoned round the ankle. They were more favoured by the older than by the younger generation, this, I think, being the only time I ever saw them worn, though on Royal invitation-cards the regulation dress was still given as *knee-breeches or pantaloons*.

In January, 1886, when Parliament was opened during Lord

¹Afterwards Brig.-General Sir Douglas Dawson, G.C.V.O.

*Orland
June 21st 1887.*



PORTLAND, MASTER OF THE HORSE, 1887



H.M. THE QUEEN OPENING PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 21st, 1886
Before her are the Marquess of Salisbury, Portland, the Marquess of Winchester,
and the Duke of Norfolk

Salisbury's administration, Queen Victoria decided to perform the ceremony herself, for the first time for many years and also, as it turned out, for the last time. I had the honour of carrying the Crown on that occasion.

In company with Lord Salisbury, who carried the Sword of State, I went to a room in the House of Lords; and there we found Lord Winchester, whose family are hereditary bearers of the Cap of Maintenance, sitting in his robes by the fire. The Crown, the Sword of State, and the Cap of Maintenance were conveyed from the Tower, as was customary, in a four-wheeled cab under the guard of a sergeant and guardsmen of the Foot Guards; and Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane brought them to the waiting room. He delivered the Sword of State to Lord Salisbury, and handed the Crown to me, whispering as he did so, 'Now, take care you don't drop it!'—for I believe that, some years before, a noble Duke *had* dropped it and then put his foot on it. The Crown rested on a cushion, suspended by a ribbon from my neck; and I must confess that by the time the ceremony was over I had had quite enough of it, for my hands were almost numbed by the tight gloves I was wearing and the slippery edge of the cushion.

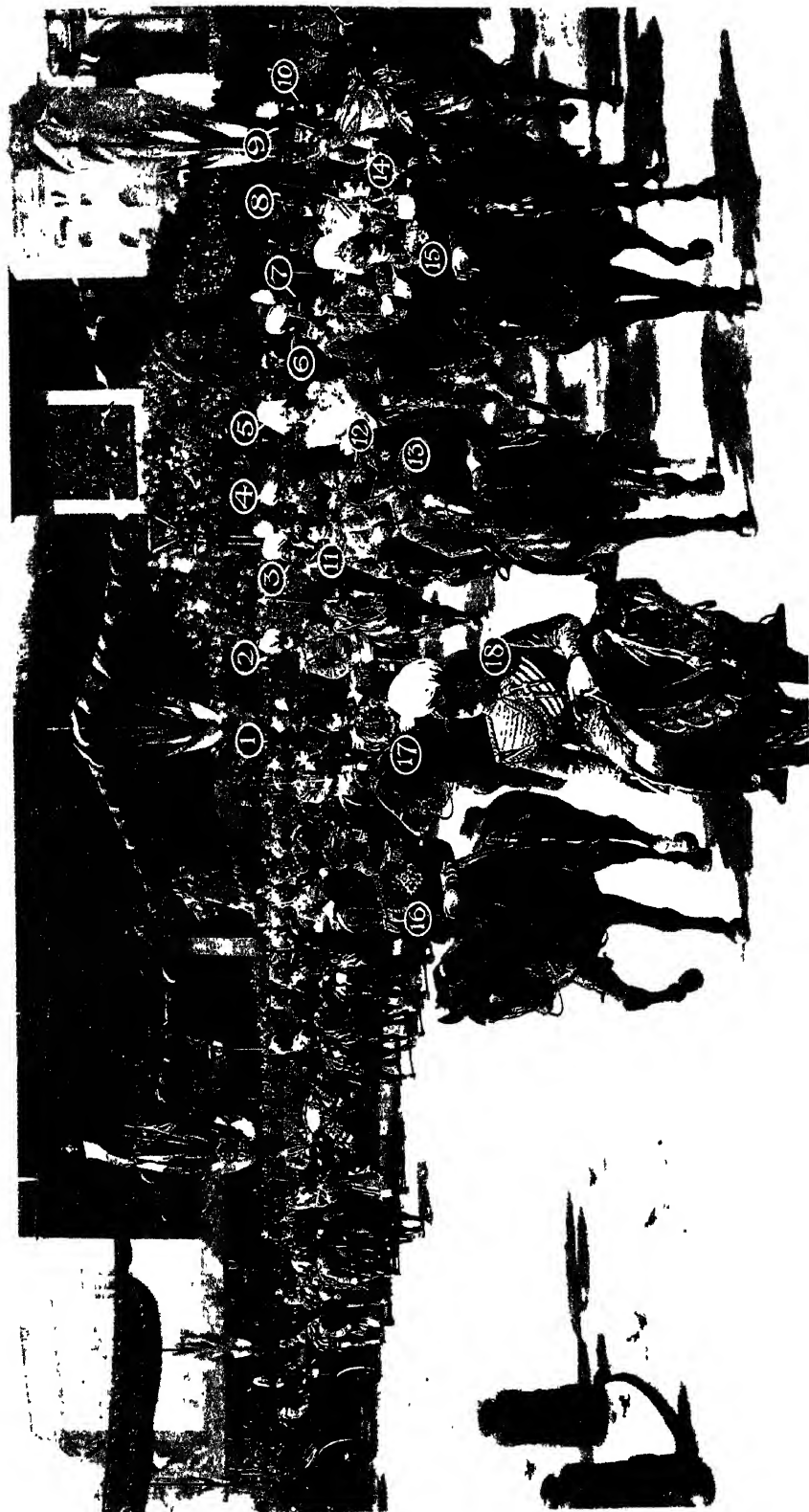
When Sir Spencer handed the Cap of Maintenance to its bearer, he said, 'And here is your bauble, my Lord.' Lord Winchester immediately flamed up '—— you, Sir! What the —— —— do you mean by calling the Cap of Maintenance a bauble? I would have you know, Sir, that my family sets great store by the privilege of carrying it; and I will not have it called a bauble.' Sir Spencer did not reply, but as he passed me he whispered, 'What an old ruffian!' and Lord Salisbury added, 'I fear the noble Lord has got a little out of his depth.' It was explained to me afterwards that the lesser objects in the regalia, the Cap of Maintenance among them, are technically and correctly known as 'the baubles of the Crown'; so Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane was quite right.

Later in the same year, after the change of Government and when I had received the appointment of Master of the Horse,

the Queen made a Royal progress to open the People's Palace at Bethnal Green. The success of this visit, no doubt, encouraged H.M. to face the ordeal of her Jubilee in the following year. I remember it particularly well, not only because of the importance of the occasion, but also because I had a bad toothache.

The chief ceremony of the 1887 Jubilee was Her Majesty's State procession through London, to attend a solemn service of thanksgiving at Westminster Abbey. The procession naturally placed a great strain on the Royal stables, and one to which they had not been accustomed for many years. While it was being formed an untoward event occurred, though I was quite unaware of it at the moment. Lord Lorne, arrayed in all his Highland glory though not wearing a kilt, was about to mount his horse—not a trained charger from the Royal Mews, but one he had borrowed from a friend—when it took fright at his feathered bonnet. As he put his foot into the stirrup, the horse shied wildly away, and he fell on his back between it and the mounting block, luckily without hurting himself in any way. After this unfortunate adventure, and the absolute refusal of the horse to be ridden, Lord Lorne decided to drive to Westminster for the service. I happened to see him in the Abbey, and said to him quite innocently that I hoped his horse had carried him well. It was, of course, a most unfortunate remark for, to my horror, he replied, 'Haven't you heard what happened?' and then he told me all about it. I expressed my dismay and regret at the catastrophe; but at the same time I could not help feeling secretly glad that the offending charger was not one from the Royal Mews, for which my department was responsible.

Horses, like many human beings, are very vain. In the procession, I rode a charger named The Rook; and directly he caught sight of himself in the large plate-glass windows of the shops, he seemed terribly pleased and walked with, if possible, extra swagger. At first, I could not imagine what was making him do this; but I very soon noticed that he pricked his ears as soon as he saw the glitter of a shop-window.



JUBILEE PROCESSION, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, 1887

1. The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.
2. The Prince of Wales, K.G.
3. The Grand Duke of Hesse, K.G.
4. The Duke of Connaught, K.G.
5. The Crown Prince of Germany, K.G. (afterwards the Emperor Frederic)
6. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G.
7. Prince Albert Victor of Wales (afterwards the Duke of Clarence and Avondale)
8. Prince Henry of Battenberg
9. The Marquis of Lorne, K.I.
10. The Grand Duke Serge of Russia, G.C.B.
11. Prince William of Prussia, K.G. (the Emperor William)
12. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, G.C.B.
13. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein
14. Prince Henry of Prussia, G.C.B.
15. The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, G.C.B.
16. Prince Louis of Battenberg, K.C.B.
17. Prince George of Wales, K.G. (King George V)
18. The Master of the Horse (the Duke of Portland)



JUBILEE PROCESSION
Constitution Hill, 1887
The officer in the foreground is G. R. T. Baker-Carr

As Master of the Horse I had been ordered to lead the procession of the Royal Princes, many representing the rulers of their countries. The most conspicuous, in his beautiful white tunic, was the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia (afterwards the Emperor Frederick), the husband of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter and father of Kaiser Wilhelm II. The procession passed up Constitution Hill, through the Arch, and then along Piccadilly, where a great many of my friends were in stands which had been erected on the wall of Devonshire House and elsewhere. I particularly remember Mrs. (now Lady) Leslie being there. I mention her because at the Diamond Jubilee she was in exactly the same spot, and whenever I meet her we remind one another of our eye-meets on those two historical occasions. The procession then passed down St. James's Street, and along Pall Mall and Whitehall to Westminster Abbey. After the service the procession returned to Buckingham Palace, arriving there in time for luncheon. The whole thing was a perfect and striking success, and Queen Victoria had a tremendous reception. Her Majesty did not seem much fatigued, and expressed her delight at the welcome she had been given. It was really a most heart-touching tribute, and a wonderful expression of admiration and love for Her Majesty's person. Many foreigners who had been present at State occasions in years gone by expressed their admiration and surprise at the wonderful sobriety of the people in general, and I remember that one of them remarked, 'Why, years ago, on such a day as this, half the people would have been drunk. How do you account for this great improvement?' I said I could only account for it by the better sense and better education of the people, and also perhaps by the wise regulations which had been made as to the quality of the beer and other liquids, as well as to the increasing taste for lemonade and non-alcoholic beverages in general. The streets of London were illuminated at night, and the crowd in St. James's Street was so great that my friends and I were very glad to take refuge in St. James's Park. Queen Victoria later attended a vast assembly of school children in Hyde Park, and received a no less enthusiastic reception.

Two days later I received the following letter from Her Majesty:

WINDSOR CASTLE,
June 23, 1887.

‘The Queen wishes to express to the Master of the Horse, her entire satisfaction at the manner in which everything was carried out in his Department during this time of the Jubilee and especially on the occasion of Thanksgiving Day. Nothing could have looked or done better than the procession did.’

On March 2nd, 1890, I received the following note from H.M.:

WINDSOR CASTLE,
March 2, 1890.

‘The Queen wishes to repeat her congratulations on the birth of the Duke of Portland’s daughter and the safety of the Duchess.

‘She wishes also to say that it would give the Queen great pleasure to stand sponsor to their little girl.’

This H.M. was kind enough to do in person; and, like all the other god-daughters of Queen Victoria, my daughter received Her Majesty’s own names Victoria Alexandrina. We were staying at Frognal, near Ascot, which I had taken for a short time to give my wife a change of air; and the Colonel of the Blues complained that several of his troop-horses had been lamed, because of the many messages of enquiry the Queen sent by them across the Park!

In 1896 Her Majesty wrote me this very gracious letter when giving me the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order:

WINDSOR CASTLE
May 16, 1896.

‘The Queen, having just instituted a new Order to be given to those who have rendered personal service to herself, wishes to confer the Grand Cross upon the Duke of Portland on the occasion of her birthday, as a mark of her approval of his very

valuable service as Master of the Horse at the present time and also on the occasion of her Jubilee.'

At the same time, H.M. conferred the Honour upon Lord Colville of Culross and Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C.

At great ceremonies such as Levées and Courts, some of the Cabinet Ministers attend and stand facing the Sovereign. On one occasion, when Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister, we heard one of the Royal Princes exclaim, 'Good God! Look at Lord Salisbury.' We did so, and saw Lord Salisbury wearing his blue Admiral's uniform as an Elder Brother of Trinity House. But, lo and behold! instead of large gold epaulettes he had two tiny little knots on his broad shoulders; he had no Garter ribbon, and the Star, which should be worn on the left breast, was in the middle of his tummy; and instead of a large ivory-hilted Admiral's sword, a small dirk hung from his belt. After the ceremony the Prince of Wales told Pembroke, then Lord Chamberlain, to make some enquiry as to Lord Salisbury's extraordinary dress. It would have been useless to ask Lord Salisbury himself, as he was much too great and busy a man to trouble about such trivial matters: so Lady Salisbury was informed, and she kindly promised to look into the question. She found that His Lordship's valet had been taken suddenly ill, and that the servant who replaced him, knowing nothing about official dress, had found the uniform of a midshipman, and thought the trappings quite appropriate for his master.

When I began life the only decorations that were worn with evening clothes—and then only at very important parties—were the ribbon and Star of the four great Orders, the Garter, the Thistle, St. Patrick and the Bath, and those of the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Empire. Gradually the number increased, as the Victorian Order was instituted in 1887, while medals were issued in commemoration of Her Majesty's two Jubilees and other events; and, by the express wish of the Prince of Wales, these also were worn.

During one of the Kaiser's visits to England, he was attended by a distinguished General, who wore a uniform decorated by two rows of ribbons. An inquisitive lady asked him what they commemorated, and he said, 'The long row, them's dinners. The short row, them's battles.'

When the High Sheriffs of the various counties are appointed, the Prime Minister attends (or at all events then attended) a formal banquet to which the members of the Cabinet and the Three Great Officers of State are invited—these last, I suppose, as representing the Sovereign. After one such dinner, at which I was present, the Clerk of the Council produced an official document from a dispatch-box and handed it to Lord Salisbury. The counties were then taken in alphabetical order, and in each case the names of the individuals who were first on the list for appointment as High Sheriff of their county were considered. Some of them sent excuses, which were read by the Clerk of the Council; and if they were considered of sufficient importance, the writer was excused from service for the year, and someone else appointed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, sometimes called 'Black Michael' from the colour of his hair and beard, and his rather irascible temper. On this particular occasion, a letter of excuse came from a well-known landed proprietor; and his crowning argument was, 'When I succeeded to the estate I was unmarried, I had no children and ten thousand a year; now I have a wife, ten children and no thousands a year.' When this was read, 'Good God!' exclaimed Black Michael, 'whose fault is that? That's no damned excuse at all!' I remember that Lord Salisbury whispered to me, 'Ho—Ho! The Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to be in one of his *blackest* moods to-night! I am sorry for those who make excuses.'

As I do not mention Black Michael elsewhere, I will add one more story which was current about him at the time, though it has nothing to do with the subject of this chapter.

A stout, pompous and very self-important M.P. objected to some new form of taxation which Sir Michael had included in

one of his Budgets. He expressed his intention, given the opportunity, of letting Sir Michael know exactly what he thought of him. This came to Sir Michael's ears, and he at once sent word that he would see the Member in his private room. The individual in question, blown out with pride, was escorted there by his friends and admirers, who remained at hand to await the discomfiture of Black Michael. After some minutes the door opened suddenly, and Black Michael was heard to say, 'I never heard such damned nonsense in my life, and you and your friends may go to the devil!' The unlucky Member was then impelled through the doorway, looking like a pricked balloon.

I myself had one slight brush with Sir Michael. Before the Diamond Jubilee of 1897, all departments of H.M.'s Household were ordered to prepare estimates of their likely requirements during the ceremonies. It was found that the State harness, which had, I believe, been in use for nearly a hundred years, stood in urgent need of repair; and the lowest tender my department could obtain for this amounted to a considerable sum of money. This was duly sent in as part of the estimate. When I met Sir Michael, he said, 'I have seen that ridiculous estimate for harness, and I strongly object to it'. 'But, Sir Michael,' I urged, 'it is an absolute necessity—it must be repaired'. 'I don't see that at all,' said he; 'and anyway, why the devil didn't you have it kept in proper order?' 'It is nearly a hundred years old,' was my reply, 'and the leather has all perished.' 'I don't care a damn,' said Sir Michael; 'all I know is that I refuse to spend a ridiculous sum like that on harness.' A common friend heard of the difficulty, and told me to ignore it—'Go ahead with the work, and then send the bill in. You'll hear no more from Sir Michael about it; but H.M. will certainly have more than a word to say, if she is left stranded in the street!' Of course, I took his advice; and the bill was paid without a murmur.

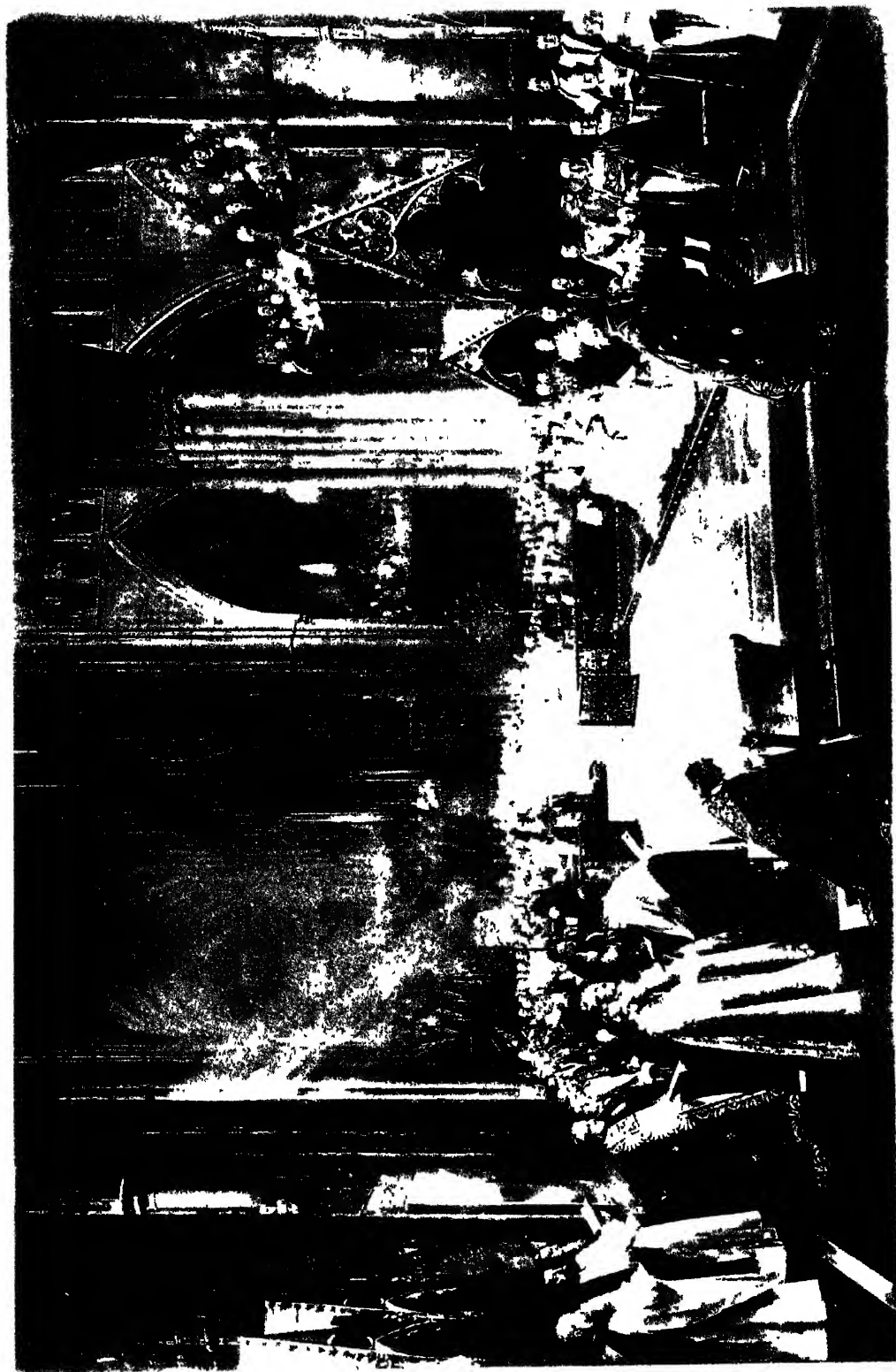
On this great occasion, processions were formed on a more numerous and even larger scale than those of 1887, and the Queen attended a service held on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. In arranging for Her Majesty's carriage and

attendant horsemen, it was found that the statue of Queen Anne not only seriously blocked the way, but obstructed the view of the vast crowd of people in front of the Cathedral. It was proposed that I should suggest to Her Majesty that Queen Anne's statue should be temporarily moved; but this proposal met with little favour, for the Queen replied, 'What a ridiculous idea! Move Queen Anne? Most certainly not! Why, it might some day be suggested that *my* statue should be moved, which I should much dislike!' After that, there was, of course, no more to be said, and I felt distinctly sorry for the indiscretion I had committed.

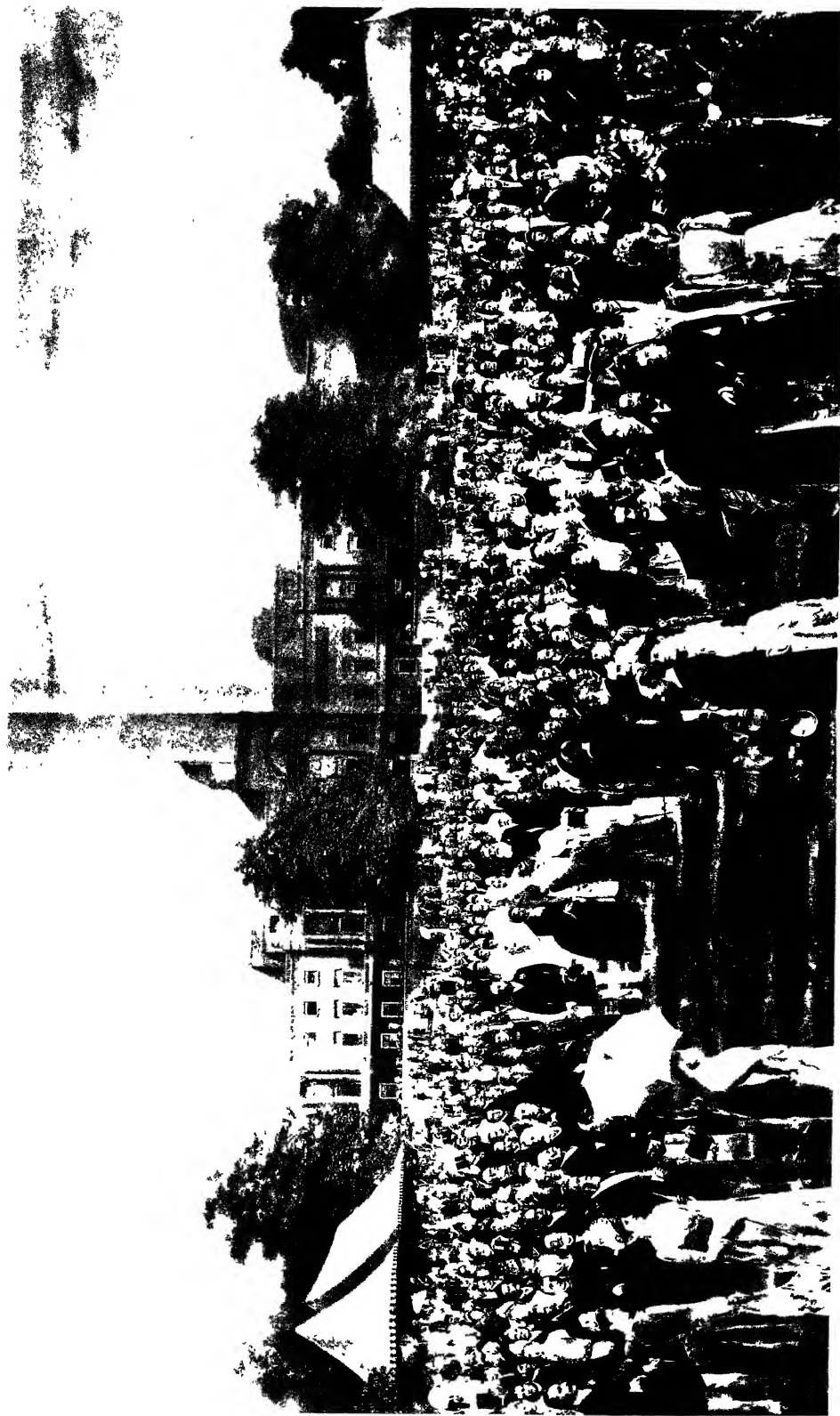
While making arrangements for the procession, I happened to arrive at the Mansion House very early one morning, to avoid the crowds in the City, with the carriages and horses which were to be used for the ceremony. As we were waiting outside, a young man appeared at a window in his dressing gown and called out to me in a cheery voice, 'Good morning, Duke! Won't you come in and have some turtle soup?' I thanked him very much, but told him we were much too busy even for turtle soup at 7.30 in the morning!

On the great day, it was my duty to be present when the Queen entered her carriage at Buckingham Palace. Though it was June 21st, the weather was misty and cold, and on that particular morning the sky looked very threatening. But as Her Majesty passed through the doorway of the Palace, the sun broke through the clouds; and when H.M. entered her carriage, she and its other two occupants, the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice, were enveloped in bright, warm sunshine, which I and others took not only as a good omen for the success of the day, but as a special recognition by Providence of Her Majesty's great and glorious service to her people. Soon afterwards the clouds cleared entirely, and a spell of fine weather set in which lasted all through the summer. Of course the expression 'Queen's weather' was then proverbial; and I never saw a proverb more truly exemplified than on that occasion.

The procession crossed the Thames at London Bridge, and



JUBILEE SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1887



JUBILEE GARDEN-PARTY, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1887
H.M. the Queen stands with the Prince of Wales by her side and the Royal Princesses grouped behind. Slightly to the right is Lord Lathom (with beard); near him are Lord Valentia and Portland and further right is Lord Salisbury; nearer are Baron F. de Rothschild, the Duke of Westminster and Lord Leighton. In the left foreground is the Duchess of Leinster; and on the right are Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord Lytton and (extreme right) Lady Lonsdale, afterwards Marchioness of Ripon.



CHRISTENING OF VICTORIA BENTINCK

By Dr. Randall Davidson
Windsor Castle, March 1890

returned to Buckingham Palace by the Elephant and Castle and Waterloo Bridge, H.M. being everywhere most enthusiastically received. After passing the bridge I heard an ominous clatter behind me, and turned round just in time to see poor old Lord H.'s legs disappear over the back of his charger. As I could not leave the procession myself, I at once sent one of the Royal grooms to his aid. I am glad to say that Lord H. was in no way hurt. He had fainted from the heat of the sun, or perhaps from fatigue caused by the weight of his official dress; for he was Gold Stick, and wore Life Guards' uniform, with a cuirass, leather breeches and long jack-boots.

The last occasion on which I attended Queen Victoria through the streets of London was at Her Majesty's funeral. During the evening of January 22nd, 1901, I received this telegram from Sir Henry Ewart, the Crown Equerry

22 Jan., 1901

DUKE OF PORTLAND,
Welbeck Abbey.

O.H.M.S.

Queen passed away 6.30

EWART.

I left at once for London. As is well known, Her Majesty died at Osborne in the Isle of Wight. The German Emperor was present at the time and, with King Edward, who had returned to Osborne after meeting the Privy Council on the day before, accompanied Her Majesty's body to London. It was a most impressive voyage, as the Royal yacht steamed from Osborne, through the British Fleet, to Portsmouth. On February 2nd the Royal Princes, with the Officers of the Household in attendance, met the funeral *cortège* at Victoria Station. Very fortunately the Queen, with wonderful forethought, had arranged in her will the details of her funeral. She ordered that the coffin containing her remains should be carried through London on an ordinary Horse Artillery gun-carriage, and that the coffin should be draped with a plain Union Jack. A pro-

cession was formed at Victoria Station, King Edward, mounted on his brown mare, and the Kaiser, on a grey charger, riding behind the gun-carriage, which was drawn by the familiar cream-coloured horses, the other Royal Princes following. As Master of the Horse I rode behind the King, who wore an open cloak over Field-Marshal's uniform, and carried himself with the greatest dignity. The Kaiser, too, looked extremely well, and two grooms, wearing leather breeches and top boots, walked one on either side of his horse. The procession passed Buckingham Palace, up Constitution Hill, through the Arch, and then into Hyde Park. As long as I live I shall never forget that wonderful scene. It was a dull, very gloomy day in February—a most appropriate day for such an occasion. Various bands stationed in the streets played Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*; and this was so well arranged that, as we passed on, the music of one band faded away in the distance and that of another immediately took its place. In Hyde Park were vast crowds of people, some of whom had even climbed the trees. Every head was bared, and except for the music and the tramp of the horses no sound could be heard. The procession then passed from Hyde Park through the Marble Arch to Paddington Station, where a special train was in waiting.

The Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and I, with the Queen's Equerry, Colonel Sir John McNeill, V.C., G.C.B., were detailed to remain with the coffin on the journey to Windsor. When we arrived, we found a gun-carriage and team of six horses of the Royal Artillery in waiting to convey the coffin to the Castle. Fortunately (as it turned out) there was a large guard of honour of bluejackets in attendance, commanded by Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bt., G.C.B. When the coffin was placed on the gun-carriage a painful contretemps occurred: on the order to march being given, the wheel horses jibbed and the leading horses reared up and fell backwards. For a few seconds the gun-carriage rocked from side to side and we feared the coffin might fall off. Fortunately, however, this did not happen, and Sir Michael called out in a stentorian

voice, 'My boys will soon put things right.' He then ordered his bluejackets to see whether they could find ropes in the station, and they returned soon after with some made of wire. By this time the horses had been removed; and the bluejackets, formed to the gun-carriage, drew the coffin through the town and then up the hill facing the Long Walk, to the Castle. It was a most impressive procession. But even then the difficulties were not over. A horse ridden by an N.C.O. of the Household Cavalry, who bore the Royal Standard, became very restive. It plunged, very narrowly missing the Kaiser and myself, and eventually disappeared into the garden. The body of Her Majesty remained in St. George's Chapel that night, and a few days afterwards was interred in Frogmore private chapel by that of the Prince Consort.

With regard to the conduct of the funeral, I received letters from the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal, Sir Edward Bradford, G.C.B., then Chief Commissioner of Police,¹ and the late Earl Roberts. At this distance of time it is permissible, and may be of interest, to print them. They are as follows:

NORFOLK HOUSE,
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

Feb. 3, 1901.

'MY DEAR PORTLAND,

'It is very good of you to write as you do but it was your work yesterday which was so faultless. I congratulate you most earnestly and I hope you will offer my congratulations to Ewart. I feel very grateful indeed to you both for your great help and marvellous forbearance. We must indeed lay our heads together before the great event² impending, and we must

¹I was Sir Edward Bradford's guest at Ajmir in 1883, when he was Resident there. He had lost his arm under rather curious circumstances. Having fired at a tiger or panther—I forget which—from a machan and wounded it severely, he fell from the tree. The animal had sufficient strength left to attack him; and, with great presence of mind, Bradford thrust his arm into its mouth, to prevent it from biting him in any vital spot. Fortunately someone killed it almost immediately. Sir Edward was a fine horseman; and it was really wonderful how, in the slippery streets of London, he controlled his horse with only one arm.

²This was of course the Coronation of King Edward VII.

avoid the illusion of thinking that there are lots of time. I am quite clear that it will be for the general convenience to have this house as the centre for all questions of ceremonial and programme and use the [next?] house but one only for distribution of tickets and such matters.

‘As regards the opening of Parliament my work is absolutely confined to what takes place inside the Palace of Westminster, so your duties and mine cannot mix.

Yours very truly,

NORFOLK.’

50, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET,

3rd Feb., 1901.

‘MY DEAR DUKE,

‘Thank you very much for your kind note. I feel we do not deserve thanks for the small assistance we were able to give, but I can assure you it was a very great pleasure to do anything for a Dept. so splendidly organized as that of the Master of the Horse, & with such a good & considerate Chief at its head.

‘It was a great relief to me to learn on my reaching Paddington that all those who left Victoria for Paddington after the Procession started—including the Marlborough House Grooms &c. had arrived in good time.

‘I am very thankful the day passed off so well. With repeated thanks for your kindness in writing

I am

Yours sincerely,

E. R. BRADFORD.’

MACKELLAR’S HOTEL,

17, DOVER STREET,

PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

‘DEAR DUKE OF PORTLAND,

4th Feb., 1901.

‘I am delighted to hear you found the soldiers helpful. You may depend on our doing what we can for you on any future occasion.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

ROBERTS.’

While writing of Queen Victoria, I remember receiving a telegram when I was at Newmarket, commanding my wife and myself to dine and sleep at Windsor Castle that evening. We of course obeyed H.M.'s command, and I returned to Newmarket next morning. On my arrival a message was brought to me, saying that the Prince of Wales wished to see me as soon as possible. I went to his rooms at once. H.R.H. said he knew that I had left Newmarket hurriedly the day before, to dine at Windsor; and that he had lately heard rather disturbing reports of the Queen's health, but was unable to obtain really satisfactory replies to his enquiries. Would I be so good as to tell him whether H.M. seemed to be in her usual good health? I replied that, so far as I could tell, H.M. appeared to be very well and, moreover, to have enjoyed her dinner. 'Tell me', then said H.R.H., 'did she have her usual sorbet during dinner.' 'Yes,' I replied; 'I noticed it particularly.' 'Ah!' said H.R.H.: 'then I think there can be little or nothing the matter; for nobody could eat such a horrible, cold thing as that, half-way through a meal, unless their digestion was in perfect order! I am extremely grateful for your very encouraging report.'

We were once commanded to dine and sleep at Windsor on a Saturday evening. We had arranged to visit Edgar and Helen Vincent at Esher the next day; but, late on Saturday night, we received an intimation that H.M. wished us to attend service at Frognaal in the morning. The present Dean of Windsor, the Very Rev. A. V. Baillie, occupied the pulpit. He was then quite a young curate; and he asked Sir Henry Ponsonby for advice about his sermon. Sir Henry replied, 'It doesn't matter much *what* you say, because Her Majesty is too deaf to hear, and will probably go to sleep; but on no account let it last for more than five minutes.' As Mr. Baillie is now Dean of Windsor, I imagine that his sermon was approved.

When my wife and I were commanded to dine and sleep at Windsor by Queen Victoria, we always considered it (as of course it was) a very high and particular honour; and we were naturally rather overcome by the awe which was created by the

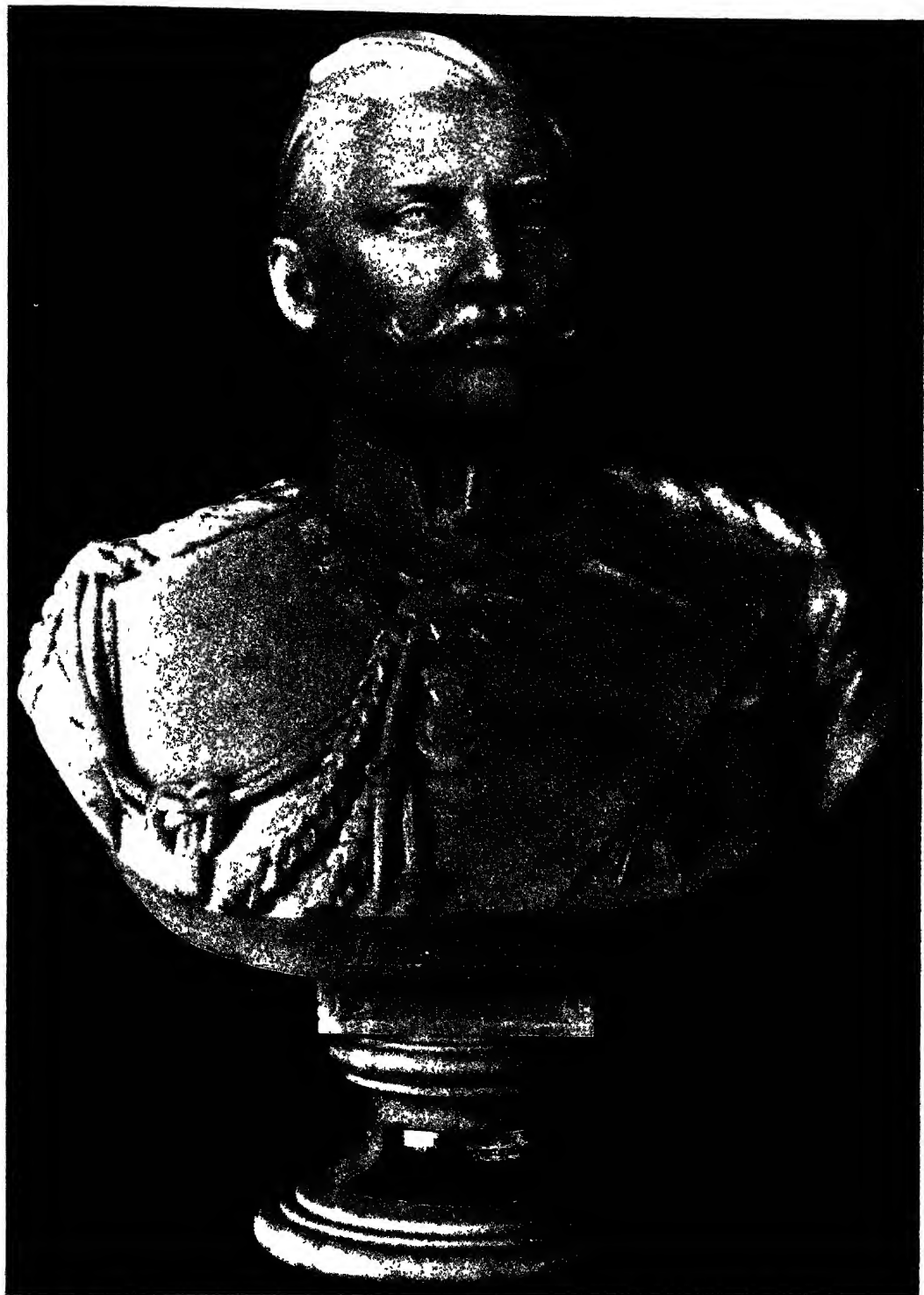
intimate presence of H.M. It is difficult to understand why one should have felt this so intensely, for no one could have been kinder than H.M. in her manner, appearance and speech. However, there it is; and I believe the feeling was shared by almost everyone, even by Lord Salisbury and the other great statesmen of the period.

After Queen Victoria's death, when we were invited by King Edward, we never—though we considered it an equally high honour—felt the same sensation of awe and constraint. Perhaps this was partly due to our having known both King Edward and Queen Alexandra for many years, and having so often met Their Majesties in ordinary circumstances, both among our friends and as our guests at Welbeck and elsewhere.

I have read many books professing to describe Queen Victoria as she really was, not only as Queen, but as a woman; and, however well written or convincing they appear, I greatly doubt whether they have much true value as portraits of Her Majesty. Very few, other than the private Secretaries and Ladies-in-Waiting who passed many years in H.M.'s service, were at all intimately acquainted with the Queen; and none of *them*, I believe, would ever have spoken, much less written, unguardedly of the Royal Mistress they knew and revered. So, merely on hearsay evidence, and on information gained from officially published letters, it is impossible, I believe, to write an intimate life of the Queen that is not to a great extent a work of imagination.

The next important ceremony in which I was officially concerned was the Coronation of King Edward. By this time all the Departments of State were thoroughly accustomed to large ceremonies, which they had not been in 1887; and, as they received long notice through the postponement of the ceremony until the Autumn, owing to the serious illness of H.M., everything was more or less easy and eventually went off without a hitch.

Before the Coronation I had a remarkable dream. The State coach had to pass through the Arch at the Horse Guards on the way to Westminster Abbey. I dreamed that it stuck in the Arch,



H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR
(H. Hoffmeister, 1889)



Above: COLONEL J. BROCKLEHURST
Afterwards Lord Ranksborough
Below: LORD RANKSBOROUGH, M.F.H., 1914

and that some of the Life Guards on duty were compelled to hew off the Crown upon the coach, before it could be freed. When I told the Crown Equerry, Colonel Ewart, he laughed and said, 'What do dreams matter?' 'At all events', I replied, 'let us have the coach and the arch measured.' So this was done; and, to my astonishment, we found that the arch was nearly two feet too low to allow the coach to pass through. I returned to Colonel Ewart in triumph, and said, 'What do you think of dreams now?' 'I think it's damned fortunate you had one,' he replied. It appears that the State Coach had not been driven through the arch for some time, and that the level of the road had since been raised during repairs. So I am not sorry that my dinner disagreed with me that night; and I only wish all nightmares were as useful.

A very few weeks before the ceremony, King Edward was told that the rehearsals in the Abbey were simply chaotic. Nobody knew what to do, still less how to do it. H.M. therefore decided that the organisation should be carried out by officers of the Foot Guards, and he gave orders that they must set to work at once, and that everybody must obey them.

The first chosen was our friend Polly Carew; so he and three other officers took charge at the next rehearsal. Among others present was of course the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury. During the proceedings he wore a skull cap, as was often his custom; and I remember seeing him stand there, sometimes with an extremely bored expression on his face, and at others with a look of amusement.

When all were present, Polly addressed them, saying he had direct orders from His Majesty that everyone had to obey him implicitly. He continued 'I understand that there has been a good deal too much "Please" with regard to these proceedings. That is a word I shall not use. The first thing we must do is to number off, and you, Lord Salisbury will be No. 1.' When he came to the ladies, he said, 'You will kindly remember that you are under exactly the same discipline. I forbid you to talk under any circumstances whatever.' They all seemed rather surprised,

but very soon everybody obeyed orders, and it was extraordinary how smoothly all went. At the end, Polly said, 'That is all for to-day. You may fall out; and I am glad to say that, on the whole, you are not quite so hopeless as I expected you would be.' Lord Salisbury was exceedingly amused, and was heard to say, 'What an able young man this seems to be!' Someone suggested in fun, 'Then why don't you ask him to join your Cabinet?' But Lord Salisbury replied, 'He is much too good for that!'

The whole organisation turned out to be a tremendous success, and I think Polly deserved great credit for his work. Of course he was a particularly good-looking, charming and tactful man, and had a merry twinkle in his eye the whole time. He said afterwards, 'I should think I am the first person, except Queen Victoria and Lady Salisbury, who has ever dared to give orders to the Prime Minister. And, what's more, he obeyed them!'

Dr. Davidson, then Bishop of Winchester and later Archbishop of Canterbury, told me that before the Coronation ceremony, when they were waiting at the Abbey for the arrival of the King, he noticed that Dr. Temple, the venerable Primate, appeared rather feeble; and, thinking he might feel faint, he offered him a meat lozenge. 'What's the good of that?' growled the Archbishop, 'My trouble's in my *legs*, not in my stomach!'

During the Anointing, Dr. Temple had the necessary form of words held above him, because some eye trouble prevented his reading in comfort unless the writing was above his ordinary line of sight. This caused him to lose his balance and to lean very heavily on the King. Being a big man, I imagine he was no light weight. When we returned to Buckingham Palace, someone said to King Edward, who appeared to have stood the strain of the ceremony very well indeed, that he hoped His Majesty was not greatly fatigued. 'No,' replied the King, 'wonderfully enough I am not unduly tired; and I certainly ought to be, for the convalescent King had to support the supposedly hale, hearty, and certainly weighty Archbishop for quite a long time!'



Ernest Munksgaard

Alexandra
1902

Vincent Munksgaard

William J. Munksgaard

Lois Munksgaard

William J. Munksgaard

ANOINTING OF H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA
August 9th, 1902



GEN. SIR DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., G.C.B.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, then Mistress of the Robes, was often paired off with me; for the Master of the Horse and the Mistress of the Robes usually walk together on State occasions. The various ceremonies lasted for at least a fortnight, day and night. When at last they were over, I met the Duke of Buccleuch and asked him 'How is the Duchess? I hope she is not too tired.' He replied with a twinkle in his eye, 'This is about the limit! I am told that during the last fortnight you have never left my wife's side by day or by night; and now you have the audacity to ask *me* how she is! It would be much more appropriate if I were to ask *you*, for I have hardly seen her at all.'

My wife, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Duchess of Montrose carried the canopy under which Queen Alexandra was anointed. These four ladies had to submit to being drilled in the garden of Buckingham Palace by Colonel Brocklehurst (afterwards Lord Ranksborough), Queen Alexandra's Equerry, formerly Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues). He made them fall in like soldiers for drill, and then said, 'There must be no talking or kissing or laughing in the ranks—though, of course, you may kiss me afterwards, if you like. I shall address you as numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. Now, all four, stand to attention! Numbers 1 and 2, take hold of the front poles of the canopy; 3 and 4 take hold of the others. Now, lift up the poles. Number 1, you are holding your pole too high. Number 2, yours is crooked. . . .' They were all very much amused, but obeyed his orders implicitly—though I did not hear whether they kissed him afterwards! When the day came, their part in the ceremony was a great success. A picture of the Queen under her canopy was afterwards engraved, and Queen Alexandra gave a signed copy of it to each of the bearers. The same ladies, with the exception of the Duchess of Marlborough, replaced by the Duchess of Hamilton, were again the canopy-bearers when King George and Queen Mary were crowned.

My wife often acted as Mistress of the Robes to Queen

Alexandra, when the Duchess of Buccleuch was unable to be present; and she received the appointment herself from Queen Alexandra, after the death of King Edward. She enjoyed this duty, for she dearly loved Her Majesty, who was extremely kind to her; and I hope she also enjoyed walking with me as Master of the Horse in the processions! I believe we were the first husband and wife, at least within living memory, to walk together in this way. Needless to say our friends chaffed us a great deal about our appearance together.

I desire to pay a tribute to those who faithfully and devotedly served King Edward for so many years, both as Prince of Wales and after his accession to the Throne. I refer particularly to the 5th Lord Suffield; to Sir Dighton Probyn, who gained the Victoria Cross during the Indian Mutiny when he commanded a famous Regiment known as Probyn's Horse; and to Sir Christopher Teesdale,¹ who received the same decoration for his services under Sir Fenwick Williams during the memorable siege of Kars in 1855. They were both splendid soldiers and splendid men.

I have heard that, on a certain occasion during the Mutiny, Probyn was at the head of his regiment. A rebel regiment approached, and its commander shouted insults at Probyn, and challenged him to single combat. Probyn thereupon rode straight at him, and cut off his head with one stroke. The rebel regiment promptly fled.

Lord Suffield was for many years a permanent Lord-in-Waiting, and a most loyal and devoted friend, to the Prince of Wales. He accompanied the Prince to India, and often slept outside H.R.H.'s tent if he foresaw the least possibility of any danger. He was a man of unusual courage, and would gladly have given his life for the Prince at any time. He married Miss Cecilia Baring, and became the father of Elizabeth, Lady Hastings, and Lady Keppel, the wife of Sir Derek Keppel.

Colonel (afterwards Sir) Arthur Ellis, who had served with

¹His sister Rose was the mother of our friend Major Baker-Carr.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK AND GEN.
SIR CHRISTOPHER TEESDALE, V.C.



Alfred D. Ford
Feb. 1932

Georgette J. 1932.

MEMORIAL TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA
Marlborough House

distinction in the Crimea, was another trusted Equerry. Besides being a gallant soldier, he was a very clever and artistic man, full of knowledge of London Society and of the world in general. A fluent speaker of French, German, Italian, Hungarian and Russian, besides Hindustani, he proved invaluable to King Edward when he travelled abroad.¹ He also gave His Majesty excellent advice on artistic matters; and I received two presents from the King which were designed and chosen by Sir Arthur. I may add that he was always particularly kind to me, and I much appreciated his friendship.

Francis Knollys, afterwards Lord Knollys, was a most excellent private Secretary and general adviser to King Edward, both before and after his accession to the Throne. A man of consummate ability and tact, he possessed a rather shy and retiring disposition united with the most perfect manners. His sister, Miss Charlotte Knollys, was for many years the confidential secretary and, I may say, devoted friend of Queen Alexandra. They were the children of Gen. Sir William Knollys, a distinguished soldier and trusted courtier, for many years Comptroller of the Household to the Prince of Wales.

No one, whether Queen, King or subject, could be more faithfully or capably served than was King Edward by these five men, Suffield, Probyn, Teesdale, Ellis and Knollys. They were all men of the world and of the highest honour; and they never failed to give His Majesty their candid opinion, in plain language, whether they thought that it would meet with favour or the reverse. King Edward fully appreciated their high qualities, and was deeply attached to them.

I must on no account omit to mention two other equerries, Admiral Sir Henry (Harry) Stephenson, and Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke, who were of the same generation as those I have described. Sir Harry Stephenson was very dear to the Prince and Princess of Wales, for under his command and loving care their sons, the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of

¹My excellent servant Alfred West was formerly in his service, and travelled all over Europe with him.

York, afterwards King George V, served as midshipmen in H.M.S. *Bacchante* during her world-cruise of 1881-1882. In later years, he and Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, to whom I shall refer again in Chapter VIII, both had chambers in the Albany. Sir Stanley Clarke was appointed equerry in 1874, and, after King Edward's accession, became Clerk Marshal and Chief Equerry, and later Paymaster of the Household.

There was a large gathering of foreign Royalties in London for the Coronation and on the evening of their arrival they were all invited to dine at the Palace. When they arrived, the Royal guests were assembled in a Drawing Room, and their attendants were taken to dine with the members of H.M.'s Household. Pembroke, Clarendon and I, who were then the three Great Officers of State, were commanded to dine with Their Majesties. The King told us that, when he arrived from Marlborough House, he wished to find everything ready for the procession to dinner, directly Queen Alexandra and he had made the circle. Under the circumstances, unfortunately, this was impossible, for none of us knew, even by sight, more than a few of the visiting Royalties; and, as there was nobody to help us to identify them, we could not tell them who ought to take whom in to dinner.

Directly Their Majesties appeared, Pembroke and Clarendon told the King about our difficulty. King Edward at once understood, and said, 'Never mind. Give me the lists, and I'll pair them off myself.' In a moment the whole difficulty seemed to fade into the air. When H.M. was making the circle, he said to the Queen, 'Delay the proceedings as long as you can.' Very soon there were only two Princes and Princesses left unpaired, and I heard H.M. say to Pembroke, 'Goodness knows who they are; but I think the little, fat fellow must be So-and-So, and the other So-and-So. They had better go in to dinner together.' The results of H.M.'s knowledge and tact were quite happy. Nobody seemed in the least offended, and the dinner went off very well.

When the King, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, visited Edinburgh in May, 1903, for the first time after his accession,

he was received at the Waverley station by the Lord Provost and other notables. Though it was quite a cold day, the Lord Provost appeared rather overwhelmed by the occasion, and certainly much overheated by the weight of his official robes, which included a black fur headdress. After offering the keys of the City to His Majesty, he presented a beautiful bouquet of flowers to Queen Alexandra; and as he bent over her hand to do so, a large drop of fur-stained perspiration fell from his nose on to her white kid glove. After the ceremony Queen Alexandra, who was always extremely kind and sympathetic, remarked, 'Oh, the poor, poor man. How hot and nervous he seemed to be!' Fortunately, the Lady in Waiting had a handkerchief at hand.

The King's carriages and horses were sent from London, and the 17th Lancers, who were encamped in the Park at Dalkeith under the command of Colonel Douglas Haig, afterwards the celebrated Commander-in-Chief of the Army in France, supplied the escorts for His Majesty. The King and Queen and several Court officials, myself among them, lived at Dalkeith Palace, lent for the occasion by the 6th Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Dalkeith is a beautiful Charles II house, and in those days it was full of lovely pictures and works of art. Now, I believe, it is more or less dismantled, its contents having been taken to the Duke of Buccleuch's other houses.

One of the ceremonies at Edinburgh which I attended was the opening of the Morningside Hospital. At the end of the proceedings, Queen Alexandra told me she felt very tired and had a headache, and that she wished to return to Dalkeith as quickly as possible. I therefore told the postilions to go as fast as they could; and, even with those heavy carriages, they covered the eight odd miles from Morningside to Dalkeith in little more than forty minutes. I was very proud indeed of our harness horses, and of their good condition which enabled them to do this. The horses of the escort of the 17th Lancers never broke their trot till they passed through the entrance gate of Dalkeith when, as soon as they felt the grass under their feet, they nearly all broke into a gallop.

I was also present at an inspection of the Royal Company of Archers in the grounds of Holyrood Palace. Many of the Archers were old men: indeed, one or two of them had served as officers in the Crimea. One of these, Sir James Fergusson, late of the Grenadier Guards, commanded the parade, when the Duke of Buccleuch, as Captain-General, presented His Majesty with a *Reddendo*.¹ There was a high wind at the time and some of the plumes from the Archers' bonnets were blown into the air. Because of this and the advanced age of so many of the Archers, a rumour spread that the ground they occupied had been strewn with eagles' feathers and false teeth!

During our stay in Scotland Their Majesties honoured Glasgow with a visit. We went by train, the carriages and horses having been sent on to meet us, and on arrival we drove immediately to perform some ceremony. After this we proceeded to a civic luncheon at the Town Hall. Some mistake had been made, however; for when we reached the Town Hall the Lord Provost had not yet arrived, and the King and Queen were received by an individual, coatless but wearing a red waistcoat, who was brushing the steps. I left the carriage as quickly as I could, to assist Their Majesties to alight, and the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Steward preceded them into the building, showing them into the first room they saw. By this time the coatless individual had thrown down his broom and disappeared, shouting what sounded to me like, 'Lord Almighty!' In a few minutes the Lord Provost arrived, naturally in a terrible fuss; but the charm and *bonhomie* of the Royal visitors soon put him at his ease.

After one of the Levées a magnificent luncheon was given, at which every luxury of the season appeared. I can still, in memory, see and taste the wonderful and succulent roast quails.

I also accompanied Their Majesties to Dublin in 1904, when they occupied the Viceregal Lodge. The other Great Officers of

¹This is a velvet cushion pierced by a golden arrow. The Captain-General kneels on one knee, repeating some formula, and hands it to the King, who touches and returns it.

State and I went on in advance, and we received Their Majesties when they arrived in the Royal Yacht at Kingstown. They were given a most loyal and enthusiastic welcome all the way from Kingstown, through the outskirts of Dublin and then through the City. Lord Dudley was Lord-Lieutenant, and George Wyndham the Chief Secretary for Ireland at the time. Lord Dudley resided in the Castle with his own and some of King Edward's officials. Their Majesties were received everywhere with enthusiasm, and I remember that, when they passed through the slums of Dublin after a visit to St. Patrick's Cathedral, their reception was so enthusiastic that an old woman hurled a huge and dirty cabbage and knocked my hat off. A review of the troops took place in the Phoenix Park, when the King took the salute on horseback. After the review, as we rode back to the Viceregal Lodge, the young troop-horses of the 10th Royal Hussars became very restive. They plunged and kicked so wildly, when His Majesty rode through, that I became rather anxious for his safety. Nothing untoward happened, however, so all was well.

A sad affair occurred during the visit to the Viceregal Lodge. The King owned an Irish terrier to which he was greatly attached, as was the dog to him. One day the King went to his room, and called 'Paddy'; but alas, he found poor Paddy dead on his bed. This was a great sorrow to the King and Queen, for they were both very fond of the dog; and we shared their grief. I believe the dog owed his untimely end to having eaten some form of weed-killer, which the gardeners were using.

When King Edward visited Paris in 1903, he met at first with a none too friendly reception; but his tact and cordiality quickly gained the hearts of the people. At a State banquet given in His Majesty's honour, the President proposed his health, and pledged it in a beautiful glass which had been made for the occasion. The glass was given to King Edward, at his own request.

Shortly afterwards, President Loubet was invited to pay a

return visit to Buckingham Palace. When the King proposed his health, in a charming speech delivered in perfect French, the same glass was handed to His Majesty, and from it he pledged the toast, asking the President to tell the French people that the glass had been used for this purpose, and that H.M. desired it to be considered as a token of sincere friendship between France and England. Of course this charming and tactful little episode delighted the President, and perhaps helped to strengthen the friendly relations existing between the two countries.

A certain nobleman, attached as Lord-in-Waiting to President Loubet during his visit to England, said to the President on the morning after his arrival, 'Bon jour, M. le Président, j'espère que vous vous trouvez bien ce matin. Pour moi, je *sens* beaucoup mieux que je *sentais* hier.' Naturally the President looked rather surprised; but he rose nobly to the occasion, and said with a bow, 'Milor', je suis enchanté de vous voir si bien-heureux.'

It was sometimes my duty to meet distinguished foreigners at Dover or Victoria: so I learned at least one correct French sentence to use on these occasions—'J'espère bien que vous avez fait une bonne traversée!'

When Prince (afterwards King) Ferdinand of Bulgaria visited London, he was invited to a men's dinner-party at Buckingham Palace. After dinner, he manoeuvred King Edward into a corner, and talked most earnestly to him. We noticed that H.M. seemed very uneasy, and that he made certain well-known signs for someone to come to his rescue. When the guests had taken their leave, and we were discussing the events of the evening, H.M. said, 'I hardly ever felt so uncomfortable in my life as when that fellow got me into the corner. He's one of the cleverest men in Europe. I knew he was trying to pick my brains all the time; so I did my best not to give myself away, and to say as little as I could.'

It was my duty to accompany Foreign Royalties and other

distinguished guests to official luncheons in the City. When the German Emperor visited England in 1891, he resided at Buckingham Palace. I was waiting in the hall with Sir Edward Mallet, then British Ambassador in Berlin, for H.I.M. to appear, and I said to Sir Edward, 'I understand that the Emperor is a very good speaker, but is sometimes rather indiscreet. Are you at all nervous about the speech he is to make to-day?' 'No,' replied Mallet. 'He is sometimes terribly indiscreet, as you say; but I am not in the least anxious this morning.' I asked him why not, and he replied, 'Because I have the speech he is to deliver, in my coat-tail pocket, ready to hand to him when the time comes.' I asked Mallet whether he had prepared the speech, and he replied, 'No, the Foreign Secretary did. He generally does on occasions like this—and a very good thing too, as it prevents any ill-considered remarks from being made or published.'

In due course, the Lord Mayor proposed the Kaiser's health, and H.I.M. delivered the speech which had been prepared for him. My neighbour at luncheon remarked, 'What perfect English the Kaiser speaks!' to which I replied, 'Yes, doesn't he!' As a matter of fact, the Kaiser's English was quite perfect; and he knew the whereabouts of the Clubs and other institutions of London as well as I did myself.

After this visit, H.I.M. did me and the other Great Officers of State the honour of presenting us with busts and engravings of himself. He was never anything but kind to my wife and me; and when Titchfield was born, H.I.M. and the Empress sent my wife the following telegram:

BERLIN SCHLOSS. 3.49 p.m., *March* 18, 1893.

'Accept our best wishes for the birth of your son. We hope that you and the baby are going on well.

WILLIAM I R VICTORIA.'

During the South African War the Kaiser, by his ill-advised message to President Kruger, bitterly estranged public opinion in England, and deeply offended Queen Victoria. When the

war was over, he proposed to pay her a visit, so that he might explain matters, but H.M. would not allow him to do so. After a time, however, the Queen relented, and gave him permission to come. H.I.M. arrived at Portsmouth, and proceeded by the South Eastern Railway to Windsor, where the Prince of Wales met him at the station. As Master of the Horse it was my duty to accompany H.R.H. We drove straight to the Castle, where Queen Victoria was at the door; and, hardly waiting for the carriage-steps to be let down, H.I.M. jumped out, threw his arms round the Queen, and warmly kissed her on both cheeks. I felt convinced that he was really delighted to see H.M. again, and that, being by nature very highly strung, he could not control his emotion when he met her.

I had the honour of meeting H.I.M. on many other occasions when he was visiting Windsor. I well remember being awakened one morning by the bagpipes of a piper, who played in the Castle garden. As I could not go to sleep again, I got up and looked out of the window. There I saw a strange figure, wearing a long, green, double-breasted tunic with a gold belt and a dagger attached, long boots, and on his head a sort of cocked-hat, with a long feather fastened at one side by a gold rosette. At first I thought it must be a troubadour, or someone of the kind. Then I saw that it was the Kaiser, out for a morning constitutional. I did not accompany the shooting party on that day; but I was told that, after luncheon, H.I.M. seized a thick oak-branch with his sound arm, and held easily on while he allowed it to swing him from the ground.

On another occasion I accompanied the present King and Queen of Italy into the City. It was a very cold, gloomy day, I think in November. On our way, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds, and I said, 'I believe it is going to be a fine day after all'. 'H'm,' replied the King rather acidly, 'what you may consider a fine day in *this* country, perhaps.' There were great crowds of spectators, and on the way we three times passed my wife, who was in a carriage. The King said to me, 'Look at that lovely woman! I wonder who in the world it can be.' When

I told H.M. that it was my wife, who, as a girl, knew him in Rome, he rose in the carriage and bowed to her.

When luncheon was over, it was my duty to see that the carriages were ready, and then to announce them to the royal guests. On these occasions, the male royalties remained with the Lord Mayor, for coffee and cigarettes, while the ladies accompanied the Lady Mayoress into another room. When I announced the carriages, the King and the Lord Mayor came on to the landing, where the Queen was waiting for them. The Lord Mayor had just lighted a large cigar, and appeared with it in his mouth. One of his officials drew his attention to the cigar, and the poor man was so much overcome that he rammed the lighted end into the palm of his hand, uttered a loud 'Damn!' and then threw the burning cigar downstairs, when it emitted sparks like a torch. I am afraid his hand must have pained him considerably.

The last personal service which I was fortunate enough to render to King George was when he did me, as President of the Queen's Nurses, the honour of appointing me Chairman of the Committee to arrange the visible memorial to Queen Alexandra. The other members of the Committee were Lady Kenmare, representing Ireland; Lady Haig, representing Scotland; Lord Crawford and Balcarres, Lord Knutsford, Sir Harold Boulton, Sir Lionel Earle and Colonel Sir Henry Streatfield, with Mr. H. R. Mitchell as our excellent secretary. I am glad of this opportunity to thank him, and to pay a tribute to his ability. By his knowledge and tact he greatly helped our work. A room at Buckingham Palace was placed at our disposal. Alfred Gilbert, who had returned to England after many years' absence, in order to complete the monument of the Duke of Clarence in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, submitted designs for a memorial to Her Majesty. He was very well acquainted with, and indeed devoted to, Queen Alexandra; and, after mature consideration, the designs were approved by King George.

It was decided that the memorial should be placed in the wall of Marlborough House garden, facing the Colour Court of

St. James's Palace, the reason being that Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales, and her children, often watched the Guard mounting from that spot; and it was therefore closely associated with Her Majesty. In the original design, the bronze-work extended to the large wooden gates in the wall, and the intention was that they should form part of the Memorial; but, in this form, the scheme proved too expensive to be carried out. Gilbert hoped, however, that his design might be completed at a later date.

After six years, Gilbert finished the memorial, which was cast by Mr. A. B. Burton of Thames Ditton. It was unveiled on June 8th, 1932, by the King, accompanied by the Queen and many other members of the Royal Family. When my wife and I arrived at Windsor Castle the same evening, as Their Majesties' guests for Ascot Races, the King sent for me and—though I protested that I did not deserve or desire any honour besides that of having helped His Majesty—did me the great honour of investing me with the Royal Victorian Chain. The other individuals who then possessed this honour, apart from the Royal Princes, were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquess of Crewe and Lord Hardinge of Penshurst. I am exceedingly glad that, a few days after the ceremony, the merit of Gilbert's work was recognised by His Majesty, who conferred the honour of Knighthood upon him, and also by the Royal Academy, of which he was re-elected a Member.

★ ★ ★

‘The King's life is moving peacefully towards its close.

Frederic Willans,
Stanley Hewett,
Dawson of Penn.’

This momentous announcement flashed through the Empire at 9.25 p.m. on Monday, January 20th, 1936; and the statement was repeated at intervals of a quarter of an hour until midnight. Sir Ronald Graham, Captain Sir John Carew Pole, my wife and I were waiting in the Gothic Hall at Welbeck with

sorrow in our hearts when at 12.15 a.m. we heard the sad, though expected words, 'Death came peacefully to the King at 11.55 p.m. in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent.' Then we knew that all was over; that our King was at rest; and that we had lost not only a beloved and honoured Sovereign, but also a very long-standing, kind and faithful friend, to whom we were both devoted.

VI. LIFE IN LONDON

Look back with great pleasure to riding in Rotten Row. For a few years after 1880 the fashionable hour was before luncheon, from 12 till 2. A little later it changed to between 5 and 7. Later still, between 9 and 11 in the morning became fashionable; and those who rode at an earlier hour were known, for obvious reasons, as the 'Liver Brigade'. During the fashionable hour, everyone rode the best looking hacks they could afford to keep, and were *de rigueur* dressed in black morning coats and beautifully fitting¹ dark blue or black overalls strapped down over highly polished Wellington boots with silver box-spurs, more, I hope, for show than for use. Many ladies, and some of the older men too, were followed at a respectful distance by a groom, dressed in livery with a high hat and cockade. A cockade, I believe, denoted that the wearer was the servant of a peer or a magistrate; but this rule was very little observed. The horses were beautifully groomed and turned out, often with coloured brow-bands, horses from the Royal Stable having red bands. Very high prices were given for Park hacks, sometimes as much as three, four or five hundred guineas. Indeed, I have heard of even a thousand guineas being asked, and given, for an exceptional animal. When polo became a popular game, its players often rode their ponies as hacks in the Park, though chiefly in the morning, and not at the evening parades.

Two of the most beautiful horses I remember belonged to Lord Calthorpe and to Mr. Poole, the Saville Row tailor. Lord Lonsdale, too, rode beautiful chestnut hacks. But of all these, I

¹For the most part; for, of course, this depended upon their legs and their tailors!



'SKITTLES'
Mrs. Walters



Above: J. MACKENZIE-GRIEVE
Below: DAISY, MY PARK HACK
(J. Wheeler)
See Appendix VII

think the best was that ridden by the famous 'Skittles', whose name was, I believe, Mrs. Walters. A very beautiful horse-woman, whether in Rotten Row or in the hunting field, she possessed a perfect figure, and wore the tightest and most perfectly fitting riding-habit which showed it off to great advantage.

In her younger days, 'Skittles' often hunted with the Quorn Hounds, riding horses lent to her by an admirer of Hebrew origin, who hunted from Melton. One day he and his horse fell into a brook. 'Skittles' jumped over them both, turned round, kissed her hand and said, 'Moses in the bulrushes, I see!' This is only one of the many good stories I have heard about 'Skittles'; but the others are rather less suitable for publication. Many years after she had given up riding in Rotten Row, a friend of mine pointed to an old lady in a bath-chair and asked me, 'Do you know who that is?' I looked at the old lady and said, 'No.' 'Well,' said my friend, 'that's "Skittles".'

Mr. Mackenzie-Grieve, who lived in Paris, and was, I believe, at one time a starter of the French Jockey Club, usually came over for a few weeks during the London season. He was, taken all in all, the best exponent I ever saw of the art of *haute école* riding, an art, I fear, now nearly lost except in the Spanish Riding School at Vienna; and it was a pleasure to watch the manner in which he handled his mounts, showing them and himself off to the best advantage. An exquisite horseman, with perfect hands, figure and seat, he usually wore a dark blue, tight-fitting frock-coat, beautifully cut overalls, and a voluminous bow-tie such as the French dandies affected at the time. I had the honour of lending him my hack Daisy—and how well he showed it off! For Daisy had splendid action, both at the trot and at the canter, and was certainly all the better for this experience.

Lord Annaly, well known as a most successful Master of the Pytchley Hounds, was also a perfect horseman. I gave him a little thoroughbred horse by Ayrshire—Modwena, own sister to Donovan, a beautiful little animal but an adept at kicking. I have seen Annaly ride up Rotten Row, sitting as if in an arm

chair and bowing to his friends right and left, while the horse stood practically on its head, with its heels high in the air, kicking for all it was worth.

Colonel John Brocklehurst of the Blues, afterwards Lord Ranksborough, was another beautiful horseman. So was Algie Gordon-Lennox. I remember that he sometimes used a bit with a single rein, which seemed to have no leather fastenings at all. When he and his daughter Ivy, now my daughter-in-law, appeared together they made a perfect pair, both as to horsemanship and general turn-out.

A certain lady who wore an unusually large white cravat was often accompanied by a friend in white overalls, in those days called white ducks. No one knew whether the lady's ties were made of the material left over from the gentleman's overalls, or whether his overalls were made of material left over from her cravats! Which ever it may have been, they were both very smart and becoming.

An Austrian diplomat of my acquaintance, Herr H., though not at all a good horseman, was an assiduous rider in Rotten Row—chiefly, I imagine, for the sake of exercise. It could not have been to display his horsemanship for, unlike most Austrians and Hungarians, he was one of the worst exponents of the art I ever saw. A friend met him in Rotten Row one day, and attempted to enter into conversation; but H.'s only remark was, 'Please go away, sir. Can't you see I am busy riding?' I only once saw him in the hunting field, when he fell off at the first fence and appeared no more. Though a shockingly bad horseman, I believe he had an excellent brain and proved a very successful diplomat.

During the midday or evening parade it was considered very bad form to ride at a faster pace than a canter, for fear, no doubt, of splashing mud over one's immaculately turned-out companions or upsetting their horses. The horse ridden by one luckless individual ran away with him, and collided with the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were riding in Rotten Row at the time. This mishap gave rise to a capital comic song, of which



THE 3RD LORD ANNALY
Master of the Pytchley Hounds, 1902-14



ROTTEN ROW IN 1867

the chorus ran, 'The snob, the snob, the galloping snob of Rotten Row.' The then Lord Hardwicke often sang this after dinner with great gusto. He had quite a good, rollicking tenor voice, and rode a chair in imitation of the 'galloping snob' as he sang it. He was sometimes known as 'old Cider', because he sang another song with the refrain, 'and a little more cider, too'.

I never failed to put in an appearance in Rotten Row when I could, as not only was it a pleasant form of exercise, but I also found it a most enjoyable way of meeting one's friends; for many of those who did not ride sat on chairs facing the Row, and came to talk to their mounted friends over the rails. One of my first memories is of riding there with my father and my young brother Bill, whose pony threw him off opposite the Cavalry Barracks, covering him with mud. An officer of the Life Guards, who saw the accident—I think it was Colonel Keith Fraser—very kindly took him into the Barracks and sent for a trooper, who did his best to remove the mud with a horse-scraper. Very often one of these officers made an appearance in the Row, wearing his undress uniform and mounted on a beautiful black charger. I need hardly say that he seemed always to be a great favourite with the ladies when he did so.

I was in the Park, on a very hot evening, when I saw a policeman do what seemed to me a most courageous thing. A white bull-terrier was rushing about, foaming at the mouth, and showing every sign of rabies. Without a moment's hesitation the policeman seized it by the tail, whirled it round, and smashed its skull against a lamp-post, thereby, I have no doubt, saving many people from being bitten. We all thought it a wonderful instance of courage and presence of mind. He must have been a very strong man, for the dog's head hit the lamp-post so hard that it made a hole in it, which remained there for some time.

The only persons who have the right to drive up Rotten Row are the Sovereign and the Duke of St. Albans, the latter in right of his office as Hereditary Grand Falconer; but Lord Charles

Beresford¹ made a bet that he would do so. In order to win it, he tipped the driver of the cart which watered the Row in dry weather, to let him sit beside him and hold the reins; and in this way he drove the whole length of the Row. So Charlie very rightly won his bet; and I think he chose a most ingenious method of doing so.

I remember only one really serious accident in the Row, when a lady's hack ran away with her, and attempted to jump the railings into Kensington Gardens. It naturally failed to do so, and was transfixed; but I believe the lady was more frightened than hurt. I also remember being told of a runaway horse which crashed through the railings in front of Buckingham Palace, and, curiously enough, was not seriously injured.

The meets of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs, at the Magazine and the Horse Guards' Parade, always created great interest; and the coaches and horses were most beautifully turned out. The Princess of Wales nearly always honoured these meets by her presence, in her own beautiful carriage, and sometimes the Prince of Wales occupied the box seat of the coach driven by the Duke of Beaufort, who was President of the Club, or that of some other leading member. I have given an account of the Four-in-Hand Club in Chapter X of my book *Memories of Racing and Hunting* (1935): but I did not include an illustration of a meet, so I repair the omission now.

The State coach, though a very picturesque conveyance, elaborately and tastefully painted, was even then ceasing to be used by private individuals. It has now, I believe, completely disappeared, except for those owned by the Speaker, the Lord Mayor of London and the Provost of King's College, Cambridge. I think that very, very few suitable horses to draw them, or coachmen to drive them, any longer exist. This type of carriage was used only for Court ceremonies and very important dinner-parties, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales or other leading Royalties were expected to be present. There were two

¹I am informed that the story has also been told of Lord Marcus Beresford; but I believe this to be a mistake.



MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB
Hyde Park, 1882



FROGNAL, ASCOT, 1885
Left to Right: Portland, Lord Hastings, Marquess of Zetland, Lord Douglas Gordon, Earl of Enniskillen, Peter Flower, Lord W. Bentinck, Lord Lurgan, C. J. Coates, Mr. Cass.

kinds of State carriage—the State coach, holding four inside passengers, driven by a coachman wearing a wig and silk stockings, with two footmen standing behind; and the State cabriolet, a square-fronted carriage, which held only two passengers. The State cabriolet I remember best was owned by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, for so long Commander-in-Chief of the Army, who drove in it from Gloucester House, his residence at the end of Park Lane, to the various State ceremonies. He found great difficulty in leaving and entering it, and had to be practically lifted out and in again by two stalwart footmen.

Fortunately I never possessed one of these carriages; but, during the sixteen years when I was Master of the Horse, my wife and I used one of the Royal State coaches, with three footmen behind, whenever we attended ceremonies. To this carriage were generally harnessed two black Hanoverian stallions. They were rather sulky brutes, and one evening one of them lay down under the arch in front of Buckingham Palace and refused to move, so we had to finish the journey on foot. Fortunately there was a side door close by, leading into the Palace.

During my first years in London, there were still a few cabriolets to be seen in the Park during the season. For the benefit of my younger readers, I should explain that a cabriolet was a two-wheeled carriage, hung on C-springs and surmounted by an elegant hood, at the back of which a tiny groom, smartly turned out in top-boots, tight leather breeches and a livery coat with a high hat and cockade, balanced himself by clinging to two straps. The best cabriolets were built by Barker. The vehicle was drawn by one horse, and really suitable animals were most difficult to find, for they were of a very rare type. Animals with hackney action were not at all suitable; nor were the ordinary Park carriage horses. The ideal animal, to my mind, was an almost if not quite thoroughbred horse or mare, with power, quality and high but light trotting-action.

I remember that Lord Rosebery was the owner of one such

cabriolet; but Lord Calthorpe drove, in my opinion, by far the best. His horses, hacks and cabriolets were all perfect. He lived in Grosvenor Square; and it always delighted me to see his cabriolet or hack waiting for him. He purchased many of his horses from G. Sheward, a well-known dealer, whose speciality it was to find and procure these animals, and also the most beautiful Park hacks. I have heard it said that Calthorpe—a wealthy man—would give as much as a thousand guineas for a suitable animal.

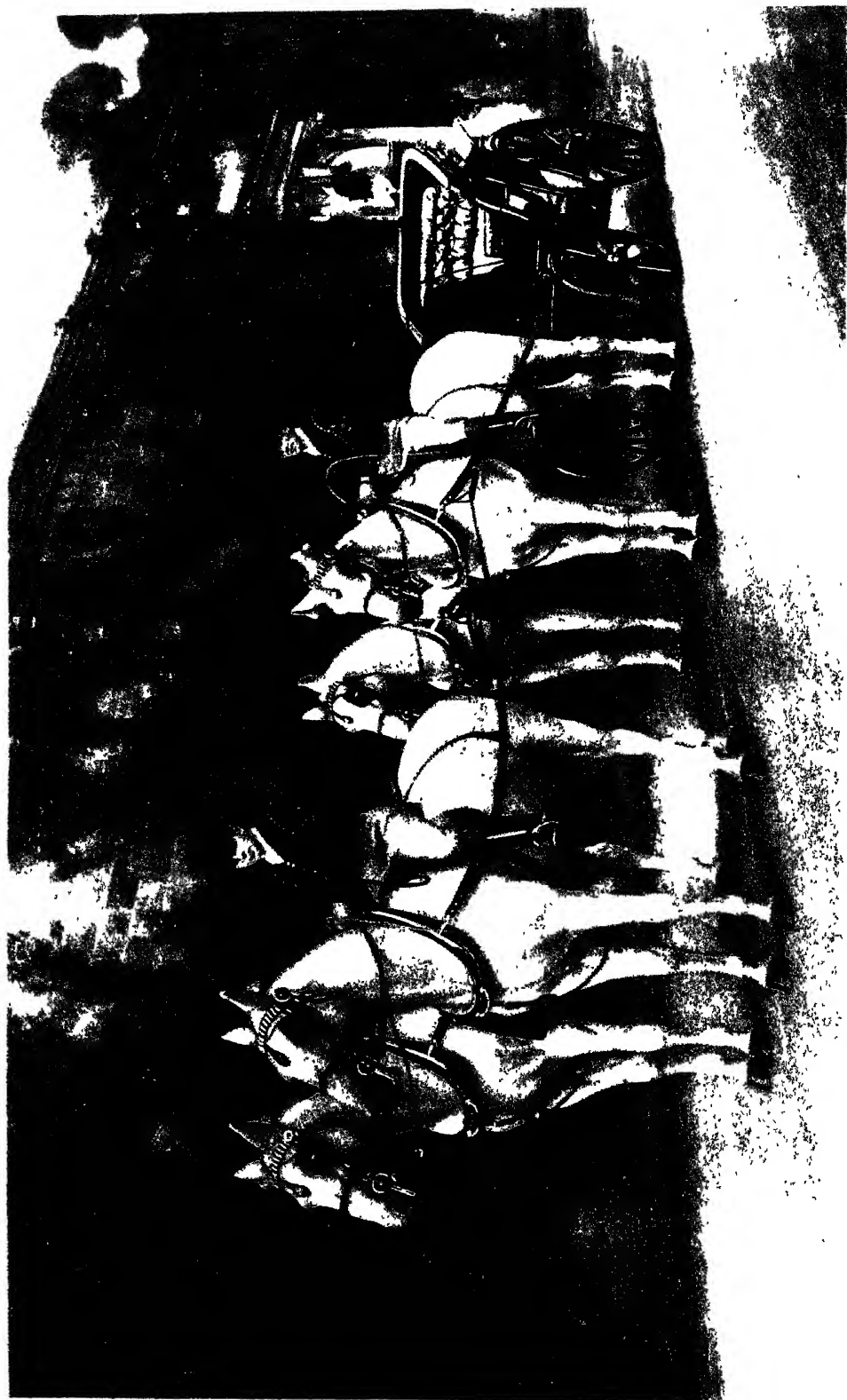
An acquaintance of mine, Bob B., drove a cabriolet with a handsome white horse in the shafts. He invited a party to luncheon one day, during the summer, but did not arrive home in time to greet his guests. The cabriolet was standing outside the house, and one of the guests, an inveterate practical joker, said, 'Let's give Bob a surprise.' He then took a large bowl of strawberries and cream, dabbed its contents all over the horse, and remarked, 'I think it will give Bob rather a start, when he finds his pet grey is now a strawberry roan!'

Another beautiful Park carriage in use at the time was the curricule. It resembled a two-wheeled phaeton on C-springs, drawn by a pair of horses, with a pole between them, and a bar across their necks. The only carriage of this type which I remember was owned and driven by the then Lord Tollemache, with beautiful, brown, high-quality horses.

As the Park phaeton took the place of the curricule, so cabriolets were succeeded by what were known as buggies. A buggy was a very smart gig, sometimes with a hood, to which was attached a lighter and less powerful horse than that needed for a cabriolet. It made a convenient little conveyance for getting quickly through the traffic of London; but in this case the groom sat by the side of the driver instead of standing behind, so there was no room for a passenger. I remember driving a buggy through the City, to Liverpool Street Station, when my horse slipped upon the asphalt pavement. I came a tremendous cropper and fell under the horses of an omnibus. Fortunately they were not moving at the time, so I was not badly hurt, and



MR. MASSEY STANLEY DRIVING HIS CABRIOLET IN HYDE PARK
(J. Ferneley 1830)
By permission of Mr. H. Arthurton



LIPIZZANER PONIES

Welbeck

(A. Spooner, 1912)

escaped with a shaking and bruised elbows. I am glad to say I caught my train, and won a race at Newmarket later in the day!

What the newspapers termed the Ladies' Mile was a really wonderful sight, and I have seen nothing to equal it in any other city in Europe. Beautiful horses and carriages, in which were seated the most lovely ladies, were driven slowly up and down. The Princess of Wales often appeared, in the morning in a Victoria or some light type of carriage, and in the evening in a splendidly turned out barouche. When she did so, it was usual for all other carriages to remain as far as possible at a standstill. Lady Londonderry had a specially noticeable barouche; and I remember often admiring Lord Sefton's liver-chestnut horses. A barouche was a large carriage on C-springs, with a coachman and footman on the box—the coachman wearing a wig and knee-breeches; the footman also in knee-breeches, and with powdered hair.

In the morning a few ladies drove Park phaetons drawn by well-bred ponies or small well-bred horses, and carried carriage whips with sunshades attached to them. An amusing story was told about one of these fair drivers. She drove a phaeton with a loose rein out of the Park at Hyde Park Corner, and, in doing so, drove the point of the pole through the side window of a hansom-cab. The cabby, not unnaturally, began to express his feelings in very strong language; but when he saw the lady he was so overcome by her beauty that he took off his hat and said, 'You're very, very beautiful indeed, my dear; but how much safer you, and everyone else, would be if only you would allow your coachman to drive!' He was quite right in calling the lady beautiful, for I have seen few women who were worthier of being so described.

In the morning, my wife used a little carriage drawn by white Lipizzaner ponies. When I visited Vienna I was taken by Prince Rudolph Liechtenstein, Master of the Horse to the Emperor of Austria, to see the Imperial stables, where there was a vast number of Lipizzaner horses and ponies. They were called Lipizzaner because they were bred at Lipizza near Trieste,

which I also visited with Liechtenstein. A full account of this stud, written by Count Ferdinand Kinsky and Count van der Straten, will be found in Appendix V. After my visit, Liechtenstein asked me to find four Jersey cows for the Empress Elizabeth. I did so, and the Emperor gave me two Lipizzaner mares in return. This, at the time, was considered a special honour, because these ponies were never as a rule sold or given away. After a few years, owing, I suppose, to the size of the stud, Liechtenstein wrote to ask whether I should like some more ponies. He then sent me eight mares and a stallion; and I bred from them at Welbeck until the Great War, which put an end to all unnecessary expenses. Of course the introduction of motor cars and their admission to Hyde Park quickly did away with the use of carriages. This was in many ways a great pity, for Hyde Park in the evening was indeed a beautiful sight, and nothing could be found to equal it, as I have said before, anywhere else in the world.

It was considered very bad manners to smoke in Rotten Row—or, indeed, in the streets of London at all. I well remember a young brother-officer in the Coldstream being severely reprimanded by the C.O. of the battalion, because he had been seen in Hyde Park talking to a lady, with a cigarette in his mouth. He was told that it must never occur again; and the matter was reported to the senior subaltern—with the usual result.

Cigarette smoking was, I believe, introduced into England after the Crimean War, the officers serving there having acquired the habit from the Turks and French. It was the custom then to make one's own cigarettes, generally of Turkish tobacco; but cigarette smoking was neither so popular nor so widely tolerated as it is to-day. I remember hearing an individual, who sometimes hunted with the Quorn, described as 'the sort of fellow who rides slowly about the lanes, smoking gold-tipped cigarettes'. In most large houses a smoking room was set apart for the use of male guests. After a cigarette with coffee, it was not the custom to smoke again until the ladies had gone to bed, when those who



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES
(R. L. Lauchert, 1863)
By gracious permission of H.M. the King



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES
(Desanges, 1864)

wished to do so changed their evening clothes for smoking suits, and passed the rest of the evening in the smoking or billiard-room.

In those days, very few ladies smoked in public, though if they did so in private, it was their own business and nobody else's! Personally, I am all for ladies smoking cigarettes, cigars, pipes, or anything else, if they really enjoy them; but surely it is neither becoming nor attractive for an otherwise pretty and charming young woman to appear with a half-smoked cigarette hanging from her vividly painted lips, and with henna-coloured nails at the end of yellow, nicotine-stained fingers. In my youth I was taught that pearls fell from ladies' lips; but that has all been altered of late and, instead of pearls, a half-chewed and dirty cigarette seems only too often to take their place.

At the time of which I am writing, very few ladies among my own friends used paint upon their lips or faces: indeed, I can count the few who did so on the fingers of one hand. That form of decoration was left to ladies of the stage and the *demimonde*. I remember a well-known beauty, who was reported to use cosmetics, saying to the person she believed to have spread the rumour, 'Please be so good as to wipe my face with this clean handkerchief; and if none of my complexion comes off, you will kindly deny the report you have spread, and will send me an apology as well.'

I am sometimes asked about the comparative beauty of the ladies of fifty or sixty years ago and those of the present day. With much diffidence, and the feeling that I am skating on very thin ice, I venture to express the opinion that, though there are perhaps a greater number of pretty women to-day, I do not think there are any such really beautiful women as there were in those days. This opinion may be partly due to the glamour of youth, but probably also to the more becoming clothes at present worn, and the free (and in my opinion often excessive) use of cosmetics, and other beauty-parlour tricks, to which I have just referred.

Among the ladies of a rather older generation than mine, I well remember the wonderful beauty of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Alexandra; of Georgina, Countess of Dudley, and of her sisters, Lady Forbes and Lady Muir-Mackenzie of Delvine; of Lady Feversham, the mother of the beautiful Duchess of Leinster, Lady Helen Vincent (now Lady D'Abernon), Lady Cynthia Graham, and Lady Ulrica Baring; the striking beauty of Countess Károlyi-Erdödy, the wife of Count Károlyi, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London; and of Lady Bective, famous for her wonderful grace of movement, the mother of my sister-in-law Lady Henry Bentinck, who is also a beautiful woman. These ladies were at the zenith of their beauty when I met them, a beauty which Queen Alexandra, Lady Dudley and Countess Károlyi kept almost unimpaired till the end of their lives, retaining their natural charm and grace to a quite marvellous extent. It did not matter where they were, in London or in the country, during the day or at evening parties; they were always the same, taking pains to be amiable and delightful to every class of individual.

Blanchie Lennox tells me that, when a child, she saw the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Lady Dudley together on the steps of Dudley House. She says she has never forgotten, and never will forget, the impression which their beauty made upon her. Though of course many years have passed since then, she can still see them, both about the same height, and both with the most glorious auburn hair. Their combined beauty and charm were quite dazzling.

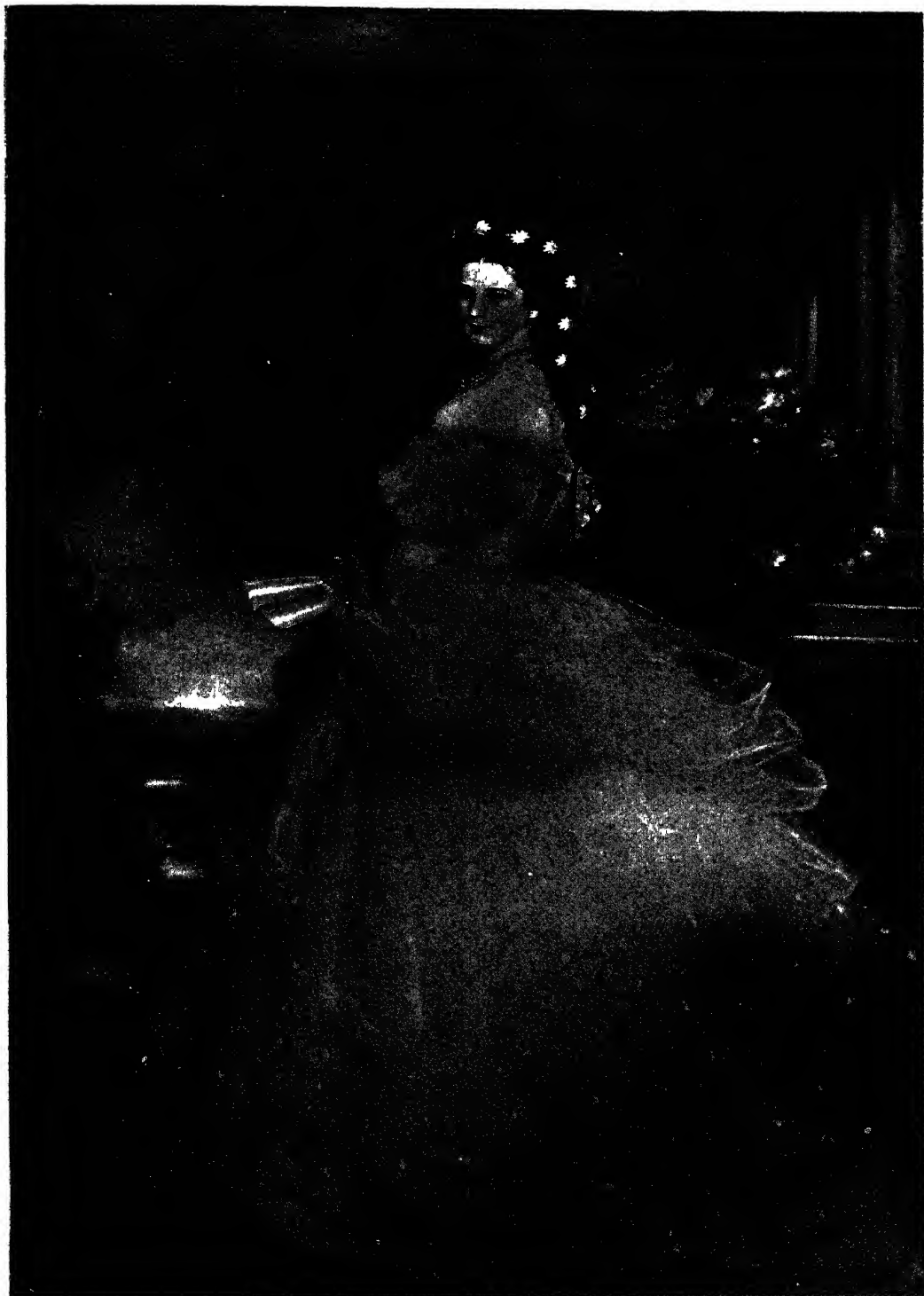
When in the Highlands of Scotland, her native country, Lady Dudley flew over the heather, up hill and down dale, with long strides and the lightest possible footsteps. She and I once walked eight long miles from Braemore Lodge, and up the steep hill to Langwell, in just over two hours and a half, which we thought very good going in those days. She told me that, when her late husband leased the Black Mount deer forest from Lord Breadalbane, she accompanied the stalkers to the hill; and, when



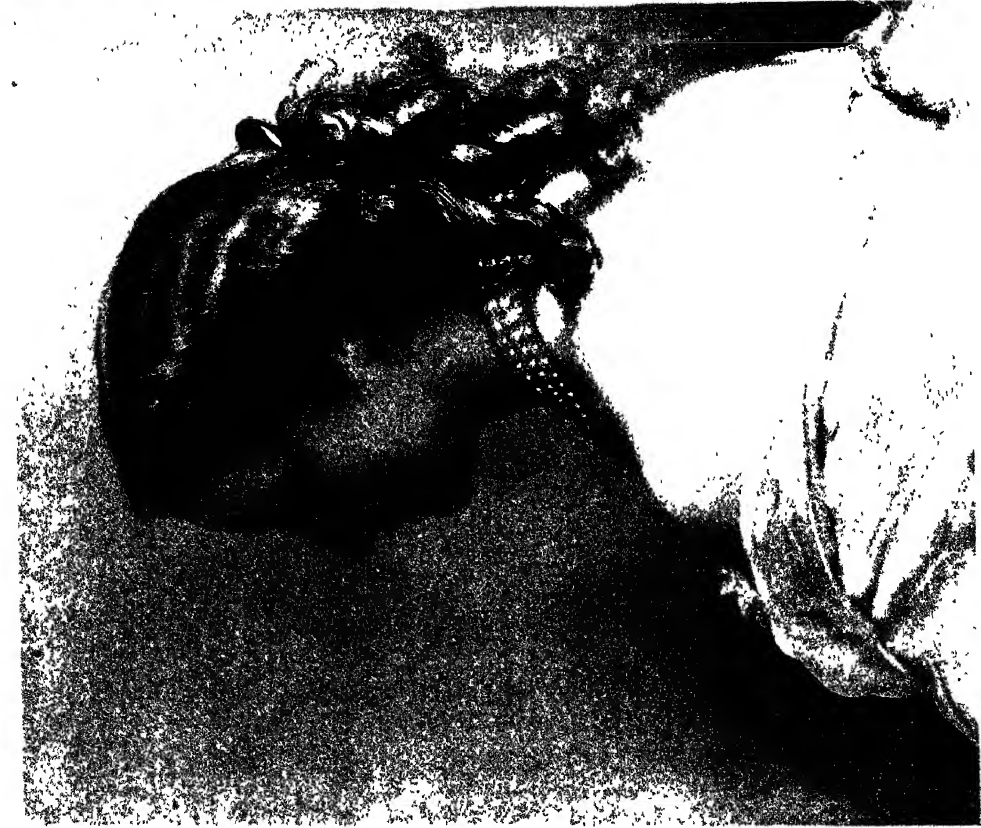
MISS G. MONCREIFFE
Afterwards Countess of Dudley
As Mary Queen of Scots, Mar Lodge, 1864



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY
(Buckner)



THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA
(Winterhalter)
Copyright by E. Manuel Hutschnecker



H.I.M. THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE
(Winterhalter)



H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA
(Winterhalter)

there were deer-drives, she often walked with the stalkers and ghillies, and did not sit in the butts.

Of my own generation, perhaps the outstanding beauties were Lady Hermione Duncombe, afterwards Duchess of Leinster, and her sister Lady Helen Vincent, now Lady D'Abernon; Lady Verulam, Violet, Duchess of Montrose, and Lady Houghton, all three lineal descendants of Richard Brinsley Sheridan who married the beautiful Miss Lindley, as is Mrs. Hall-Walker, now Lady Wavertree; Lady Ramsay, afterwards Lady Dalhousie; Lady Lonsdale, afterwards Lady Ripon; Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland; Lady Castlereagh, afterwards Lady Londonderry; Lady Mary Mills; Countess Siegfried Clary, now Princess Clary; Mrs. Gerard, afterwards Lady Gerard; Mrs. Arthur Sassoon; Lady Eden, the wife of Sir William Eden, and the mother of Mr. Anthony Eden, the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Lady Brooke, afterwards Countess of Warwick; Miss Violet Lindsay, later Mrs. Henry Manners, and in due course Lady Granby and Duchess of Rutland, the beauty and charm of whose daughters, Lady Anglesey, Lady Violet Benson and Lady Diana Cooper, is a true and just tribute to their mother, recalling the Latin words *Filia pulchra, mater pulchrior*; and—last, but by no means least—Miss Dallas-Yorke, who is now my wife.

I must certainly not omit Lady Curzon of Kedleston, the wife of the Viceroy of India, whose wonderful beauty made a lasting impression on everyone, European and native alike, who was present at the great Durbar held at Delhi in 1903. She was indeed a most beautiful woman, superbly dressed for the occasion; and I am sure that neither I nor anyone else will forget her appearance, when enthroned by the side of her husband at one of the evening ceremonies during the Durbar.

No less beautiful, though without the commanding presence of the others, were Miss Pamela Plowden, now Countess of Lytton, and Miss Gay Paget, now Countess of Plymouth. Of course there were many more; but those I have mentioned made

the deepest impression on my mind. If I mentioned them all, their names would fill a whole book. I offer my sincere apologies for any omissions I may have made.

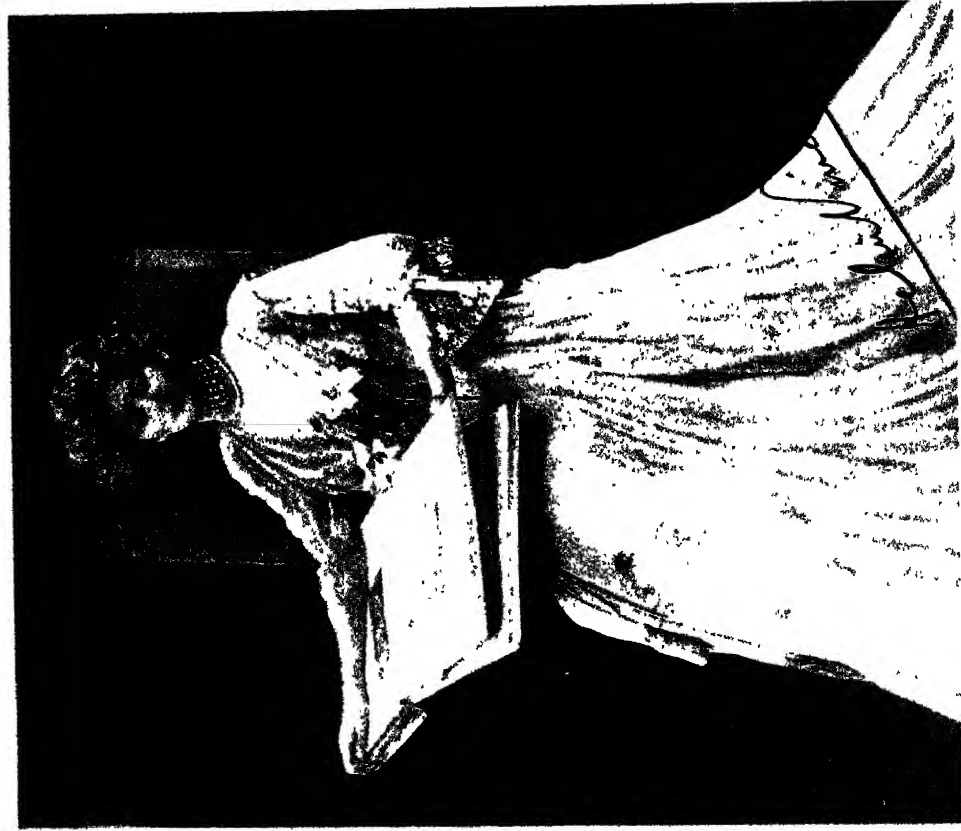
In those days, a Court ball at Buckingham Palace was a really wonderful sight, with all these lovely women present, and of course many more, both married and single, most of them wearing magnificent jewels. It should be remembered, too, that in exceedingly few cases did their appearance owe anything to art, except that of their dressmaker and coiffeur—never, thank goodness, to the manicurist; for I think nothing is more hideous or spoiling to a well-shaped hand than red nails, which remind me of the gory fingers of a Scotch ghillie after he has gralloched a dead stag, or the unwashed hands of a butcher fresh from the slaughter-house.

Of a younger generation, I must certainly mention Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. She is the daughter of Lord and Lady Ormonde, her father being a strikingly handsome man, and her mother, who was the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Westminster, a remarkably beautiful woman. As I have already written, her husband, then Col. (afterwards General Sir R.) Pole-Carew was a brother-officer and very old friend of mine. When he married Lady Beatrice, I lent Welbeck to them for their honeymoon, and several people there still remember her radiant beauty and charm, and his cheery *bonhomie*. Lady Beatrice recently paid a visit to India, and walked two hundred miles from Darjeeling to Tibet, in order to see the wonderful rhododendrons in bloom. She has also travelled from the Cape to Cairo by motor car. Her elder son, Capt. Sir John Carew Pole, who changed his name on succeeding to an old baronetcy in Devonshire, is now serving with the Coldstream Guards. Her younger son Patrick is also in that splendid Regiment.

Besides the ladies I have mentioned there were the so-called 'professional beauties', Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and the very pretty Mrs. Wheeler. Why they should have been called so I do not know, for they were all of good family and were of course received everywhere in society



COUNTESS KÁROLYI-ERDŐDY



LADY HELEN VINCENT
Now Lady D'Abernon



THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER
(Violet Granby, 1895)

like any other ladies. The Society papers, however, chose to call them P. B.'s, either as what is now known as a 'newspaper stunt', or possibly because their photographs appeared in many of the shop windows, as was then the custom—though I quickly put a stop to it—with regard to photographs of my wife. I remember being in Hyde Park during the season of 1878 or 1879, and to my surprise men and women stood on their chairs, as a small group of people approached. They did this in order to have a better view of Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily; and well they were repaid, for she was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was the mother of Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, who has inherited her beauty and charm, and has passed them on to her daughter Miss Mary Malcolm, now Lady Bartlett.

The outstanding beauty on the stage at that time was, I think, Miss Mary Anderson whom I remember in *Pygmalion*. She married Sr. Antonio de Navarro, and I am glad that she still lives in her beautiful house at Broadway. Madame de Navarro has done me the honour to send me a lovely photograph of herself, with permission to insert it in my book.

In later years, Miss Gladys Cooper reigned supreme; and as time passes she seems to lose none of her wonderful beauty and charm. Alas, she now spends much of her time in America; but her innumerable friends hope, I am sure, that she will soon return to her native country, and not make America her permanent home.

Mr. Alfred Montgomery was a very neat, smart, and good-looking man, and a perfect dandy. He was one of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, and is reported to have said, 'Having little or no income of my own, I live by collecting other people's.' One very wet day, he was seen picking his way carefully over a muddy crossing. I may say that, in those days, every crossing had its own sweeper, who was willing to help one across for a tip. Someone asked Mr. Montgomery, 'Why don't you turn up the ends of your trousers?' and he replied in his lisping way, 'I can't

possibly afford to do it, my dear fellow. If any of my numerous creditors saw me with my trousers turned up, he would tell the others that Mr. Alfred Montgomery must be more hard up than usual; and then they would all send in their bills at once, and I should find myself in the bankruptcy court.' Though well known for his caustic humour, he was a most charming old gentleman; and I remember meeting him as a fellow guest at Rufford.

The *dandies* of the 60's and 70's were succeeded by the *mashers* of more recent years. I should include among the dandies of my time such men as Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Edly Chesterfield and Lord Alexander (Dandy) Paget, and, in their way, such sportsmen as Bay Middleton, Doggy Smith, and George Lambton. They were all men of good and manly figure which set off their well-fitting and perfectly chosen clothes.

Mashers were of another type altogether. They were chiefly young men who frequented the Gaiety Theatre and other such resorts. The Duke of Wellington said that the young dandies among his officers fought as well as, or better than, any others; and I am sure that, when the opportunity arose, the mashers did equally well in the more frequent wars of later times.

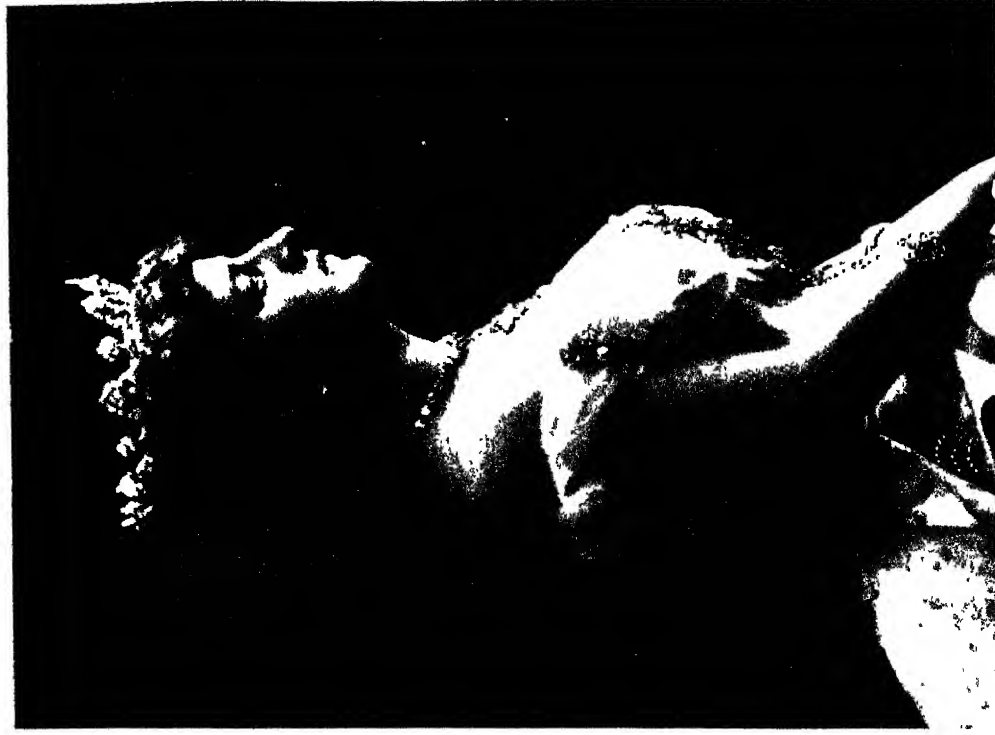
In the late 70's, the sparkling musical plays at the Gaiety Theatre attracted a great number of the *jeunesse dorée* (so called by the newspapers, which have always enjoyed coining nicknames, but by no one else), where no doubt they shed not a little of their guilt. They were also known as the 'Crutch and Tooth-pick Brigade', because it was the fashion to carry smart walking sticks with crutch handles, and to chew tooth-picks. They frequented the Gaiety for the sake, not only of the very pretty music, such as was to be heard in *Little Don Caesar* and *Faust up to Date*, but also of the charm of that beautiful and most graceful dancer Kate Vaughan, the wit and vivacity of Nellie Farren, and the humour of Fred Leslie. To this day I look back upon Kate Vaughan as the most attractive dancer I have ever seen. She was, I believe, the first ballerina to dance in long skirts and these she managed with the greatest skill. Two ladies of my



THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE



THE COUNTESS OF VERULAM



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY



THE MARCHIONESS OF RIPON

acquaintance took lessons from her. When asked how they were progressing, Kate replied, 'One of them is all grace and no steps; and the other is all steps and no grace.' She married Colonel the Hon. Fred Wellesley, a distinguished officer in the Coldstream Guards, of whom I shall make further mention in Chapter XI.

I well remember the terrible snowstorm of January 1881, to which occasional reference is still made in the newspapers. I was in London at the time, and I attempted to reach King's Cross Station in a hansom-cab, in the teeth of the storm. Opposite the Middlesex Hospital, the horse absolutely refused to continue, and the driver opened the trap-door in the roof of the cab, saying he could not face the storm any longer, as he was completely frozen. As a matter of fact I myself was in little better case, though the glass screen was drawn. We turned with some difficulty, and then retraced our steps at a walk, because the snow was already drifting in the street. The next day, snow ploughs were used, the snow being piled up like small walls by the roadside, and many of the pavements were for the moment quite impassable. I saw a four-wheeler catch its wheel in one of these snow-banks, and turn completely over. It was a rather unpleasant experience altogether. The only people who seemed to enjoy it were the little boys, who had a splendid time snow-balling.

In those days the London season commenced at the beginning of May and continued until the end of July. Nowadays the season seems to me to last all the year round, the reason no doubt being the closing of many of the large country houses, which compels their owners to live in London, now that they are unable to bear the expense of two homes.

In my youth, and in fact almost up to the time of the War, even if one did not care much for dancing it was well worth while to go to balls, not only for the sake of the Society of the beautiful ladies, but also to see them valse with very skilful partners, some of them from Vienna, to the lovely music composed by the great Johann Strauss. One season, Charles Kinsky

and other Austrians arranged for Strauss's Band to come to London. At other times, the famous Bands conducted by Drescher, Cassano, and latterly Gottlieb, were here. I believe, however, that the leader of Gottlieb's Band was an Englishman. Both Drescher's and Gottlieb's Bands had the honour of playing at the Court balls at Buckingham Palace, and of course in all the great houses of London too. The soft tone of the violins and violoncellos was extremely beautiful, and the musicians played with wonderful smoothness and precision.

Now, alas, all this is changed and, in my opinion, changed very much for the worse: for, at the few balls I have attended since the War, I found couples of all ages, young, middle-aged and definitely old, solemnly performing what seemed to be flat-footed, negro antics, to the discordant uproar—I will not call it music—of a braying brass band. The only advantage I could see, and that a very doubtful one, was that middle-aged and elderly couples, who had long ceased to dance, could again take the floor. This may have been good for their health, but it certainly was not so for the dignity or beauty of their appearance. Heated youth is not a particularly beautiful spectacle; but how much worse is heated and frisky old age!

Of the many large balls I have attended in London, I think two stand out in my memory more clearly than any others. One of these was given in 1880 or 1881 by some of the bachelors of London, in an unfurnished house in Knightsbridge built by Sir Albert Grant, though I believe he never lived in it. The arrangements for the Ball were made by a committee under the chairmanship of the well-known Augustus Lumley, who afterwards succeeded his brother, Henry Savile, winner of the Derby with Cremorne in 1872, in the ownership of Rufford. I was one of the bachelors who gave the ball, and wore what was then known as frock-dress—that is an evening coat with rather longer tails than usual, knee breeches and black silk stockings. I had the honour of dancing the opening quadrille with the Princess of Wales, whom I was also privileged to take in to supper; and I shall never forget her charm, her beauty,



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND



COUNTESS SIEGFRIED CLARY-KINSKY
As the Empress Elizabeth Christiana, 1894

and her kindness to me, then a shy and inexperienced young man of twenty-three. There was a small lake, or rather pond, in the garden, with boats on it; and one over-eager young lady, who afterwards became the Countess of ——, missed her footing and went souse into the water, of course ruining her dress. She was rescued with the help of a boat-hook, which completed the wreck of her costume. The ball was a great success; and the Bachelors' Club, in Hamilton Place, was the outcome of it.

The other memorable ball was given by the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), as a house-warming for their new Barracks in Knightsbridge and Hyde Park. A dance floor was laid in the riding school, which was beautifully decorated and made a superb ballroom. Like the Bachelors' ball, this also was attended by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and by nearly all the other members of the Royal Family who were in London at the time.

My wife and I attended the famous fancy dress ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire in 1897, at Devonshire House. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and it was indeed a most brilliant scene. The Prince appeared as the Grand Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Princess as Queen Marguerite de Valois, while their host and hostess represented the Emperor Charles V, and Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra. I still remember a few of the many other striking representations; in particular, Millicent Sutherland as Maria Leczinska, her sister, Lady Westmorland, as Hebe, with an eagle on her shoulder, Speaker Peel as a Doge of Venice, Lady Maud Warrender as Mlle. de Montpensier, and her sister, Lady Mar and Kellie, as Beatrice. Harry Stonor appeared with great success as Lohengrin; Arthur Strong, the librarian, was Voltaire, whom he naturally resembled; and Sir Charles (Tops) Hartopp represented Bonaparte. Lady Randolph Churchill was also a great success, but I have forgotten her costume. Blanchie Lennox was dressed as a French Marquise, with panniers so wide that she could only pass sideways through the doors. My wife and I represented George and Mary Villiers,

Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, and we were the leaders of one of the quadrilles, in each of which the dancers wore costumes of the period.

It was curious how shy and *gauche* most of the men appeared. Lord and Lady Cowper gave a dinner-party before the ball, at their beautiful house in St. James's Square, which we attended in our costumes; and I can still see Arthur Balfour, who arrived rather late, trying to creep along the wall behind everyone else. There had been no fancy dress ball held in London on anything like so large a scale, since a ball given at Marlborough House, several years before, by the Prince and Princess of Wales: so very few of the guests at Devonshire House had ever worn anything but their ordinary clothes, or the uniforms of their various Regiments.

I wore rather a light-coloured wig, and my moustache was enlarged with yellow cotton-wool, to match the wig. After supper, I committed the terrible anachronism of lighting a cigarette; and I was promptly repaid for my sin by my moustache catching fire. I therefore snatched it off, amid the jeers of my friends, and threw it into a finger-glass. Winnie was terribly oppressed by the weight of her wig and costume; and we both determined that in future we would never, never dress up again, much preferring the comfort of our unromantic, everyday clothes.

While a large ball was taking place at Londonderry House, the roof caught fire, and Lord and Lady Londonderry wished their guests to leave the house as quietly and quickly as possible. A very old friend of theirs and mine, Lord H. (known to his friends as Huby), was at supper at the time. The butler said to him, 'The house is on fire, my Lord, and His Lordship wishes everyone to leave at once; so I am afraid I must ask you to finish your supper.' 'Indeed!' replied H. 'Is the house really on fire?' 'Yes, my Lord. The firemen are here.' 'Well,' said H., 'what the devil does that matter to me? Nobody could die more pleasantly than while eating a stuffed Bailey's quail. Bring me another, please!'

Sir Walter Gilbey gave most excellent and agreeable bachelor



LADY HENRY BENTINCK
(Sir J. J. Shannon, 1895)



THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY
(Sir J. J. Shannon, 1896)



Above: MRS. HENRY MANNERS

'Filia pulchra, mater pulchrior'

Lower left: MARJORIE

Lower right: DIANA



WINIFRED PORTLAND
(J. S. Sargent, 1902)



WINIFRED PORTLAND
(P. A. de László, 1912)



LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON
Delhi, 1903



THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON



THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH
(Violet Granby, 1888)



Beatrice
Christmas
1879.



Above: LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW
Lower left: THE MARCHIONESS OF ORMONDE
Lower right: THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE



THREE GENERATIONS

Above: Mrs. Langtry
(Frank Miles)

Lower left: Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch
Lower right: Mary Malcolm (Lady Bartlett)



MRS. WHEELER
Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey



MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST
Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey



Hermione in the Winter's Tale
Mary Anderson Shakespeare

MARY ANDERSON



GLADYS COOPER



COUNT D'ORSAY
(J. Stevens; the dog by D'Orsay)



DANDIES OF 1840 AND 1890
LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX



KATE VAUGHAN

Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey



NELLIE FARREN

Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey

dinners at his house in London, at which the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) often honoured him with his presence. Sir Walter was kind enough to invite me on several of these occasions. At one of them H.R.H., after lighting a cigar, said to Sir Walter, 'Don't you smoke a cigar?' 'Yes, I do, Sir,' was the reply; 'I have every vice which I consider becomes a man; and cigar-smoking is certainly one of them.'

Lady Salisbury gave splendid parties at the Foreign Office, when Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. These parties were given on the Queen's birthday, when it was my duty as Master of the Horse to give a banquet to various members of the Royal Household, at 3 Grosvenor Square, while my wife dined with the Duchess of Buccleuch, then Mistress of the Robes, at Montagu House in Whitehall.

I remember one of these occasions particularly well. While my wife was dressing for dinner, I went into her room and threw myself into an arm-chair. Both she and her maid gave a scream—and so did I, for I had sat down upon the very sharp points of her diamond tiara. Naturally the tiara was broken to bits, while the lower part of my poor person resembled the diamond mines of Golconda, so full was it of precious stones! But nobody, alas, seemed a bit sorry for me. After a certain amount of recrimination, I was forgiven; and my wife went to the dinner party, afterwards joining me at Lady Salisbury's reception.

All the most beautiful women and leading men in London were present; and it was really a wonderful sight to watch them ascending the great staircase. Soon after I arrived, a lady said to me, 'Do tell me, is it true that you sat on your wife's tiara this evening?' 'Yes, I'm afraid I did.' 'Oh!' said the lady: 'was she wearing it at the time?' I fear this was too much for me, and I replied, 'You must promise not to tell anybody about it, but the fact is, she *was*! You see, we had a terrible quarrel while she was dressing; so I knocked her down, and sat on her head to prevent her from getting up again.'

A well-known doctor—I will not give his name; he was one of

the Royal physicians—attended my official dinner. I greeted him when he arrived, and in due course stood up to propose Her Majesty's health, wearing the rather striking uniform in which I appeared on formal occasions. After dinner we went to the drawing-rooms, where cigars and drinks were provided. When my guests took their departure I stood at the head of the stairs to bid them farewell; and as Dr. X. passed me, I said, 'Good-night.' 'Good-night—good-night,' he replied; 'but *may* I ask who you are?' Marcus Beresford was standing near by, and observed with a loud guffaw, 'Why, the old devil's drunk!' Very soon the story was all over London; and when I next had the honour of meeting King Edward he expressed great amusement and asked whether it was true. I hope that it will not be assumed from this that my dinners were orgies. They were, in fact, very dignified and loyal assemblies; but such episodes as the one I have described were rather beyond my control!

At one of these banquets, General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who had lately been appointed Colonel of one of the Life Guards Regiments (an appointment which carried with it the office of Gold Stick), came rather early. I therefore said, 'I'm afraid some of my guests haven't arrived yet: so I hope you will sit down, Sir, till they come.' 'Sit down? Sit down? Certainly not,' said Prince Edward. 'I shall only sit down once, and that will be at dinner. I'm very proud of my appointment and my new uniform. I saw myself in the glass just now, and by God! I thought I looked damned handsome. Sit down? Certainly not! I want everybody to see me.'

My old friend Algy Lennox served on Prince Edward's staff for many years, and told many amusing stories about him. He was known to his contemporaries as 'dear old Fuddlediboo' or 'Fuddles', because whenever he was at all excited he began whatever he had to say with something like 'Fud-fud-fud'. He had nicknames for everything, calling butter 'grease', a fishing-rod a 'bug-pole', and so on.

I may say that Prince Edward was a very good soldier, and

had fought most gallantly in the Crimea as an officer in the Grenadier Guards. He commanded the outposts at the battle of Inkerman, and found himself enveloped in thick fog. Being heavily attacked by the Russians, he sent word to the main body of the Army that the pressure on his detachment was continually increasing; but for some time no reinforcements arrived, and he was ordered to remain where he was. 'And, by God, I did stay where I was; and in no time I found myself in the middle of the whole Russian Army. But budge I didn't, by God!' The fog was at first too dense and the enemy at too close quarters for effective bayonet-fighting; but at last the courage, physical weight and strength of the Guardsmen and other British troops told, and the Russians were forced back with great slaughter. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was also present at this battle, and much distinguished himself.

I am often asked, 'What were the Souls?' and, 'Did you know many of them?' My answer has always been, 'Of course I knew many of them very well indeed—everybody knew them': for they were, for the most part, the usual individuals whom one constantly met in everyday life. They were a coterie of particularly clever and agreeable people, with many tastes in common, who rejoiced in one another's sympathetic company and witty conversation. Beyond that, so far as I could see, they differed not at all, in either manners or appearance, from any other people of the same class. By way of amusing retort they nicknamed the members of other sets the Bodies. Desiring, as was only natural, to enjoy ourselves to the full, my wife and I became what I may perhaps call season-ticket holders in both these groups. For my part, I saw little difference between them. Both Souls and Bodies were out to enjoy life as much as possible; and I hope and believe they succeeded, especially as they seemed to adopt my favourite motto, *Live, let live, and help to live.*

As a rule, the conversation of the Souls was both amusing and easy to follow; but now and again it rose a little above the heads of ordinary mortals, and on these occasions, I and many others reverted to our original status as Bodies.

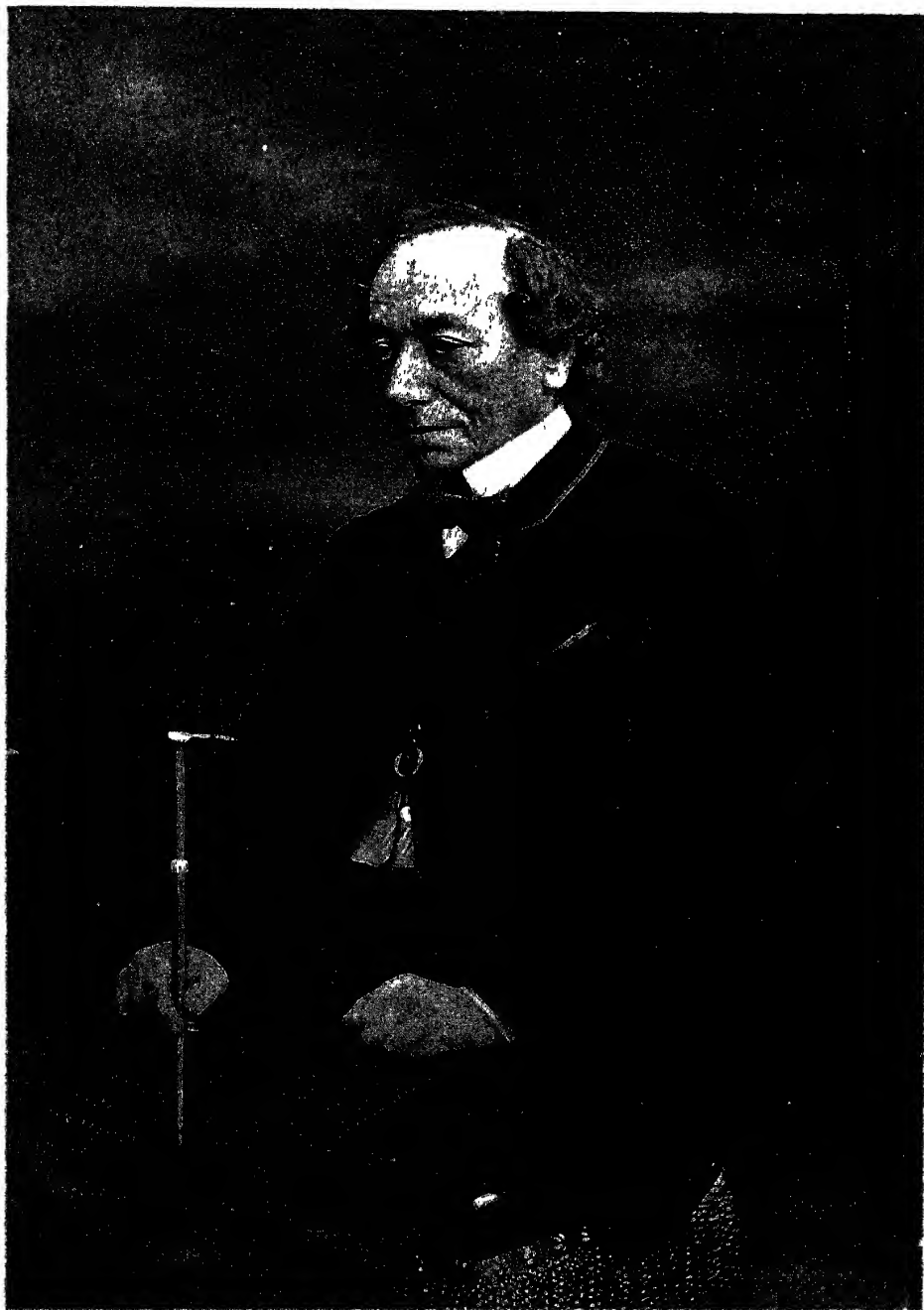
VII. POLITICS AND POLITICIANS

In December, 1879, without my stepmother's knowledge, it was suggested to the Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, that Queen Victoria might be inclined to recognise her position by conferring a title upon her. Within a fortnight of my succession to the Dukedom Lord Beaconsfield invited me to visit him at Hughenden.

I well remember how nervous I felt at the prospect; but my stepmother, who always gave me good advice, urged me to accept the invitation, saying it would be only courteous to do so, and that she was sure I should regret it in after-life if I refused. I therefore replied that it would give me great pleasure to pay him a visit. He asked me to meet him at Paddington and to travel with him to High Wycombe, adding, 'You will see Mr. Montagu Corry, my private secretary, whom I think you already know, on the platform, and he will direct you to the carriage in which I shall be sitting.'

I found Mr. Corry at Paddington. He took me to the carriage and said, 'There is the Prime Minister.' I remember that Lord Beaconsfield had on a black Inverness cape, and wore a 'wide-awake' hat, rather pulled down over his face. He held out a long, lean hand and said, 'I am so glad to make your acquaintance—how do you do? I am afraid I cannot talk to you now, as I am an old man, not in the best of health, and it fatigues me to converse in the train. No doubt dear Monty will make up for that; and I am sure you already know that he is very pleasant and agreeable, especially to young people.'

When the train arrived at High Wycombe station, two closed carriages were in waiting. Monty Corry then said to me, 'You



THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.
Photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey



LORD ROWTON
(Violet Manners, 1888)

go with Lord Beaconsfield, and I will come in the other carriage.' When the door was closed, I felt much as I did when I was up before Judy Durnford, the Lower Master at Eton.

After arriving at Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield, Monty Corry and I dined together. I do not think Lord Beaconsfield talked much during dinner, but when it was over he said to me, 'And now, my young friend—I trust you will allow me to call you so, and that you will look upon me as your friend too—I should like to explain why I wished to make your acquaintance.'

'Well,' he continued, 'I am a man of many faults, and many failings like everyone else, but perhaps I have one redeeming quality. I mean, that the feeling of gratitude is very strong within me; and I believe I owe any success that may have been mine in my long life mainly to two people. One of these was of course my dear wife; and the other was your relative, Lord George Bentinck.¹ When I was a young and struggling man, Lord George held forth the hand of friendship to me, and we became not only political allies but very sincere friends. I had a great affection and admiration both for him and for his brother Henry, and so I shall be only too glad to be of some service to you. Now, I hope, you understand why I was anxious to make your acquaintance; and I trust that I may be able to pay back a small part of the debt which I owe to the Bentinck family.'

I remained at Hughenden until the following Monday. A few days later my stepmother received this letter from Colonel R. Loyd Lindsay, V.C., afterwards Lord Wantage:²

¹Lord George Bentinck, who was M.P. for King's Lynn and had been private secretary to his uncle by marriage, George Canning, came prominently forward as the Leader of the Protectionist Party, when Sir Robert Peel, in 1845, expressed his intention to abolish the Corn Laws. Shortly after Lord George's death in 1848, Disraeli became the Protectionist leader.

²Lord Wantage began his career as an Ensign in the Scots Fusilier Guards. He carried the Queen's Colour at the battle of the Alma, from which he escaped unhurt, though the Colour was shot to pieces and most of the Colour-party were killed. He also much distinguished himself at the battle of Inkerman. When the Victoria Cross was instituted, I believe two were assigned to the officers, and two to the men, of each battalion of the Foot Guards which had served in the campaign, and that Bob Lindsay was unanimously chosen by his brother-officers to receive one of them.

After the War, he married Miss Loyd, the only child of the very wealthy banker

2, CARLTON GARDENS.

22 Dec. 1879.

DEAR MRS. BENTINCK,

'I return you Mr. Austen Leigh's¹ letter and the Memo which refers to the conduct of your boys at Eton. I am sure you have cause to be proud of them all and of none more so than of your eldest son the Duke. He made a most favourable impression on the Prime Minister and conducted the business, which took him down to Hughenden, with great discretion.

'*Ça marche*—as the French say. But muffled drums—if you please—as the Duke will tell you.

'This year's Christmas and the New Year will be a busy time for you, and I wish you and yours very many happy returns of the same.

Sincerely yours,

R. LOYD LINDSAY.'

To this I add two short notes, upon the same subject, which I received from Lord Beaconsfield.

DOWNING STREET,

WHITEHALL.

MY DEAR DUKE,

Mar. 7th 1880.

'If you are passing through town, I should be glad to see you.

Yours sincerely,

BEACONSFIELD.'

DOWNING STREET

WHITEHALL.

MY DEAR DUKE,

Mar. 12th 1880.

'Send to me Mrs. Bentinck's Xtian names at length.

Yours

BEACONSFIELD.'

Lord Overstone. He afterwards sat in Parliament as Member for Berkshire, and was created Lord Wantage and Lord-Lieutenant of the county. He was known to his intimate friends as Bob Lindsay throughout his life, and was a cousin of Colonel Charles Lindsay, Violet Rutland's father.

As a young man he was extremely handsome, and I heard him described as being very like a Viking. He was so full of fight that, when passing through Paris on his way to the Crimea, he insisted upon knocking some Frenchmen down, in order to get his hand in, and narrowly escaped being put into gaol.

¹Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh, the famous Eton master.

Early in the summer—after he had ceased to be Prime Minister, for his Government had fallen in March—I received another invitation to be his guest at Hughenden:

71, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET,
June 18 1880.

MY DEAR DUKE,

‘I was in hopes to have seen you here. Lord and Lady Salisbury dine with me at Hughenden on Tuesday next. I should be much pleased if you could meet them. Rowton, who dines with me tomorrow, will tell you all about comings and goings.

Yours sincerely,

BEACONSFIELD.’

This time I accepted gladly, having no longer the feeling of a naughty schoolboy to overcome, and now really looking forward to meeting him as a friend. I found a small party at Hughenden, including Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Bradford and one of their daughters (now Lady Mabel Kenyon-Slaney), Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Bernal Osborne, and of course Monty Corry, who had lately¹ been created Lord Rowton.

While I was at Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield very kindly gave me a copy of his book, *Lord George Bentinck: a political biography*, in which he wrote, ‘The Duke of Portland from his friend Beaconsfield June, ’80.’ It is still one of my most cherished possessions. When the library of Major Coningsby Disraeli was dispersed in February 1937, I was so fortunate as to obtain another copy of the same work, bearing the following note in Major Disraeli’s handwriting:

HUGHENDEN MANOR,
HIGH WYCOMBE.

‘The First Edition of *Lord George Bentinck* in which are Mr. Disraeli’s revisions in autograph for the Third Edition.

‘With the autograph Preface for the Eighth Edition—published in 1872—written when staying with Lord Brownlow on the Ashridge note paper.

¹May 6th, 1880.

‘Bound up by Sir Philip Rose, Bart., of Rayners—his friend and executor—and bought by me at the sale of the effects of Sir Philip Frederick Rose, 2nd Bart., in January 1920.

C. DISRAELI.’

Feb. 1920.

The Preface to which this note refers is word for word as it was published in the eighth and, no doubt, every later edition of the book.

On my departure from Hughenden, Lord Beaconsfield said, ‘I am so glad to have seen you again; and now that I have held forth the hand of hospitality to you, it would give me great pleasure if you would do the same to me, for I am very anxious to visit Welbeck, the home of my dear friend George Bentinck, where he died so suddenly, causing so much grief, not only to me but to the whole of the country as well.’

In due course I invited him to Welbeck for Easter week, and he wrote these letters of acceptance to my stepmother, then created Lady Bolsover, and to me:

19, CURZON STREET, W.

Feb. 9 1881

MY DEAR DUKE,

‘I fear I am almost too old to be a guest, but a visit to Welbeck would indeed, as you rightly suppose, be most interesting to me, and I look forward to it with pleasure.

‘With my kind compliments to Lady Bolsover, whom I hope soon to see, believe me,

Ever sincerely yours,

BEACONSFIELD.’

19, CURZON STREET, W.

Mar. 14 1881.

MY DEAR LADY,

‘I propose to have the great pleasure of paying a visit to yourself, and my good friend the Duke on Wednesday the 20th April, and remaining, with your permission, at Welbeck until the following Saturday.

‘No good news from Algiers.

‘The Russian catastrophe,¹—awful.

Yours sincerely,

BEACONSFIELD.’

We were all looking forward with great interest to his visit; but unfortunately he fell ill at his house in Curzon Street, and a fortnight before he was due to arrive at Welbeck, Lord Barrington, one of his private secretaries, wrote as follows to my stepmother:

19, HERTFORD STREET,
April 7 1881.

DEAR LADY BOLSOVER,

‘Lord Beaconsfield sent for me late this evening, and requested that I shd. inform you and the Duke of Portland that it wd. not be in his power to fulfil his engagement to pay you a visit at Welbeck during the coming Easter week.

‘Lord Beaconsfield was quite calm and collected, but was certainly weaker than on Tuesday last, when he called me to his bedside. There is some hope that this weakness may be attributed to the very bad night which Ld. Beaconsfield had passed, and that he may yet rally, but I cannot say that I am sanguine.

‘It is very kind of the Duke of Portland to propose that Lady Barrington and I shd. pay you a visit during Easter week, but perhaps, under the circumstances, you will be good enough to excuse me. Should my dear Chief’s life be prolonged I shall be very much occupied, and shd. it please God that his end shd. be near, I shd. not have much heart for society.

Believe me, dear Lady Bolsover,

Yours sincerely,

BARRINGTON.’

On April 19th, Lord Rowton telegraphed to me:

‘Probably you have heard by this time that he died at half past four this morning.’

¹On March 13th, 1881, the Tsar Alexander II was seriously wounded by a bomb, and died shortly afterwards.

So, to our lasting sorrow and disappointment, we never had the pleasure and privilege to receive Lord Beaconsfield as our guest at Welbeck. Instead, I visited Hughenden once more on April 26th, for his funeral.¹

My impression of Lord Beaconsfield—though it should be remembered that I was a very young man when I saw him—is that he was by no means what is commonly termed agreeable company, for during my visits he rarely joined in the general conversation, though his manner was particularly kind and courteous. Of course he was then an old and feeble man, and in almost continual discomfort from gout and asthma.

Lord Beaconsfield's debt to the Bentinck family was larger than may appear from my narrative, as may be gathered from the following story told me by Mr. Henry Chaplin, afterwards Viscount Chaplin, who knew Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Henry Bentinck particularly well. He said that during the Debates on the Free Trade policy introduced by Sir Robert Peel, and carried into effect in 1846, Lord George, the leader of the Protectionist Party, came home to Welbeck. As he appeared to be in low spirits, his brother Henry Bentinck, who was then M.P. for N. Notts., said to him, 'What is the matter, George? You seem to be out of sorts.' George replied, 'It is nothing much. I am only annoyed at the stupidity and narrow-mindedness of our friends in the House of Commons, for I have found an ideal leader for the Protectionist Party in Benjamin Disraeli; but they will not listen to my advice, because they say he is not a landed proprietor.' 'What of that, George?' said Henry, 'let us make him one!' George replied, 'Don't talk nonsense. How can we make him a landed proprietor?' Henry answered, 'You and I may not be able to, but father could. I have been with him this morning and he seems to be in a very good humour, so let's go and talk to him about it.'

¹. . . 'It was fitting that the Duke of Portland, head of the Bentincks, should come to show respect for the coadjutor and biographer of his cousin Lord George.' Monypenny and Buckle, *Life of Disraeli* (ed. 1910-1920), vol. vi, p. 621.

Evidently their mission met with success, for soon afterwards the Duke advanced a sufficient sum of money to buy Hughenden; so after this Disraeli had the necessary qualification for leadership, as a landed proprietor.

I believe the Duke charged only a very low rate of interest, which was regularly paid until three years after his death in 1854. His son, the late Duke, who continued to be a supporter of Sir Robert Peel when Lord George and Lord Henry became Protectionists, then called in the money, and Disraeli, at great inconvenience to himself, paid the debt. After the lapse of so many years, I think there can be no harm in printing the following letters, which passed between Disraeli and the Duke at this time:

Confidential

GROSVENOR GATE

June 22 1857

‘I cannot resist the conviction that it wd be more than ungracious on my part were I to permit the confidential relations wh: have so strangely subsisted between us to terminate in silence.

‘I am aware of the personal interposition, wh: Your Grace made on my behalf, at the time of the catastrophe. It must have cost you great pain & solicitude, & it merited, & obtained, my gratitude.

‘I am not insensible to the forbearance, wh: I have experienced from Your Grace during the two last years.

‘A course of kind and considerate conduct, wh: has ranged over so long a period, whatever the motive, ought not to be disregarded by the recipient, and I wish to offer you my thanks, in terms, not conventional, but cordial.

‘Having relieved myself so far, I would hope, that Yr Grace may not be offended, if I express myself with equal frankness, on another point.

‘It has been impossible for me, from observations that have occasionally dropped since the death of the late Duke, to resist the inference that Yr Grace was of opinion that I had taken ad-

vantage adroitly of circumstances, and dexterously installed myself in a profitable position.

‘The time has come when I can touch upon this matter witht embarrassment.

‘And in the first place: I neither suggested nor sanctioned, the original scheme¹ & if it be thought, that I yielded with too great facility, it may be remembered, that I was acting under the influence of a person, whose position, and whose character, were alike commanding.²

‘With respect to the subsequent results, the accounts of the estate have been regularly kept, & it appears by the balance, wh: has been recently struck, that the pecuniary loss of the project to myself has been little short of ten thousand pounds.

‘I feel assured, that Yr Grace will bear these unreserved remarks with a manly spirit. There is nothing so painful as to be misjudged by those from whom, whatever may have been the cause, you have received favors, & whom you respect.

I have the honor to remain,

Your Grace’s obliged and faithful Servt

B. DISRAELI.’

HARC^T HOUSE

June 23 57.

SIR,

‘I hasten to acknowledge the receipt this afternoon of your letter of yesterdays date and to express my very great regret that you should have felt it in the slightest degree called for or expected.

‘I can assure you nothing has ever fallen from me to justify the impression you refer to from “occasional observations”.

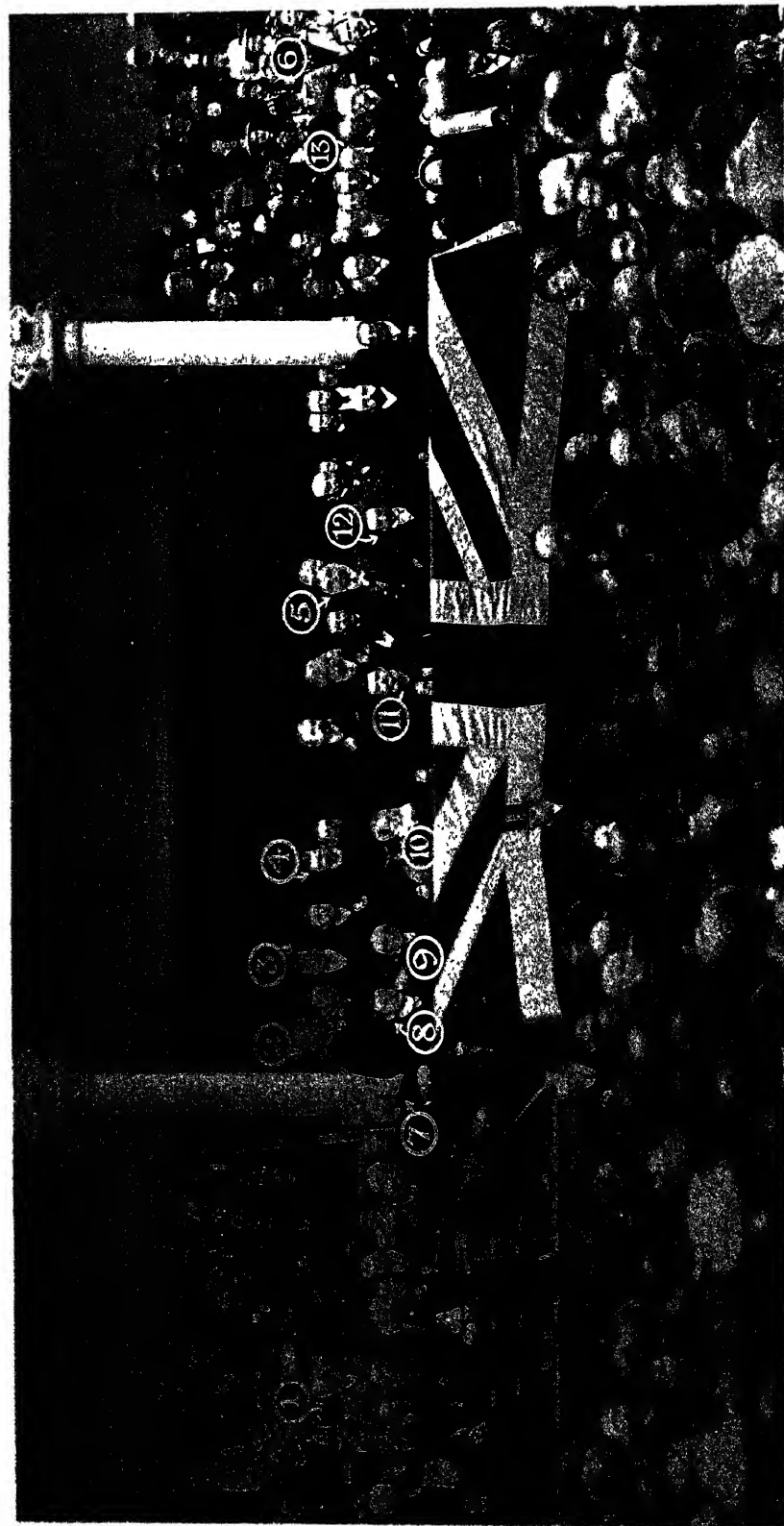
‘It was very unfortunate that I should have had to take any part whatever in what has passed but unavoidable and I could but endeavour to reconcile as well as might be contending duties.

¹This must refer to the purchase of Hughenden.

²No doubt Lord George Bentinck.



THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD AND
MR. M. CORRY, 1878
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



MEETING IN THE RIDING SCHOOL, WELBECK

July 1884

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Colonel Welfitt | 7. Mr. Augustus Lumley |
| 2. Earl of Rosslyn | 8. Hon. G. N. Curzon |
| 3. Henry Bentinck | 9. Earl Manvers |
| 4. William Bentinck | 10. Sir Stafford Northcote |
| 5. Mr. Bemrose | 11. Portland, (Chairman) |
| 6. Viscountess Galway | 12. Viscount Galway |
| | 13. Mr. F. J. Turner |

‘The whole subject has been a most embarrassing one and I felt from the first it was impossible I could ever enter on it in detail personally with yourself and you will forgive me for continuing to abstain from doing so. I much regret the pecuniary loss you mention having sustained but trust it has been more than counter-balanced in your mind by the high position you have attained

I have the honour to be

Sir

Your very obedient Servant

SCOTT PORTLAND.¹

Lord Beaconsfield certainly bore no malice on this account, as the following letter, written twenty years later—which I am very glad to publish—amply shows:

10, DOWNING STREET,
WHITEHALL.

July 31 1877

MY LORD DUKE,

‘The Queen has lately, on more than one occasion, expressed to me Her Majesty’s admiration of the public spirit of Your Grace, characterised, as it is, not only by a large generosity² but by an original and independent tone on many great occasions, and a freedom from conventional commonplace, which the Queen appreciates and approves.

‘The Queen was pleased to express Her Majesty’s regret that it seemed not in Her power to signify Her Majesty’s sense of these rare qualities in one of the most exalted of Her subjects, and remarked to me on Sunday, that it would please Her

¹The 4th Duke of Portland assumed the name Scott by royal licence, after his marriage in 1795 to Henrietta, eldest daughter and coheirress of General John Scott of Balcomie. Their son, the late Duke, continued to use the name; but I never assumed it, as there is no Scott property in my possession, or at all events extremely little.

²As an instance of this I may say that, during the Crimean War, the Duke sent a large consignment—it was said a whole shipload—to the Troops, including a number of jars of home-brewed ale, for which Welbeck was then famous. When I succeeded, it was still made, being extremely dark in colour, and very strong. The brew-house was soon afterwards discontinued.

Majesty, if Your Grace would accept the Garter. The Queen added, that there being no vacancy in the Order at present, and it being thus conferred by Her Majesty's prerogative, it might be considered as peculiarly, and personally, the act of the Sovereign, and, in no degree, that of Her advisers.

'I have, therefore, to assure Your Grace, that I do not make this communication as a Minister, but as a private individual, honoured, in this respect, by Her Majesty's confidence. But tho' no political tie or sentiment are admitted into this transaction, I hope I may presume to add, that I feel favoured by being the instrument of conveying so distinguished a mark of the esteem of our Sovereign to the head of a great House for which I must ever feel respect and affection.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Grace's faithful servant,

BEACONSFIELD.'

The Duke, however, asked leave to decline the offer, as he said he did not appear in Society or take any part in public affairs, and had not done so for many years past.

When I was appointed Master of the Horse in 1886, Queen Victoria said to me, 'I am glad that you have become a member of my Household, because I have always heard a good report of you; and Lord Beaconsfield said to me, "If ever Your Majesty has an opportunity of recognising the young Duke of Portland, I hope Your Majesty will do so. I have always been much attached to the family of which he is now the head."' '

The first of many notable political gatherings held at Welbeck took place at the end of July, 1884, in support of the candidature of the Hon. George Curzon, afterwards Lord Curzon of Kedleston, for one of the Divisions of Derbyshire. A large meeting was held in the Riding School. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Conservative Party, then a guest of Mr. Augustus Lumley at Rufford, was the chief speaker; and Lady Northcote, Lady Albertha Edgcumbe, Lord Rosslyn, the Hon. E. Boscawen (afterwards Lord Falmouth) and other guests were

on the platform. I shall never forget the wonderful speech George Curzon delivered, nor the deep impression it created on everybody present. I acted as Chairman; and I well remember my nervousness, it being the first time that I had ever done so.

When the so-called Fourth Party was formed by Lord Randolph Churchill, with Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Sir John Gorst, and Arthur Balfour, Churchill sometimes gave political luncheons at his house in Connaught Place. I was present at one of these luncheons, either in 1884 or early in 1885. After a most excellent meal one of them said, 'Let's get up a good G.O.M. bait. We haven't had one for some time.' They all agreed that it should be done forthwith, and proceeded to discuss the subject. Gorst (I think) said, 'It has been in my mind for some time, for I've discovered that on a certain day not very long ago Mr. Gladstone said so-and-so, but now he says exactly the opposite.' 'Bravo!' said everybody: 'Now, how shall we set about it?' 'Well,' Randolph said, 'I think you, Gorst, might ask such-and-such a question, leading up to Mr. G.'s statement. Mr. Gladstone is bound to give the following reply. Drummond Wolff will then rise, and ask how the Prime Minister reconciles this with what he said in his other speech. Then we shall have him in a cleft stick. He can't possibly deny that he said it, because we can produce it in black and white.' Although they were continually attacking the G.O.M., as Mr. Gladstone was called, he was always extremely courteous to them, as he was in fact to everybody, particularly young men of marked ability. I must say that Arthur Balfour did not appear to be very keen about it; his attitude seemed to be that of amused tolerance. At the time of this luncheon Randolph and his friends were organising the Primrose League, and I have little doubt that I was invited because they were hoping for a good subscription—which they received! So I became a Knight Harbinger of the Primrose League, though to this day I have no notion what that means, except that I received an illuminated parchment certificate.

When Randolph was at the height of his political career, he addressed an important meeting at Derby, passing the following night as the guest of my old friend Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole at Radbourne. Next morning he asked very eagerly, 'What time do the newspapers come?' wishing, no doubt, to see the leading articles in the *Times* and other London journals. 'Newspapers?' replied Chandy: 'let me see—to-day is Tuesday—well, the *Derby Mercury* comes on Thursday afternoon.'

One day Chandy and his brother John were going by train on their way to hunt. They noticed that the newspaper-placards were black-edged, so Chandy said, 'Look, John: the papers are all in mourning. Let's buy one. Perhaps old Gladstone's dead!'

I met Mr. Gladstone only once, at a dinner party; and I remember how incessantly he talked, while we all sat silent and listened with interest and respect, not to say awe. His nephew John Gladstone, his brother's eldest son, was my brother-officer in the Coldstream Guards, and each year he invited some of his friends to Fasque and Glen Dye, his father's estates in Forfar—I beg pardon: I believe it is now officially known as Angus—where there were excellent grouse-shooting and deer-stalking. The G.O.M. was often there as the guest of his brother, who, I may say, was a lifelong Conservative, and made himself very pleasant and agreeable to the younger men, talking to them upon any subject which he thought would interest them, and showing most unexpected knowledge of hunting, shooting and other sports.

At one period of the ever-present Irish troubles Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, was advised to consult Lord Cloncurry, who was really a great authority, as to the state of that country. His secretary, however, made a mistake and invited, not Lord Cloncurry, but Lord Clonmell¹ a cheery Irishman whom I knew well, to call on him. Clonmell was much flattered by this, and kept the appointment. When he was

¹Lord Clonmell was nicknamed *Early*, because he was Lord Earlsfort before he succeeded.

shown in, Mr. Gladstone seemed a little surprised but said, 'Thank you very much indeed for coming to see me; I am anxious to consult you about the present state of Ireland.' He then, as was his custom, proceeded to give his own views at great length, and ended by saying, 'And now, my dear Lord, I should be deeply grateful for your opinion on this most difficult subject.' Clonmell, with his well-known lisp, replied, 'Well, if you want to know *my* view of the Irish thituation, I think it'th bloody, Mr. Gladthtone—thimply *bloody*!' 'Thank you for your very concise opinion,' replied Mr. Gladstone; 'I assure you you have thrown much light on the subject, and I am most grateful to you for calling on me.' I give this as an instance of Mr. Gladstone's unfailing courtesy, kindness and tact—not of the wisdom and knowledge displayed by Clonmell!

Tommy Scott, Clonmell's brother, engaged a hansom-cab in London. He sat in it without saying a word; and when the driver opened the trap-door and asked where he wanted to go, Tommy said, 'Don't you be so damned inquisitive!' I should explain that in Dublin, when well-known people jumped on to the cars and gave no directions, they were driven straight to the Kildare Street Club: so I suppose Tommy Scott had forgotten for once that he was in London, and not in Dublin.

Shortly before my marriage, Lord Salisbury was good enough to offer me the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, in the following exceedingly kind letter:

Private

April 17 89

MY DEAR PORTLAND,

'As you may have seen, Londonderry vacates the Lord Lieutenancy this year. Are you disposed to imitate one of your ancestors (or two?) and go to Ireland as his successor? Your residence would not be necessary before the late autumn.

'The Irish are pleased to have a man of great position at their head: and you would find Balfour an easy man to work with. The only drawback to the position is that it is expensive—but that matters less to you than to many people. A Vice Queen is

essential: but I hope that you will have taken out your qualification in that respect before November.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

SALISBURY.'

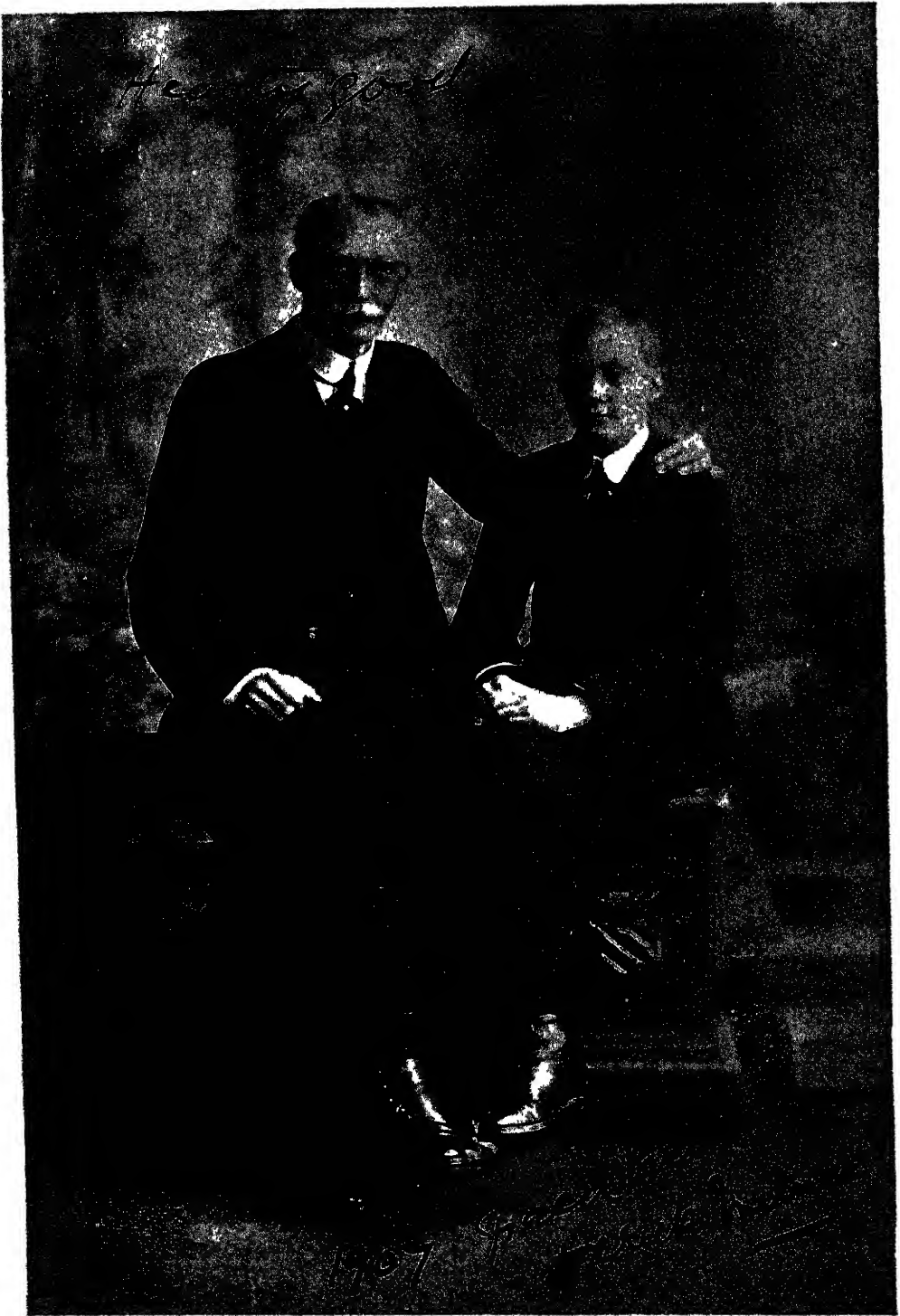
Though I felt extremely honoured by the suggestion, I did not see my way to accept it. The post was given to Lord Zetland, who was both popular and successful during his term of office, the Irish appreciating him as a statesman and good sportsman, and his wife as a most charming woman.

In 1889 I was appointed President of the National Union of Conservative Associations, which, in the autumn following, organised a large meeting in Nottingham, to hear Lord Salisbury, the then Prime Minister. A vast building was erected and one of the largest political meetings ever held in Nottingham was the result. Lord Salisbury delivered a splendid speech and so far as I remember the meeting was entirely successful. One amusing episode occurred, however, when my friend and neighbour Lord Manvers rose to propose a vote of thanks. He was an exceedingly slow and rather grandiloquent speaker, and after he had been on his legs for about a minute someone shouted from the back of the hall, 'Good old Manvers!' There were roars of laughter, and I am sure everybody agreed that this was an excellent description of the worthy old gentleman. Among others present at the meeting were the Rt. Hon. James Lowther, Mr. William Beckett, Lady Salisbury, the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, Lord Scarbrough, the Earl of Cranbrook, Lord Rowton, Mr. Charles Stuart-Wortley (afterwards Lord Stuart of Wortley; he married a daughter of Sir J. E. Millais), Lord and Lady Brownlow, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Schomberg McDonnell, and Lord and Lady Granby.

During the Home Rule controversy I took the chair at a large meeting at Nottingham. Lord James of Hereford, who, in conjunction with Lord Hartington, Joseph Chamberlain, John Bright and others, had become a Liberal Unionist, was the



THE HON. GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON, M.P.
1892
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



FRED AND DERICK MILNER

chief speaker. He was to be supported by an eloquent gentleman from Ireland, of course in opposition to the Home Rule scheme. The eloquent Irishman had not arrived when the meeting began, but after Lord James had spoken for about five minutes someone whispered to me, 'The Irishman is here, but I think it very inadvisable that he should be allowed on the platform in his present state.' I whispered in reply, 'Take him to an hotel, give him another whisky and soda, put him to bed, lock the door, and tell the servants not to allow him out under any circumstances.' After a while the man came back and said, 'It's all right; he's in bed, and is our captive.' So the meeting went off very well. I really do not know what would have happened, or what would have been the effect on the cause, if the gentleman had appeared on the platform. To such depths, and to such necessary devices, do politics reduce their followers!

My old friend Sir Frederick Milner, for many years M.P. for Bassetlaw, the district around Welbeck, had formerly been member for York. During the electoral campaign there his meetings were often interrupted by a Radical grocer, whom Fred and his friends nicknamed 'Treacle Tommy'. Treacle Tommy retaliated by calling Milner 'Frothy Fred'. In 1880, at a meeting in Worksop at which I was in the chair, an individual handed up a written question—for Milner was very deaf—asking, 'Is it true, Sir Frederick, that you were known in York as Frothy Fred?' Milner, without a moment's hesitation replied, 'Yes, and a very good name it was too, because I was successful: so Froth went to the top, and Treacle Tommy and his friends went to the bottom.'

Fred was extremely fond of writing letters on political subjects to the *Times* and other leading newspapers. He was well aware that if he sent a letter in his own name to the *Times*, it would receive little attention; but if he could enclose with it even two words of acknowledgment from Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, he knew that his letter would be given a prominent place. He also knew that if Mrs. Gladstone was at home she would certainly intercept any note he might send to

her husband, whom she guarded from every needless trouble. Mr. Gladstone, however, often went to Brighton or some other seaside place during the parliamentary vacations. Fred noticed that Mrs. Gladstone generally left London a week or so before her husband, in order (as Fred expressed it) to 'warm the family nest'. So, when the time came, he carefully scanned the newspapers, and directly he saw that Mrs. Gladstone had left London, he wrote a letter on some political subject, and sent it by his servant to be delivered into Mr. Gladstone's own hands. The unsuspecting G.O.M. invariably fell into the trap and sent a most courteous reply, saying he would give careful consideration to whatever question the letter raised. This was all Fred wanted. Next morning his letter appeared in a prominent place in all the papers, under headlines such as 'Interesting correspondence between Sir Frederick Milner and the Prime Minister'. However, when Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister—I may say that he was Fred's intimate friend at Oxford, having been 'up' at the House with him—Fred tried the same tactics once too often; for he wrote a letter, and sent it to Rosebery with a covering note in which he said, 'My dear R., I intend to publish this letter and your reply in the daily press. Yours, F.' But, alas for Fred Milner, the reply was sharp, curt and to the point. It was, 'My dear F., Go to hell. Yours, Ry.' Needless to say, this was the end of Fred's journalistic success at Rosebery's expense!

As is only too well known, at all events to a good many people, the death duties were introduced in 1893 by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr. Gladstone's last Government. I believe the details of the measure were worked out by Mr. Alfred (afterwards Lord) Milner, who was then at the head of the Inland Revenue Department. They were strongly opposed in the House of Commons by the Conservative Party, as it was foreseen that, sooner or later, they would cause the ruin of the landed proprietors and do great harm to a vast number of other interests in the country. Shortly after the Bill was passed, I met a prominent Cabinet

Minister, himself a very large landed proprietor, at a Saturday to Monday party. He admitted that the new duties would be a serious blow to all property owners, especially those who drew their income from landed estates. When asked why he had not opposed the measure, he replied that it would have been quite useless, as his colleagues were determined to pass it. Someone remarked that, when a Conservative Government came into power again, the measure might possibly be repealed. 'Never,' replied the Cabinet Minister. 'You need have no hope of that. No Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whatever party he may belong, has ever, in my long experience of public affairs, given up an easy means of raising revenue, especially when it affects only a small minority of the electorate, and can be applied with hardly any loss of votes.' How true was his opinion, and what disastrous results have followed! It is evident that the death duties have ruined landed estates, and are fast ruining the agricultural interests in the country too. They seem to me to be bad finance as well: for, instead of having been used to create (as they would have done) a stupendous fund, by this time paying a huge interest, which could have been used for all sorts of national purposes, they have been and are still treated as annual revenue.

When Lord Salisbury was forming his government after the return to power of the Conservative Party in 1895, he appointed Mr. Walter Long as President of the Board of Agriculture. On the evening before Parliament assembled, Lady Salisbury, as usual, gave a large party in Arlington Street; and Walter Long took this opportunity of thanking Lord Salisbury for the honour he had paid him and for his kindness in having given him the appointment. When Long went away, Lord Salisbury said to his wife, 'What a lucky thing it is that I appointed Mr. Long!—It will be so pleasant to see his charming, healthy young face whenever we have a Cabinet meeting.' It is well known that Mr. Long was a great success as Minister of Agriculture, as he was in every office he held until his death.

During Lord Salisbury's administration, the leader of the

opposition in the House of Lords made a rather pompous speech one day in February, saying he desired to draw the attention of the Prime Minister to an announcement made in the official organ of the Government, that an event of great importance to the Empire would occur during the following October. Could the Prime Minister throw any light on the matter? Lord Salisbury slowly rose, and replied that, in the first place, he strongly denied that there was any 'official organ of the Government'. Perhaps, however, the noble Lord referred to the *Times*. He was not in a position to throw any light on the matter at the moment; but if the noble Lord would repeat his question later, he would do his best to answer it fully.

In due course the noble Lord asked the question again. Lord Salisbury replied that he had given the matter his serious consideration, and had made enquiry at the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and in every other Department which might be concerned. He regretted that he could obtain no information from them. 'But', he continued, 'when the usual sources of information had failed, a happy thought struck one of my secretaries—the youngest and brightest among them all. He proposed that I should consult *Old Moore's Almanack*. I instructed him to procure a copy; but, after a most diligent search by my secretaries and myself, we could find no prophecy of any important occurrence during next October, except a slight increase in the number of shooting stars. I thereupon consulted the Astronomer Royal, who expressed the opinion that this was unlikely to have any more grave effect upon the British Empire than upon any other part of the globe. If, in the meantime, any further information should become available, I will at once communicate it to the noble Lord.' At this there was much laughter.

Lord and Lady Salisbury were kind enough to invite my wife and myself to be their guests at Hatfield on several occasions. We met the German Emperor there and, on another visit, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. I have a very clear recollection of this visit because, during dinner, Lord Salisbury seemed to



20, ARLINGTON STREET.

S.W.

March 1, 1890

My dear Portland

The Queen has

again me permission

to ask you whether we

will accept the Garter

vacated by the death of the

Duke of Westminster,

Yours very truly

Salisbury

S
1890

THE 3RD MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, K.G.
(Violet Granby, 1899)

"My dear Portland,

The Queen has given me permission to ask you whether you will accept the Garter vacated by the death of the Duke of Westminster?"



Above: THE 7TH DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.
Below: THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, 1903
By permission of the National Portrait Gallery

discuss important political events with Lord Kitchener with surprising openness and candour. When Lord Salisbury went to bed, his private secretary, Sir Schomberg McDonnell, said, 'Lord Salisbury has asked me to tell you all that he resigned his office as Prime Minister this afternoon. He wanted you to hear the news from himself, before you see it announced in tomorrow's newspapers. No doubt you noticed how open he was with Lord Kitchener; and now you understand the reason.' Everyone present was greatly touched by Lord Salisbury's kindly consideration, though exceedingly sorry to learn of his resignation from office. Mr. Balfour then became Prime Minister.

The late Lord Chaplin was at one time a great advocate of bimetallism. I took the chair for him at a meeting in Nottingham, when he gave an address on this somewhat obscure and difficult subject. There were not more than forty or fifty people present; and Harry Chaplin made an enormously long speech from notes written on slips of blue paper, each of which, as he finished with it, he dropped into his high hat, which was placed on the table in front of him. This continued for nearly two hours, by which time about half the audience had disappeared, while most of the others seemed to be asleep.

At the end of his speech, Harry invited his hearers to ask questions on any points they had failed to understand. This was received in silence; so, wishing to bring the proceedings to a close, I repeated the invitation. At last an old gentleman stood up, rubbing his eyes, and said, 'Would His Lordship mind telling us what it is all about?' Poor Harry looked a good deal taken aback, and said, 'Evidently I have failed to make myself clear; but I hardly know what to do, unless you would like me to repeat the whole of my speech over again.' At this I intervened with a loud 'No!' and brought the meeting to a hasty close, punctuated with cheers.

In 1904, soon after Joseph Chamberlain launched his Tariff Reform scheme, he asked me to allow a meeting to be held at Welbeck, in order that he might explain the scheme to a large number of farmers and others interested in agriculture

in the Midland Counties. I agreed to his request, but stipulated that he should send some experienced person to help with the organisation of the meeting. 'Certainly,' said Mr. Chamberlain, 'I will send you the finest hustler I know'; and in due course Mr. Arthur Pearson¹ appeared on the scene. He hustled to such good purpose that a vast number of agriculturists and others, at least ten thousand, attended a meeting in the riding school on August 4th. Among those on the platform were Mr. Henry Chaplin, Sir George Goldie, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, now Lord and Lady Desborough, and the 7th Duke of Rutland, then eighty-six years old. Mr. Chamberlain spoke for an hour, and proved a most clear and lucid exponent of his very complicated scheme. I noticed that his only note was a small piece of paper twisted round his fingers, to which I do not think he referred more than once or twice. During his speech a violent thunder-storm took place, rendering it difficult for him to make himself heard; but his voice was so clear and ringing that it quite filled the large riding school. The storm caused a number of sparrows and other small birds to take refuge in the building, and they not only interrupted the meeting by their twitters, but saluted it in another manner, generally considered lucky, as they flew about.

It was an interesting coincidence that the venerable Duke of Rutland was present because, as Lord John Manners, he had been not only a colleague but an intimate friend of Lord George Bentinck and Disraeli, during the famous Free Trade *versus* Protection controversy sixty years before. After the death of Lord George in 1848, Lord John's elder brother²—then Marquis of Granby and afterwards the 6th Duke of Rutland—was elected leader of the Protectionist Party with Lord Herries, Disraeli acting as their chief adviser; but he almost immediately became the leader himself. When I mentioned the Duke's

¹Afterwards Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., G.B.E., the founder of St. Dunstan's for the care of blinded sailors, soldiers and airmen.

²See Appendix IV.

presence to Mr. Chamberlain, and reminded him of His Grace's connection with the Protectionist Party in 1845, he was exceedingly interested. I remember that he said, 'Oh! dear, Oh! dear; what a long time I have wasted. If only my eyes and those of the people I am now trying to convert had been opened sooner, how much better it would have been for the country.'¹ The little table from which Mr. Chamberlain spoke is now in my sitting-room, and bears the following inscription :

'This table was used by the Earl of Rosebery, at his great meeting at Chesterfield, 18th December, 1901; also by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the Riding School at Welbeck, 4th August, 1904; and also by the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, at two great meetings at Welbeck, Whit Monday, 1925, and Whit Monday, 1928, more than fifty thousand people being present on these two occasions; and again on Whit Monday, 1931, when Mr. Baldwin was Leader of the Opposition.'

I remember two amusing stories which the 7th Duke of Rutland told me about himself. When a boy, he was allowed to hunt with the Belvoir Hounds; but he was forbidden to go more than a short distance away from the Castle, being told that he must be home for his lessons by a certain time. One day the hounds ran a fox to ground quite near the Castle. John Manners was so delighted with the lengthy process of digging it out that he said to an old sportsman, 'If I am ever Master of these hounds, I shall spend a great deal of my time digging out foxes. What fun it is!' 'Then I hope to God, young gentleman, you never *will* be Master,' was the crushing reply. In his youth Lord John grew a beard, but, as some of his constituents objected, he consulted Lord George Bentinck about it. Of course they both treated it as a joke, and Lord George said, 'If I were you, I should refer the matter to a jury of matrons. Ask them whether they prefer you with a beard, or clean-shaven, and be guided by what they say.'

When we visited the Dudleys at Witley in December, 1901,

¹I am glad to have lived to see the reintroduction of Protection after so many years, for I am convinced that it is the right policy at the present time, especially for agriculture.

we travelled by train from Chesterfield. I noticed that a large wooden building had been erected near the station, in which, I was told, Lord Rosebery was to speak that evening; and he delivered an oration which afterwards became famous as his Clean Slate speech.

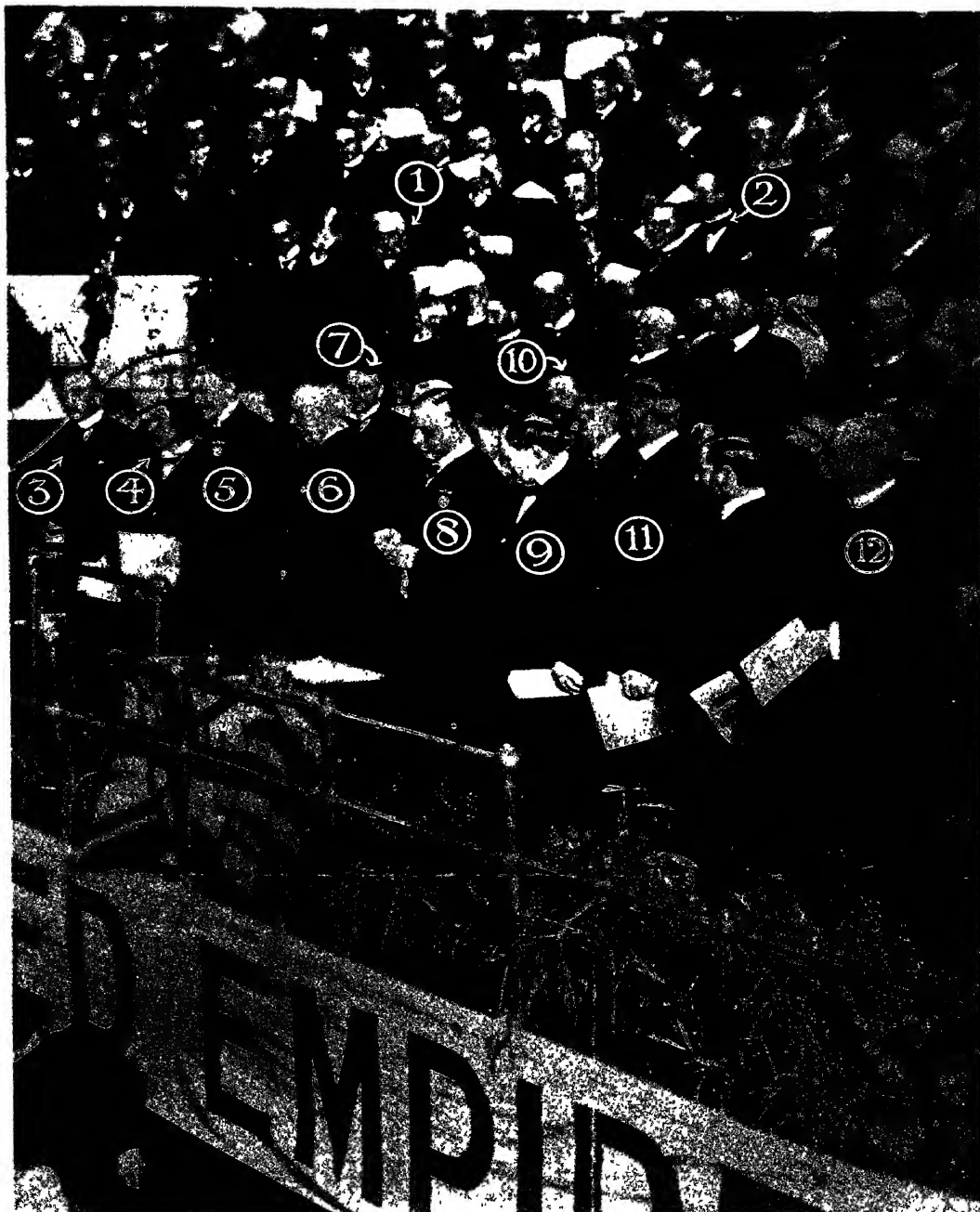
On arrival at Witley, we met Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. I mentioned the building at Chesterfield, and remarked, 'I wonder what Rosebery will say.' Chamberlain replied, 'I am fairly sure he will say this, that, and the other thing.' I asked him why he thought so, and he answered, 'Because, when I put myself in his place, that, to my mind, is the only fresh line open to him. In fact, I feel so sure of it that I have drafted a leading article for tomorrow's *Birmingham Post*, of which I am a Director, dealing with the speech on those lines.'

So sound was Chamberlain's judgment that, when the speech appeared in print next morning, it was almost point for point as he had predicted; and his article was able to appear as it stood. I think this is a wonderfully good instance of Mr. Chamberlain's foresight and good judgment.

Chamberlain's secession from the Liberal Party seemed to me a great act of patriotism, for without doubt he would otherwise have been Prime Minister before the end of his career. I remember, however, his saying to my wife that he had no further ambition of that sort, and that all his political hopes were now centred in the career of his sons¹.

I consider that Lord Hartington, afterwards the 8th Duke of Devonshire, was one of the most remarkable and able men I have ever had the good fortune to know. He was extremely straightforward, and never prevaricated or distorted the truth in any way. I have been told that, when he was a Cabinet Minister, Lord Salisbury relied very much upon his judgment. I have heard it said that, on an occasion when the Cabinet could not decide between two possible lines of action, Lord Salisbury

¹As is well known, Sir Austen Chamberlain, at the time of his lamented death, had held nearly every Cabinet appointment and was, moreover, a Knight of the Garter, while his younger brother, Neville, is now Prime Minister. So Mr. Chamberlain's hopes have been happily realised.



MR. BALFOUR AT THE ALBERT HALL, NOTTINGHAM

November 17th, 1910

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Mr. Spalding | 7. Rt. Hon. E. G. Pretyman |
| 2. Viscount Castlereagh | 8. Portland, (Chairman) |
| 3. Earl Manvers | 9. Rt. Hon. H. Chaplin |
| 4. Lord Northcote | 10. Lord Desborough |
| 5. Sir A. F. Acland-Hood, Bt. | 11. Lord Kenyon |
| 6. Rt. Hon. A. Balfour | 12. Viscount Galway |



IVY GORDON LENNOX AND
MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR
Welbeck, 1913

said, 'I am sure we should all like to know the Duke of Devonshire's opinion'; and it was then found that the Duke had been fast asleep ever since the discussion began. When he woke up, Lord Salisbury explained the pros and cons of the matter over again for his benefit. Devonshire at once, in most lucid terms, expressed his opinion, which was accepted by his colleagues as the right decision to come to.

The Duke suffered much from constitutional somnolence. One afternoon, finding the Ministerial Bench in the House of Lords occupied, he sat on another bench next to me, and in two minutes was asleep. When he woke with a start, he looked at the clock and said, 'Good heavens! What a bore! I shan't be in bed for another seven hours!'

One morning his servant called him at the usual time, but he gave one glance through the window and said, 'Go away! There's a horrible fog this morning, and I'm not going to get up yet.' The servant returned two hours later, with the same result. Later still, the man returned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Your Grace; it is luncheon time. That is not fog you see through the window—it is a tent Her Grace has had put up in the garden for a party this afternoon.'

A member of the family has kindly written to me as follows:

'... Here are the two stories about my uncle which I told you yesterday.

'He is supposed to have said, "I had a horrid nightmare. I dreamed that I was making a speech in the House of Lords—and I woke up and found I was actually doing so."

'After my uncle's death a letter from Lord Salisbury was found among his papers, evidently in reply to one from him recommending two very worthy and respectable members of the House of Commons for peerages. Lord Salisbury wrote, "I am doubtful about B's chastity; and as regards H.—the House of Lords has survived many shocks, but do you really think it would survive H.'s elevation?"'

'You are most welcome to bring these into your reminiscences....'

When Joseph Chamberlain introduced his policy of Tariff Reform, the Duke, who had been brought up as a Liberal and was a Free Trader, felt extremely unwilling to accept it, and in the end did not do so. However, he was too loyal to his colleagues in the Cabinet to relinquish office in a hurry; and he excused his reluctance to do so by saying he thought it was for the country's good that he should act as 'a brake to the wheel'. Lord Rosebery asked him three leading questions in the House of Lords. In order to be quite explicit, Rosebery had written these down; and when he finished his speech, he handed the paper to the Duke, with a request for direct answers. The Duke read the questions carefully, grew very red and confused, and replied, 'I can't answer, and I won't answer. That is all I have to say.' Three or four days later he sent in his resignation.

Lord Reay, the President of the London School Board, whose family had lived in Holland for several generations, made rather a long speech in the House of Lords, which he read from a paper in a guttural voice. It was the Duke's duty to reply; but, when he rose, all he said was, 'I am sorry not to be able to answer the noble Lord; for, to tell the truth, I did not understand one word he said. If the noble Lord will kindly send me his script, I will carefully consider it, and will reply either in this House or in writing.' Lord Reay joined in the general laughter, and admitted his poor pronunciation of English. Lord Reay¹ was, as his successor is now, chief of the Clan Mackay. His family formerly owned a very large estate in the north of Sutherland, which they sold to the Duke of Sutherland at the beginning of the nineteenth century. There is still a charming house at Tongue, which was once the family residence. They have since lived chiefly in Holland, as Dutch subjects, though I believe the present Lord Reay has become a naturalised Englishman.

When, as Lord Hartington, the Duke of Devonshire was

¹In spite of the disability to which I refer, Lord Reay had a very distinguished career. At various times he was Governor of Bombay, Under-Secretary of State for India, and first President of the British Academy. He was an Honorary Doctor of several Universities.

Member for the Rossendale Division of Lancashire, he was appointed a Cabinet Minister. In those days it was necessary to seek re-election upon appointment to the Cabinet. Sir Henry James, afterwards Lord James of Hereford, told me that he accompanied Hartington to Rossendale, and asked him about his intended speech. Hartington gave him the outline of it. On arrival, they found that three meetings had been arranged for that evening. At the first, Hartington spoke for about fifty minutes. They then drove on to the next meeting and, in answer to an enquiry from James, Hartington said, 'Oh, I shall just make the same speech over again.' When they reached the hall, however, they found that most of the leading reporters had followed them. On this being brought to his notice, Hartington remarked, 'What an awful bore! I must make another speech'; and this he did, very well indeed, on an entirely different range of subjects. At the third meeting, to their horror, they found the same reporters again; and Hartington repeated his wonderful feat, making a third speech, no less effective and closely reasoned than the others, but again on a different range of subjects. After telling me this, James said, 'I never really realised till then what an able man Hartington is, and what a wonderful brain he has. I don't believe any other man of my acquaintance could have done such a thing. He had no notes, but he seemed to have every subject at his fingers' ends.'

It was said that Lord Salisbury never allowed anything to interfere with the transaction of public business, except what he termed 'the Duke of Devonshire's holy days'—that is, days upon which the more important races were decided. When discussing dates for Meetings of the Cabinet, he was always careful to ask 'Are you quite sure that isn't one of Devonshire's holy days?'

When the King of Portugal was my guest at Welbeck, he gave me the high Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword. He also invested the Duke of Devonshire with the same Order. Not long afterwards, I paid a visit to Chatsworth to meet H.M. When the Duke greeted me on arrival he said, 'How do you do,

brother of the Order of the Elephant and Castle?—For that is the name of the Order we've both been given, isn't it?

The Duke wore the Order for Dinner, and afterwards, as usual, he played bridge. He had one bad hand after another dealt to him, till at last he said, 'I believe this damned Elephant and Castle is bringing me bad luck. If I have another poor hand I shall throw the wretched thing into the fire.' Soveral, then Portuguese Minister to this country, was standing just behind, and joined in the laughter. The Duke was well known to be no respecter of persons or lover of 'badges and chains and things', as he called them.

I have lately (July 1937) heard a discussion as to the relative merits of the speeches made in the Upper and Lower Houses on great occasions; and it was agreed that, taking it as a whole, the speaking in the House of Lords is better than that in the House of Commons. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, as we all know that some of the most able men are from time to time recruited from the Lower House to the House of Lords. I do not think, however, that many votes are influenced by speeches, most individuals having already made up their minds as to the course they intend to take.

During the discussion, many suggestions were made as to the best speakers during the last fifty years, and it seemed to be generally agreed that the 8th Duke of Argyll was among the best. I myself remember an occasion when he spoke, I believe, in opposition to one of the Home Rule Bills. Though not tall, he was a man of most commanding presence; and, as he spoke from the Front Opposition Bench, he rested his hand on an oak walking-stick. He had a leonine head of hair, through which he occasionally passed his hand, emphasizing his periods with repeated thumps of his stick.

On another occasion he addressed the House in magniloquent language for some time. Lord Rosebery replied, as we all thought, rather disrespectfully, for he said, 'The noble Duke has made full use of his wonderful gift of oratory; yet he seemed to me to use words more worthy of a pedantic Scots pedagogue



MOUNT STEWART, JANUARY, 1914
Standing: Col Dakenham Gen Richardson Manness of Londonderry Sir



CHARLIE BERESFORD
(Violet Granby, 1899)

than of a great statesman, as he undoubtedly is.' We all held our breath; but the noble Duke only gave an extra thump with his stick and took no further notice.

I remember that Lord Cawdor made a fine and convincing oration upon the Home Rule Bill. I believe he was then First Lord of the Admiralty and, for the time being, Leader of the House.

Colonel E. J. Saunderson, the well-known M.P. for North Armagh, who lived in County Cavan, was a most excellent political speaker. He was, too, a very witty and attractive man, with many amusing stories to tell of political meetings in the North of Ireland and elsewhere. At one of these he was finishing his speech feeling rather pleased with himself, when (as he described it) a 'little spalpeen of a boy, in rags and with a dirty face, jumped up and shouted at the top of his very shrill voice, "Shut up Saunderson—ye bore me! Ye fill me with onwee (*ennui*)"'! This remark was greeted with roars of laughter, in which Saunderson joined as heartily as anyone: so, for the moment at least, it attained its object.

Two very distinguished Irish peers, both in their time leaders of the Irish Bar, had an amusing difference of opinion in the House of Lords. Lord X., who occupied a seat on the Treasury bench, made a most eloquent speech, as was his usual custom. When he had finished, Lord Y. jumped to his feet and, with apparent anger and much native eloquence, denounced him. 'My Lords,' he began, 'I have listened with impatience to every word my noble friend has said, for it seemed to me that the whole of his statement was one long *ipse dixit*. He did not give a single word of proof or sound argument. It was *ipse dixit* this, and *ipse dixit* that, and *ipse dixit* everything else. But I would have the noble Lord to know that I care no more for his *ipse dixit* on this question, or on any other, than I would for that of any little bhoy in the streets of old Dublin.' This tirade went on for about ten minutes, while the House rocked with suppressed laughter. It was reported afterwards that, as Y. was beating the palm of his hand with his fist, X. whispered, 'Sure, he wishes it was my

head that he had under his fist.' At last the noble Lord sat down, apparently exhausted. Soon afterwards, Lord X. rose to leave the House. As he passed his enemy he tapped him on the knee; they both went out together, arm in arm; and I saw them in the refreshment room afterwards, thoroughly enjoying one another's company.

Another witty Irish speaker was the Rt. Hon. David Plunket, afterwards created Lord Rathmore. I first heard him at a political meeting at Chesterfield, at which I took the chair. He had a slight hesitation in his speech, of which he made full and forceful use.

In 1895 Lord Ashbourne, then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, attended a meeting in Worksop. Frank Mildmay made a speech, and was subjected to a good deal of interruption. After the meeting, Ashbourne said to me, 'Young Mildmay is a sticky young fellow.' Not understanding, I said, 'No, no—I thought he spoke very well.' 'So he did,' replied Ashbourne; 'what I meant was that he stuck to his point through all the interruptions.'

In January or February, 1914, I had the pleasure of paying a visit to Lord Londonderry at Mount Stewart. Mr. Walter Long, Mr. James Craig (now Lord Craigavon, the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland), and his brother, who was unfortunately killed early in the War, were among the guests. We saw preparations being made for the resistance to Home Rule, and attended several parades of the troops. So widespread was the movement that we noticed a peer of the realm in the ranks, being drilled by his butler. I also attended a luncheon and two large meetings at which Londonderry, Carson, Walter Long and others spoke—all, of course, very strongly in opposition to Home Rule.

At one of the meetings, in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, I made a short speech. I was introduced by Lord Londonderry, who was in the chair, as the direct descendant of the Earl of Portland who commanded the cavalry under King William of pious and immortal memory, at the Battle of the Boyne. I was given a

tremendous reception; and it seemed to me that the people thought the Battle of the Boyne had been fought in very recent times. When we left the meeting we heard reports and saw flashes of light. I remarked, 'Good gracious! Has the fighting begun already?' 'Oh, dear me, no!' was the reply, 'they're only popping off revolvers in honour of the Battle of the Boyne, and as a special salute to you.'

I was also taken to one of the large shipyards, and was asked whether I should like to talk to some of the men. I replied that I should, very much indeed; and I said, 'I am told you are all bitterly opposed to Home Rule.' 'We are indeed,' was the reply; 'we'd rather submit to a bombardment.' 'Well,' I remarked, 'I think you have a most excellent leader in Sir Edward Carson.' 'We all believe in him,' they said, 'and so long as he's staunch against Home Rule we'll follow him to the death.' I am quite sure they would have done so.

Lord Londonderry told me a story to show what extreme Protestants they were. One of his friends was travelling by train between Belfast and Newtownards, when an individual in the carriage abused the Pope. Londonderry's friend listened for a while, and finally asked the man why he was so bitter. 'I have just come from Rome,' he added, 'and I assure you that the Pope is a very good man, and highly respected.' 'That may be so in Rome,' said the man, 'but he has a very bad reputation indeed in Newtownards.'

Besides the interest of the meetings, I had two days' excellent shooting at Mount Stewart, with plenty of woodcock to miss and to hit.

VIII. SAILORS AND SOLDIERS

Among our Naval friends was dear old Sir Harry Keppel,¹ who not only distinguished himself in the Crimea, but was present at the destruction of the Chinese Navy in 1857, and during the suppression of the Taiping rebellion. He was a great favourite of the late King Edward, and especially so of Queen Alexandra, whom he adored and who often spoke of him as 'my dear little Admiral'. I met him at Ascot, and said, 'How are you, Sir Harry?' 'Dying fast, my boy! Dying fast! But for heaven's sake give me some luncheon, for I'm very hungry.' When he commanded at Plymouth, Charlie Beresford was his Flag-Lieutenant. He took Charlie with him to a shooting party; and the Admiral was advancing with the beaters, when the guns ahead heard bullets whistling and saw branches of trees falling. Sir Harry had been shooting wild boar in Albania; and his sailor-servant was loading his gun with ball ammunition left over from that expedition!

After a dinner-party, the Admiral and Charlie drove back to Plymouth. They took the toll-gate off its hinges and brought it back to the Flagship where, in order to get rid of it, they burnt it in the furnace. I wonder what would have happened if this had been reported in the newspapers! But the Admiral was up to every boyish prank, especially when in Charlie Beresford's company.

Years later, when Charlie was a Captain, Sir Harry, who by this time was no longer on active service, dined with him on board his vessel. When returning to shore, he unfortunately missed his footing and fell into the sea. He was promptly hauled

¹Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., O.M., 1809-1904.

out and, gasping for breath, said, 'Charlie, on no account let my wife know about this, or she'll say I was drunk.'

Charlie Beresford was a very popular and extremely well-known character in his day. His Irish *bonhomie* and ready wit procured him many friends wherever he went. When he was not serving at sea, he was a Member of the House of Commons; and when he was not a Member of the House of Commons, he was serving at sea. He was very often my guest at Welbeck, Newmarket and Langwell, where he died with tragic suddenness after dinner, as I have related in Chapter IX of my earlier book, *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*. It was rather curious that our dear old friend Major Baker-Carr, who was with him when he died, should have said, 'What a happy end it was for Charlie. I hope I may go in the same way when my time comes.' His wish was fulfilled.

When I visited Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, then Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Captain Alfred Paget arrived to take command of a ship. A son of Lord Alfred Paget, of whom I have written in Chapter V, he later became an Admiral and was knighted. When I met him at Portsmouth, he had been employed for some time in the Admiralty, and seemed quite delighted to be again going to sea. With great difficulty, the Admiral persuaded him to tell the following story.

He was very fond of ballooning and early one morning, he descended from a balloon by parachute, not attached to it in the usual way, but holding on by his hands. He landed on the roof of a Parsonage, to the great consternation of the clergyman, his wife and his two daughters, who all ran into the garden in their night attire. Hearing one of the daughters exclaim, 'Fetch your gun, father. There's a burglar on the roof!' Paget quite calmly said, 'No, for God's sake don't fetch a gun. Get a ladder instead, and then give me some breakfast.' So all ended happily, over the family coffee-pot. When the Great War broke out, I believe he had retired from the Service; but he volunteered to join the Navy in any position, however subordinate, which the Admiralty might assign to him.

It always irritated Sir Michael if he heard anyone praise an officer for bravery. 'Brave? God bless my soul, of course he's brave! Who the devil thinks anything of that? They'd damned soon get rid of him if he wasn't. What you want is brains, as well as courage.'

A romantic lady talked to him of the hardships of the Navy in wartime. 'Hardships be damned! Why, I hear they now have hot rolls every morning for breakfast. Talk about hardships in the trenches, if you like, but not in the Navy.'

At one of my Coldstream parties, General Sir Geoffrey Fielding was among the guests. He told us that, when a young man, he visited the Crimea with his father, General the Hon. Sir Percy Fielding (1827–1904), who showed him the valley where the charge of Balaclava took place, and gave him the following account of it.

Sir Percy, then serving in the Coldstream Guards, was Piquet Officer for the day. He visited the outposts of the army, and then proceeded to Lord Raglan's quarters to present his report. As he was leaving, Lord Raglan said, 'I want you to call upon Lord Lucan,¹ and tell him to bring in the guns at the side of the valley, which we lost a few days ago, if he can do so without undue risk.' At this moment Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, A.D.C. to General Airey, arrived with a message. 'No matter now,' said Lord Raglan to Fielding, 'Nolan will take the message. Did you hear and understand what I said, Nolan?' 'Yes, my lord', replied Nolan, 'I quite understand.' He and Fielding then rode off.

When they arrived at Lord Lucan's quarters, Fielding said to Nolan, 'You're quite sure you remember the message?' 'Yes—I am to say that if Lord Lucan sees a favourable opportunity and can do so without much difficulty, he is to bring in the guns.' At that moment up rode Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Cavalry Brigade and lived, not in camp, but on his yacht in Balaclava Harbour. In a rather offensive manner, he said to Nolan, 'What's that you are saying, young fellow?' Nolan, a

¹The Earl of Lucan commanded the Cavalry Division.

hot-tempered Irishman, was much nettled, and replied perhaps somewhat disrespectfully. 'By God!' Cardigan said, 'If I come through this alive, I'll have you court-martialled for speaking to me in that manner.'

The charge took place soon afterwards, Lord Cardigan leading, and Nolan riding close to him. Before they had gone any distance, a round-shot hit Nolan in the chest; and, after galloping round and round, waving his sword, he fell dead from his horse. Cardigan, as is well known, led the charge, attacking the Russian batteries at the end of the valley instead of bringing in the guns, which had been left at its side. That, in a few words, is the account Sir Geoffrey's father gave him of this celebrated affair. He added, 'Of course it was a terrible mistake and a muddled business altogether.'

My old friend Sir George Wombwell (1832-1913), then a Cornet in the 17th Lancers, had his horse killed at the very beginning of the famous charge. He was taken prisoner by the Cossacks and was standing with them, when he saw a loose horse galloping past. He made a dash for it and, being a very active young man, vaulted on to its back. One of the Cossacks pursued him with a lance; but, luckily for Wombwell, the point turned on the silver pouch he wore on his back, and failed to injure him. I have seen the pouch at Newborough; it has a hole through one side.

Before Wombwell could check the horse, it galloped a little way up the valley, and was then killed. In the meantime the Cossacks from whom he had escaped were cut down by our heavy cavalry. Sir George amused everyone when he told the tale, for he said that the second horse had a brand-new saddle and bridle; so, being a canny Yorkshireman, he took them both off, and walked back to the British lines with them on his back. Sir George, therefore, had three narrow escapes during the charge of Balaclava. Later in life, he was one of the few survivors of the terrible hunting accident in Newby Park, near York, when several of his friends were drowned in the swollen river. He sat on the keel of the capsized ferry-boat, and assisted some of the others to mount it, thereby saving their lives.

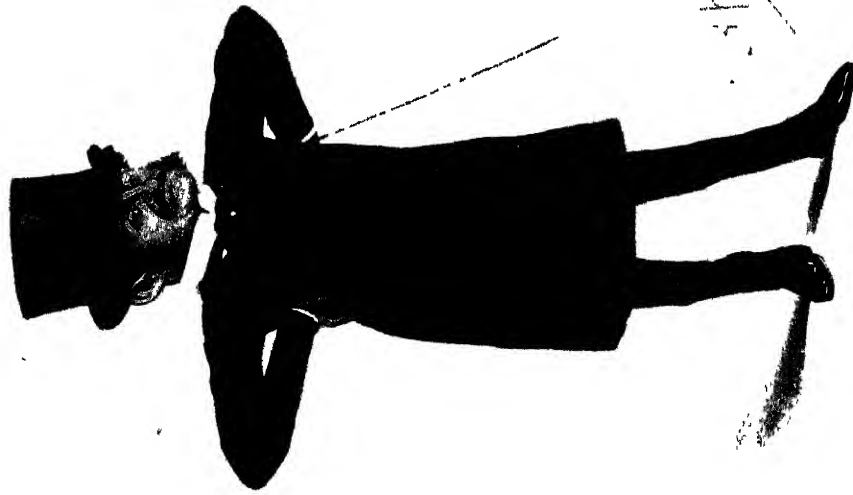
Sir George, who was a very well-known and popular figure in Yorkshire, was a great patron of the drama. One night he was sitting in a box in the theatre at York, smoking a large cigar, when the chief actor objected to the smoke and refused to proceed until it was stopped. One of Sir George's admirers in the gallery promptly shouted, 'Go on with your play-acting, and leave our Sir Gearge to enjoy himself.'

He was a first-rate judge of a horse, and never averse to a deal. I once showed him some Shire mares and foals, one of which was a piebald. This seemed to take Sir George's fancy, and he asked the stud-groom, Donald McCunn, what he would ask for it. The man made no reply, but looked rather doubtfully at me. Wombwell said again, 'What is your price?' and he answered, 'Weel, Sir George, that would depend upon the kind of mer-rchant I was dealing wi'.'

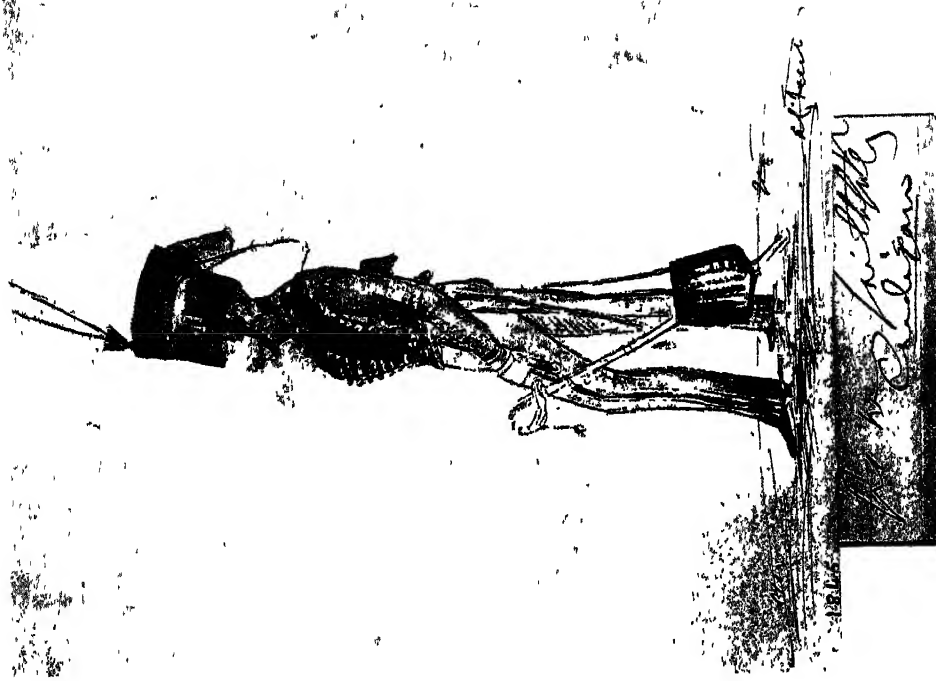
Sir George was a great ally of a well-known Yorkshire dealer in hackney horses, known as Gypsy Jack, who won many prizes at the local horse shows, at which Sir George was often a judge. Mrs. Gypsy Jack, a very good-looking, smart woman, was no doubt of great assistance to her husband, for she drove his horses in first-rate style. On one occasion, when Sir George handed her the winning rosette, she caused everyone great amusement by inviting him to sit by her side during her drive round the ring—which he did.

I was well acquainted with Colonel Fred Burnaby; indeed he married my first cousin, Lizzie Whitshed. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever came across, being not only enormously big and powerful but unusually handsome, and a man of great ability as well. When I first knew him, he had been chosen as Parliamentary Candidate for one of the Divisions of Birmingham in opposition, I believe, to John Bright. I am sure the difficulty of the task only added to his enjoyment of it, for he was a born fighter.

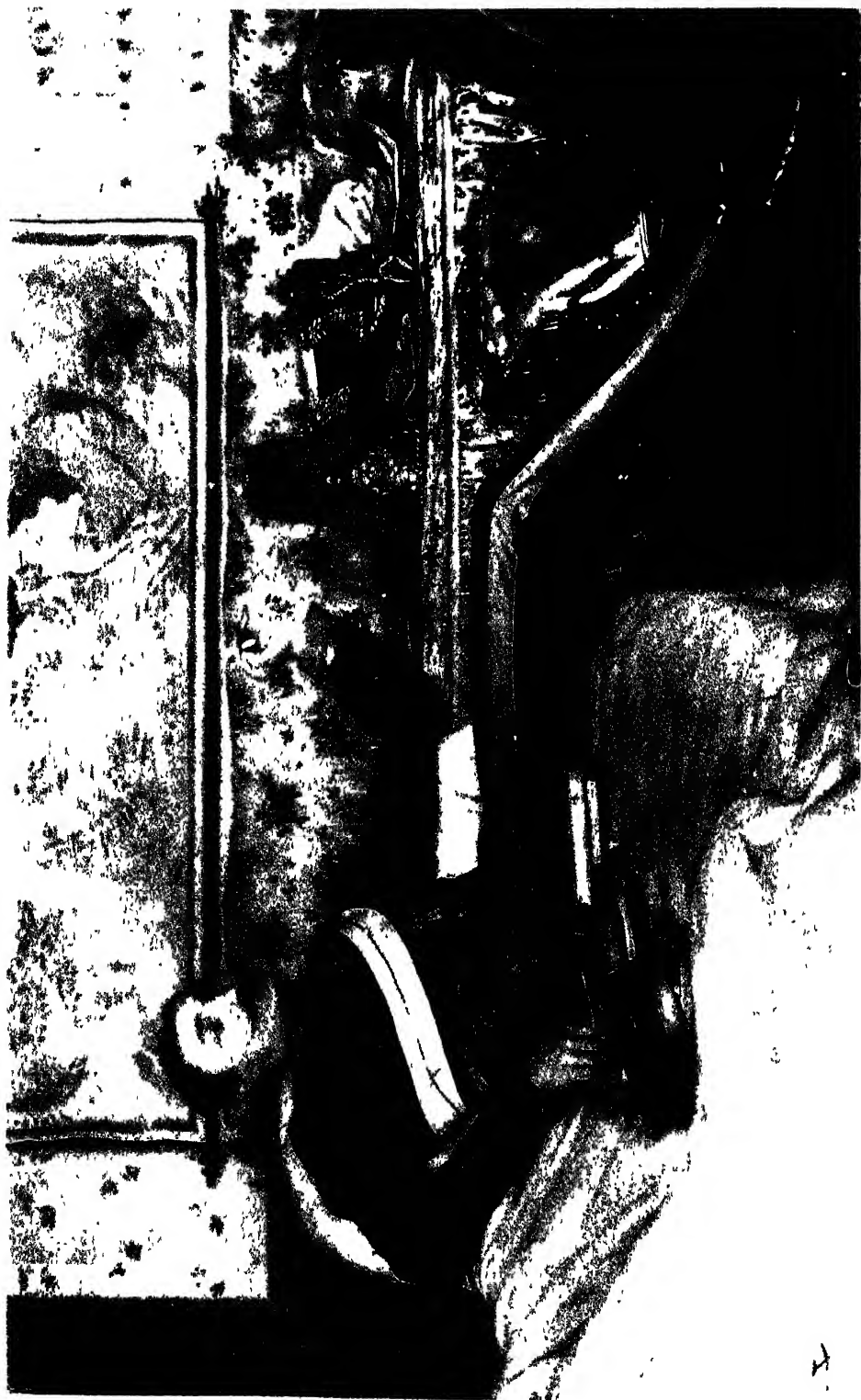
Colonel Burnaby, who was an officer in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), stood six feet four inches high, and had a splendid physique. He exercised with an enormous dumb-bell—I



SIR GEORGE WOMBWELL, BT.
1874
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



THE 7TH EARL OF CARDIGAN
(A. C., 1845)



FRED BURNABY
Royal Horse Guards
(J. Tissot, 1870)
By permission of the National Portrait Gallery

believe it weighed a hundredweight and a half—and could bend a poker round his own or anyone else's neck. He was very good-natured, and encouraged his young brother-officers to hit him on the chest as hard as ever they could, roaring with laughter when they asked whether it hurt him.

One officer in the Regiment, a supercilious, disagreeable young man whom Burnaby did not like at all, instead of hitting him on the chest like the rest of them, gave him a tremendous kick on the shins and said, 'Did *that* hurt?' Burnaby promptly seized him by the collar with one hand, carried him across the room, opened a window with the other hand, and quietly dropped him into the flower-beds a storey below.

As to his famous ride to Khiva, of which he himself wrote an account, I remember a funny story. He was entertained by a Khan, or some other high official, who complained of being in ill health. Burnaby listened to the symptoms and then gave the man a box of Cockle's pills, recommending him to take them until the box was empty. The Khan, with many expressions of gratitude, promptly swallowed the whole lot—and recovered his health!

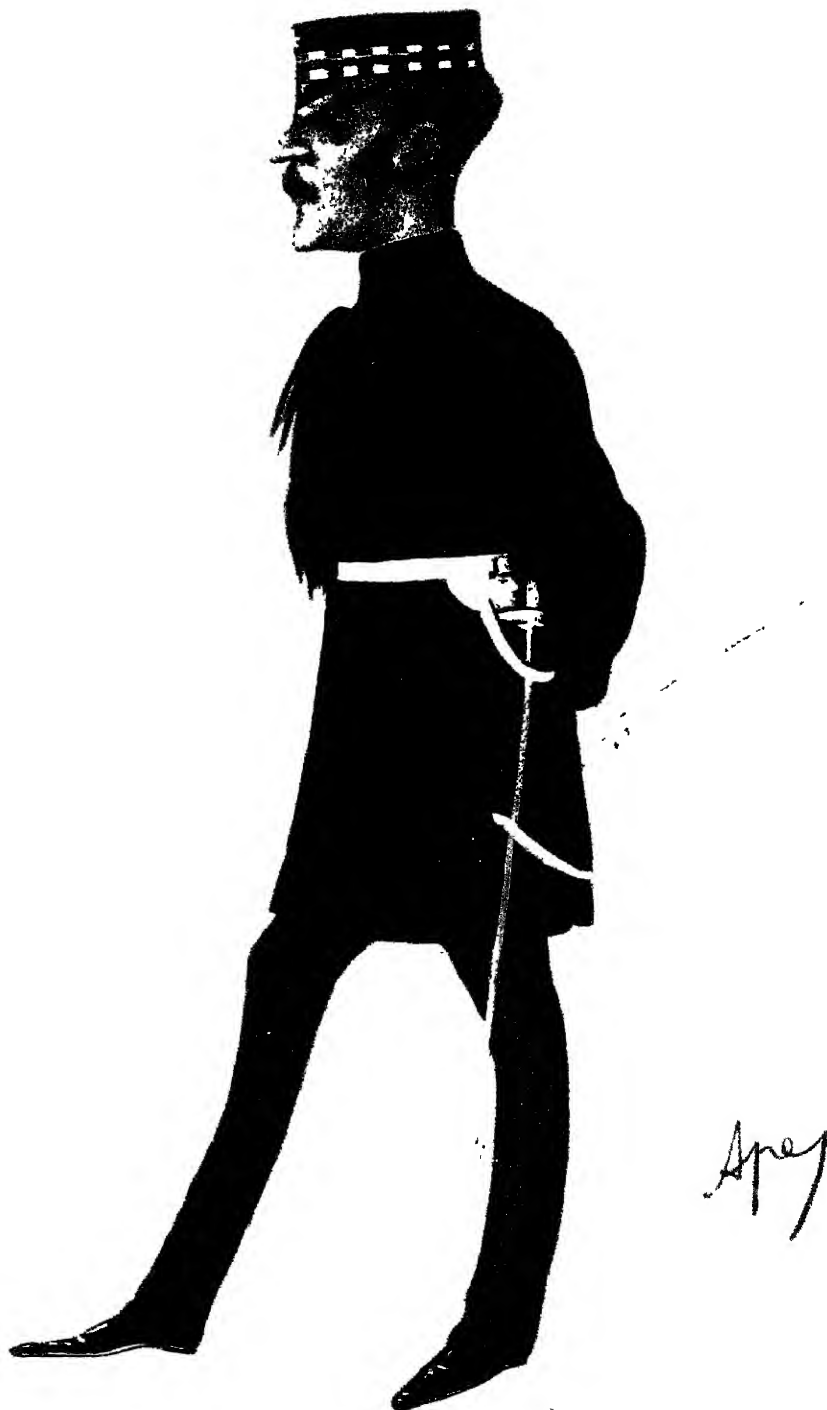
Burnaby served with great distinction in the Soudan. At El Teb, armed only with a shot-gun, he rushed into a mass of the enemy and dislodged them from a fort. He was most unfortunately killed at Abu Klea, when a spear pierced his throat. It was a sad but gallant end to an exceptionally brave and gifted man, but was undoubtedly the death he would have preferred to any other. It is impossible to imagine Fred Burnaby dying peacefully in his bed.

I knew Bill Cumming¹ very well, and for a long time liked and admired him greatly, both as a gallant soldier and as a fine sportsman. His uncle, Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming, had been one of the pioneers of African travel and big-game shooting, and Bill followed in his footsteps. A friend of mine who went on an expedition with him was loud in praise of Bill's sportsmanship, bravery and unselfishness. He also distinguished himself very

¹Col. Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Bt., Scots Guards.

much during the campaigns in Egypt, particularly during the expedition sent to relieve Khartoum. But he had one serious failing: he could not play fair at cards, even when the stakes were extremely small. The story of the unsavoury affair at Tranby Croft, and of his subsequent *débâcle*, is an extremely sad one, and caused great sorrow to his friends. I could never understand why poor Bill behaved as he did. It cannot have been for want of money, because, though not what is called a rich man, he was by no means a poor one, being possessed of a good estate in Scotland; and in any case the stakes for which they were playing were very low. However, there it is; there was no doubt of his guilt, and he had to pay the penalty. In the days of duelling, it would have been a brave man who accused Bill of any such thing, as he was a dead shot with a revolver or a pistol. If England had always been at war, or if Bill had always been in pursuit of dangerous big-game, everyone would have thought, quite rightly, that no better soldier, or finer fellow in every way, ever existed. He was often the guest of the Central Indian Horse, with whom he shot tigers on foot—possibly the most dangerous form of sport in the world, especially in thick jungle. This in itself proved Bill's courage and skill, as the officers would not allow anyone to be of their party unless they were convinced of his reliability.

My friend Major-General Sir J. P. Brabazon, K.C.B., was a most remarkable man. He was very good looking and a great dandy; but besides this he was an extremely gallant and efficient soldier. In his youth he was known as *Beautiful Bwab*, because of his good looks and his inability to pronounce his *r*'s. He began his career in the Grenadier Guards, but exchanged into a line Regiment. When asked what Regiment it was, he replied with his usual drawl, 'My dear fellow, I've a damn bad head for figures, so I can't wemember the number of the Wegiment; but to find it you take the twain from Waterloo to Aldershot, and then look about till you see a Wegiment with buff facings.' As can be imagined, Bwab was hardly suited to the Regiment, or the Regiment to Bwab! So he retired from the Army for the time being.



SIR WILLIAM GORDON-CUMMING, BT.

1880

From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



'BWAB'
1886
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



LORD HENRY BENTINCK, M.P.



William Bentinck

LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK, D.S.O.
10th Royal Hussars



PORTLAND HOSPITAL, SOUTH AFRICA, 1909

Front Row, l. to r.: E. J. G. Galverley, Howard Tooth, Henry Bentinck, Surgeon-Major Kilkelly, Capt. J. Bagot, Anthony Bowlby, C. F. Wallace.

Second Row, l. to r.: Sister Cox-Davies, Sister Russell, Lady Henry Bentinck, Mrs. Bagot, Sister Pretty, Sister Davies.

Fortunately for him—for he loved campaigning and fighting—the Ashanti war broke out about this time, and he went out as a volunteer, with Captain Arthur Paget of the Scots Guards. They both covered themselves with glory and were sent home with despatches and King Kofi Karikari's state umbrella. The Prince of Wales, who was a personal friend, recommended Bwab for a commission in the 10th Hussars, of which H.R.H. was the Colonel. In due course Bwab proceeded with the 10th Hussars to India, and there served with great distinction, both with the Regiment and on the staff of Lord Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, in his famous Afghan campaign, ending with the victorious march to Kandahar. After some years Bwab became second-in-command of the 10th Hussars and, after serving in the Egyptian campaign, was promoted to command the 4th Hussars. It was under him, I believe, that Winston Churchill began his military career.

On the outbreak of war in South Africa, Bwab was given command of a cavalry force; but by that time he had grown rather too old for such strenuous work. My brother, Henry Bentinck, went out to South Africa, in charge of what was known as the Portland Hospital;¹ but he was anxious to see active service, and when the hospital was established he joined Brabazon's staff. One day Brabazon and his staff were on the top of a small hill, and were heavily fired upon by the Boers. Brabazon said to his staff, 'Take cover, boys, take cover'; but, as he showed no signs of taking cover himself, Henry and the rest of them were very reluctant to enter the trench. However, Brabazon insisted upon their doing so, while he himself walked up and down, drawing a very heavy fire. When they remonstrated with him, he said, 'I believe certain people have cast aspersions on my personal

¹The idea of providing a movable hospital for use in South Africa was suggested by Mrs. J. F. Bagot, now Lady Bagot; and, with the approval of the War Office, a fund for that purpose was opened in November 1899. My brother and sister-in-law, Henry and Birdie Bentinck, were the first to respond; and they accompanied the hospital to South Africa in the following December, where it rendered valuable service at Rondebosch, Bloemfontein and elsewhere. It was kindly named after me because I helped with a subscription. For a full account of the hospital, see Dosia Bagot, *Shadows of the War* (E. Arnold, 1900).

couwage: so I wish to show you all that my personal couwage is as good as ever it was.' After a few moments, he slowly walked into the trench and sat down.

Soon after this, some troops came very hurriedly into the trench, and a sergeant jumped on to the top of Bwab. Bwab was extremely indignant and took the sergeant by the ear, saying, 'Get out again, and *I* will show you how you should come into a twench and set a good example to the men.' This of course drew more heavy fire from the enemy; but Brabazon would not let the unfortunate sergeant go until he thought he had learned his lesson. Then, after a slow retreat to the trench, he said, '*That* is the way you should come into a twench, instead of jumping into the middle of other people's stomachs.'

Bwab had a great liking for Green Chartreuse, and one day discovered a bottle of this delectable liqueur in a roadside public house. He paid for it; and, as he could not take it with him, he told the proprietor that he would collect it some other time. When out for a ride with Henry one morning he said, 'Let's go and get my bottle of Chartweuse.' They found, however, that the man had either drunk it himself or sold it again. Brabazon's indignation was extreme, and he was not too polite to the proprietor of the hotel.

When in the 10th Hussars, Bwab was offered herrings for dinner. He refused the dish with indignation, saying, 'Why do you bwing me a damned bweakfast-fish for my dinner?' I asked him why he so termed it, and he said, 'Dinner-fish is salmon, or turbot, or sole—not *hewwings*.'

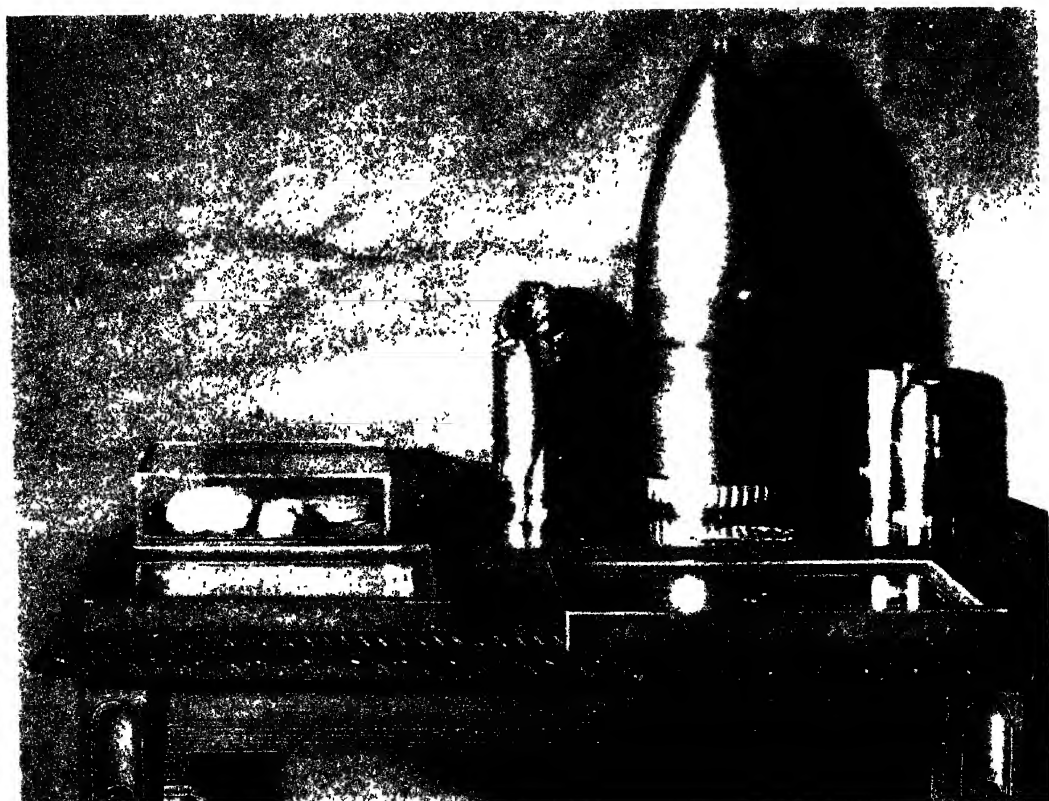
It was Bwab's rather bad habit always to arrive very late for dinner. Lord Rosebery invited him to dinner one evening; and, when the time came, of course he had not arrived. Rosebery said to his other guests, 'I'm damned if we'll wait for old Bwab. When he comes, I beg of you not to pay any attention whatever to him. I'll deal with him all right.' During dessert, Bwab turned up and repeated his usual formula—'I'm so sowwy I'm late, dear old boy! Never mind me—I'll begin where you are——' fully expecting dinner to be brought back for him as usual. Rosebery,



LORD CHARLES BENTINCK, D.S.O.

Above: South Africa

Below: 9th Lancers



DAILY RATION, SIEGE OF MAFEKING
BOER SHELLS FIRED INTO MAFEKING

however, proved quite equal to the occasion and said, 'Hullo, Bwab! Where the devil have *you* turned up from? Sit down, and have an apple and a glass of water.'

After the death of Lord Roberts in November, 1914, a full-page picture of him and several of the officers who had served on his Staff in his various campaigns appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. The paper was lying open on the round table in the Morning Room of the Turf Club, around which several other members and I were sitting, when Bwab came into the room. He came up to the table, looked at the paper, and said, 'Ah! That is Lord Woberts.' I then pointed to the other portraits one by one, and said, 'Who is that?' Having looked carefully at each through his eye-glass, he replied, 'Ah! that is So-and-So.' Last of all I pointed to a picture of himself, saying, 'And who is *this* extraordinarily handsome man?' Brabazon had a good look at it and then exclaimed, 'Who is that? Why, my dear fellow, it's ME, of course!' 'Of course it's you,' I replied; 'and what were you at the time?' 'Bwigade Major of Cavalwy, old boy, on the Staff of Lord Woberts during his Afghan campaign, which ended with his victorwious march to Kandahar.' Dear old Bwab was quite delighted, and so were we all, at the opportunity the illustration gave us of seeing why he had been so rightly known as 'Beautiful Bwab'.

I remember meeting F.-M. Lord Roberts at Sandringham, at a summer party. Maj.-Gen. H.H. Sir Partab Singh of Idar was also there. Sir Partab had hurt his ankle in a polo accident not long before; but for all that he appeared in the evening in his tight military boots, though they evidently caused him considerable pain. After dinner, both the Prince and Princess of Wales begged him to sit down, but nothing would induce him to do so in their presence. At last they turned to Lord Roberts, and asked him to persuade Sir Partab to be seated. Lord Roberts did so; and at once Sir Partab put his hands palm to palm before his face, in salute, and popped down into a chair. He explained that it was impossible for him to disobey for one second the orders of the *Bahadur*.

Polly Carew told me that Lord Roberts and his staff were directing a battle during the Afghan campaign, and were rather hotly fired upon. Sir Partab kept edging his horse up, in front of the other staff officers, and Roberts waved him back more than once. On the next day, one of the staff reported that he was sure Sir Partab had been wounded in one of his hands, because he always kept it in his pocket. Roberts asked Sir Partab about it, and he replied, 'No, no! I keep my hand in my pocket because it is cold.' Roberts said, 'Take it out, and let me see.' Sir Partab obeyed, and there it was, wrapped in a dirty, blood-stained rag, quickly mortifying from a bad bullet-wound. Sir Partab had said nothing about it, because he was afraid of being sent to hospital, or at least out of the fighting, which he simply loved.

Sir Partab was extremely kind to my brother Charlie and his wife when they were in India. He was in every way a splendid individual. He often rode pig-sticking with a club instead of a spear; and on one occasion, armed only with a dagger, he went into a cave in which was a panther, and killed it.

It is well known that Lord Roberts had a great aversion to cats, and disliked being in a room with one, even if he could not see it. I once saw this very well exemplified. After the South African War, he visited Nottingham to attend a parade of men who had served in the campaign, and to present them with medals. I was standing next to him, when I noticed that he seemed to become suddenly uneasy. He was about to give a medal to one of the men, when the recipient unbuttoned his coat, and out popped the head of a kitten. Lord Roberts sprang back, treading heavily on my toe; but he quickly pulled himself together, and presented the man with his medal. Everyone was much annoyed by the man's foolish, indeed disgraceful, conduct.

My brother Charlie, who was one of the garrison of Mafeking, sent me a set of Mafeking stamps, which have since been mounted in the lid of a silver box. Two of them show the head of Baden-Powell instead of the Queen's head; and I believe this

gave rise to a certain amount of criticism in England at the time. Not long ago I showed these stamps to General Sir Alexander Godley, who was also one of the garrison at Mafeking, and he said he would explain all the facts about them. A few days later, he sent me the following extract, which he wrote for *The Piper of Pax*, by E. K. Wade (C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 1924), pp. 135—6. I am glad to draw attention to it, in view of the false statements which were current at the time.

‘I had frequently to go from my outpost headquarters west of the town to see Colonel Lord Edward Cecil (Lord Baden-Powell’s Chief Staff Officer), and upon one occasion when I did so found the Postmaster with him, and they told me that they were going to surcharge the ordinary Government stamps with “Mafeking Besieged”. As we all were always trying to think of anything that could be done to create interest or amuse or keep up the spirits of the garrison, I of course said at once that I thought this was an excellent idea, and one of us—I cannot in the least remember who—suggested that we should have a special stamp of our own, which we all again agreed would be a good idea. This led to a discussion as to what it should be like or what should be on it, and one of us three—I could not say which—said (more in joke than anything else, and solely with the idea in our mind of doing something that would amuse the garrison)—“Oh, B.-P.’s head of course!” and my recollection is that Lord Edward and the Postmaster then arranged to have this done entirely as what would now be called a “stunt” and as a surprise to General B.-P. and certainly without consulting him. I am quite sure that he never was consulted on this subject, and that he was rather horrified when he found it had been done. I am afraid that none of us thought that it might in any way be misinterpreted or even that these special stamps would get abroad, as they were to be issued purely for use *in* the town.’ So that is the explanation of a trivial matter, which caused a certain amount of unfavourable criticism.

Charlie brought home a number of shells which fell in Mafeking, and also a specimen of the daily ration, consisting of

a cake of coarse bread, a handful of meal and a slice of sausage, upon which the defenders lived and fought for at least two months of the 212 days' siege. His dog, Podger, was with him all the time. Towards the end, Podger grew terribly suspicious of the natives, who had long since killed and eaten all the other dogs in the town. When Charlie returned to England, he brought Podger with him. He accompanied Charlie to a reception at Worksop, and I began telling someone about his history, when Charlie nudged me and whispered, 'Shut up, you idiot! I had to smuggle him into England. Don't give us both away!'

Before the War, the Red Cross nurses of the County, of whom Lady Galway was Commandant, held a large gathering in Welbeck Park every summer, when they competed for cups given by myself and others. One year they were inspected by an Irish military doctor from York. I accompanied him on his round of the various detachments, and he amused me by saying to each group, 'Well, ladies, the time at my disposal is so short that I can form little or no opinion on your efficiency; but, collectively and individually'—here he fixed his eyes on the prettiest he could see—'you look awfully nice.' Later, when they had had tea in the Riding School to the number of a thousand or more, he made exactly the same remark to the whole party; and I must say I agreed with him. The gathering was held for the last time only a few days before War was declared in 1914; and they very soon proved themselves to be 'collectively and individually', not only 'awfully nice', but efficient and self-sacrificing to the point of heroism.

I regret that I was never acquainted with General Plumer; but I have a vivid recollection of seeing him on the doorstep of Welbeck, three or four days after the declaration of war in 1914. He was then in command at York, and somebody said to me, 'Why don't they send old Plumer out? He's one of the best Generals we have'—as indeed he proved himself to be, long before the end of the War. I was particularly interested to see him, as my old friend Weston Jarvis had served under him during his

attempt to relieve the Garrison at Mafeking, of whom my brother Charlie was one.

Ten days after war had been declared, Lord Kitchener dined with us in Grosvenor Square, in company with Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Marquis de Soveral, and one or two others. I asked him how long he thought the War would last, and he said, 'I think for four years.' Everyone present was surprised and dismayed at his prediction, and asked him why he thought so. He replied, 'Because we have as yet no army with which to defeat the enemy. All we can do is to fight as hard as we can, to avoid being defeated. Our army will be larger in two years, larger still in three, and in four years' time I hope, and think, it will be strong enough to win the War. In fact we must win, or there will be an end of the British Empire. There is no alternative.'

Early in November, after the Battle of the Marne, he was again one of the same party. In answer to a question he said, 'If I had thought, when I was here in August, that our position now would be even as favourable as it is, I confess I should have been a much happier man. As to the duration of the War, I have not changed my mind by a single day.' He again said, 'I feel sure that, however long it may last, we shall win in the end. The Germans might have won if their first attack had been successful; but, thank goodness, the Battle of the Marne has completely changed the outlook.'

K. of K. was very often our guest at both Welbeck and Langwell. We often met him, too, at other country houses, and he always seemed specially happy when he was staying with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, now Lord and Lady Desborough, at Taplow or Panshanger. He delighted in spending the afternoon with their two elder sons—both, alas, killed quite at the beginning of the War. I have already referred to them, and to their splendid characters, in Chapter III. I remember that K. asked one of them, when a child, 'What do you like best in the world?' and was given the very excellent answer, 'My meals!'

Among the many meetings I have attended in Nottingham,

none is impressed more deeply in my memory than that, at which I took the chair, when a testimonial and presents were given to Captain Albert Ball, who was home on short leave from the War, where he had become the most renowned airman—perhaps ‘ace’ is the proper term to use—in the British Army. At the age of twenty-one, he had already gained the Victoria Cross, the D.S.O. with two bars, and every other possible honour.

I have heard that, in France, he was having a day off and a well-deserved rest in bed, when someone told him a famous German air-ace was out, and had killed one of our airmen. Young Ball at once jumped up, started his plane, caught the German, killed him, and then returned to bed, still in his pyjamas.

I was greatly struck by the simplicity and charming modesty which he showed during the meeting. It lasted for some time, with many speeches and songs, and he whispered, ‘I do wish my turn would come. I’d sooner fight any number of Germans than this!’ When the time came, he made a delightful little speech, ending with this: ‘Perhaps you would like to know what I do when I am not flying. Well, I garden a bit. But I’m not very good at it yet, as the only thing I have grown is a vegetable-marrows, and my pet goat ate that!’ Alas, when his leave was over he returned to the Front, and was very soon killed. A fine memorial has been erected to him in the grounds of Nottingham Castle. Long may it remain there, to his glorious memory, and as an example to the young men who follow him.

In common with other parents, we of course felt much anxiety after the departure to the War of our elder son. Titchfield left London on August 14th, 1914, as a subaltern in the Household Cavalry (Composite Regiment). I may say that Michael Wemyss who married my daughter in 1918, just after the Armistice was declared, joined the Composite Regiment on October 20th and, when it was disbanded, continued his service in the Royal Horse Guards. Captain Turner¹ and Titchfield were the only officers who went out on August 14th with C

¹Captain Turner was unfortunately killed in a motor accident a few years ago.





DEPARTURE OF ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (COMPOSITE
REGIMENT) FOR THE GREAT WAR, August 14th, 1914
L.-Cpl. Eason, Trooper Ogglesby, 2nd Lt. the Marquess of Titchfield

Squadron R.H.G. who survived the War: so indeed we have cause to be thankful to God.

The Composite Regiment consisted of picked officers and men of the three Household Cavalry Regiments—the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (Blues). After the death of Lt.-Colonel R. Cook, 1st Life Guards, who was in command when the Regiment left England, and the disablement of the second-in-command, Colonel Trotter, 2nd Life Guards, at Messines, it was commanded by Lord Crichton, the eldest son of the Earl of Erne, who was then a Major in the Royal Horse Guards, and was in command of the Blues Squadron. The Regiment formed a unit of the Expeditionary Force which took part in the famous retreat from Mons, and was, therefore, in much heavy fighting at the beginning of the Great War, one of the chief engagements being a very severe battle outside the village of Wytschaete. Captain Bowlby and Titchfield held a trench just outside the village, and on their right flank was another trench occupied by men under the command of Captain the Hon. Edward Wyndham of the 1st Life Guards. The following is Titchfield's account of that eventful night.¹

‘At about 11 p.m. on October 31st, the Germans put in a very heavy attack. I think the troops were the 10th and 22nd Bavarians. We had sighted our trenches about thirty yards in front of a line of rather mean houses on the west side of Wytschaete village, and about 150 yards from a wood. At 11 p.m., after a very short preliminary bombardment, the Germans (10th Bavarians) deployed from the wood, and attacked our position in column of platoons. It was a wonderful sight to see them come over the bit of open, ploughed field, with their rifles carried at the trail, and bayonets fixed. They advanced with the most perfect discipline, in short rushes; and we could hear the officers' whistles, as each platoon made its twenty or thirty yards' advance.

¹It should be remembered that these notes were written more than twenty years after the events they describe; and they may therefore contain minor inaccuracies.

‘The first wave never got nearer than thirty yards from our parapet, as our men were quite unshaken by the rather inaccurate bombardment. It was a bright, moonlight night; and about eighty yards in front of my trench a small farm-shed, in which I had had a patrol under a Corporal all day, was blazing fiercely.

‘The first attack melted away before it could reach our trench. Our men fought magnificently. They were the old Regulars, and were firing, I should say, at the rate of 15–17 rounds per minute. Their fire was not only very fast, but it was above all disciplined, and every shot was coolly aimed. We had one machine-gun; but after its first belt had been fired, a bullet pierced the water-jacket, the barrel grew red-hot, and it jammed up hopelessly.

‘Under our fire, the first wave just melted away; but the second wave leapfrogged through the first, gained our trench, and a sharp bayonet fight ensued. This lasted only a short time. C Squadron (Royal Horse Guards) held its position for about twenty minutes, when we found—through information brought most gallantly by Corporal Eason,¹ who was badly wounded in the right arm from a revolver fired at close range by a German officer, whom he killed with his bayonet—that the Germans had turned our left flank, held by the 53rd Sikhs (Wild’s Rifles), who had fought most gallantly. Without much difficulty we managed to creep away; but I lost touch with the others in the dark, and went to a windmill a little behind, and rather to the left of, my original position. As I had no orders, I thought it would be a good position to hold.

‘When I had been there for about ten minutes, I was attacked again by some Germans, I should think about the strength of a weak Company; and, after firing ten rounds per man at very short range, I retreated to the centre of the village, where I met Lord Crichton by himself with a trooper’s horse. I asked him what he wanted me to do, and he told me to rejoin Captain Bowlby, my Squadron Leader, who was with the remainder of

¹Corporal Eason was awarded the D.C.M.

the Squadron, digging in at the east entrance of the village. He informed me that the Lincolns, the Northumberland Fusiliers, the London Scottish and the 5th Cavalry Brigade would be up in support very shortly, and that he himself was going to tell B Squadron (Captain Gurney), which had just counter-attacked and retaken a trench, to get into touch with our right flank. I then left him, with my twenty or thirty men, to rejoin Captain Bowlby. He mounted the horse, and was never seen again. He must have been either shot or bayoneted quite a few minutes after he had given me my orders.¹

‘At about 1.30 a.m., the promised reinforcements arrived; and, after digging in all night, at 5.30 in the morning we were ordered to retake the village. The Lincolns and Northumberland Fusiliers managed to reach the centre of the village, the 5th Cavalry Brigade attacked on our left, and (as far as I can remember) the London Scottish on our right. My Squadron was in reserve, in support of the Northumberland Fusiliers. We reached the outskirts of the village; but, owing to the heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, we could go no further. By one o’clock on November 1st, we were told to retire to some high ground about a quarter of a mile east of the village; and, after digging in again there, we were relieved by the French at about five o’clock.’

A few years after the War, Ivy and Titchfield paid a visit to Count Godard Bentinck at Amerongen in Holland. Godard’s daughter had married Captain Von Ilseman, Equerry to the German Emperor, who became Godard’s guest at Amerongen when he fled to Holland after the final defeat of his Army in 1918. In the course of conversation, Titchfield mentioned the serious fighting at Wytschaete, and related how the German troops had forced him and his men out of the trench. Von Ilseman pricked up his ears and said, ‘I was an A.D.C. in the Regiment which forced you from the trench. You and your men belonged to the Guard Cavalry. Is not that so?’ ‘Good God! How did you know that?’ asked Titchfield. ‘Because we found

¹After the War his body was found close to Wytschaete.

the bodies of some of them in the trench, and buried them the next morning.' Titchfield then said, 'Perhaps you can explain one thing to me, for I have never understood why you didn't attack again. If you had done so, you could have forced your way through the line and gone on to the Channel Ports, or anywhere else, for we had no reserves; but you only had till five o'clock to do it, because the French came up then. Why didn't you attack?' Von Ilseman replied, 'Because our men had had quite enough of it.' The next day he showed Titchfield his field note-book, in which he had written the time when he reached different points, the last of which was the trench held by the Composite Regiment, of which the Blues were a unit, outside Wytschaete. He said, 'The reason we did not attack again was that you had killed such a great number of our men with your machine-gun fire, that the rest were unwilling to advance any further.' 'Machine-gun fire!' said Titchfield, 'why, we only had one machine-gun; and that got jammed before it had been in action five minutes.' What the Germans believed to be machine-gun fire was the rapid rifle fire, in which our men had been carefully trained and were quite unequalled by the enemy. I think it is a wonderful coincidence that these two young men should have been in the same trench, possibly touching one another, and afterwards have met as friends at dinner.

Von Ilseman said that, while he was recovering from a wound, the Kaiser visited the hospital. H.I.M. afterwards appointed him to his Staff and made him his confidential and trusted A.D.C., which he has been ever since.

Shortly after the fight at Wytschaete, Titchfield met with an accident and was invalided home. When he recovered, Sir Julian Byng, afterwards Lord Byng of Vimy, took him on his Staff—his former A.D.C., Captain Bigge, a son of Lord Stamfordham, secretary to Queen Victoria and King George, having been killed. Titchfield joined Byng in the vicinity of Ypres, and was there with him during the extremely heavy fighting. Byng spent much of his time in the front trenches. He



F-M. THE VISCOUNT BYNG OF VIMY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.



IVY GORDON-LENNOX
(P. A. de László, 1915)

made a habit of doing so every day, and nearly every night. He was especially fond of visiting them at night, when he proceeded at the slowest possible walk, of course at the imminent risk of his life. Titchfield says he found it nerve-shattering work, and he was always very glad indeed when it was over and they were back in their quarters—not *safely* back, however, for even then they were often heavily bombarded.

So much for the personal courage of one of the leading Generals, as seen by an eye-witness, not only once but on innumerable occasions. And yet, on page 3424 of his *War Memories*, Mr. Lloyd George sneers at 'the solicitude with which most Generals in high places . . . avoided personal jeopardy'. I am not personally concerned with his aspersions upon other Generals; none the less I am sure they are untrue, for it is ridiculous to suppose that these officers could have attained to their responsible positions without having experience of every kind of warfare and of its perils, whether in the Great War or in previous campaigns. Surely, in any case, if Mr. Lloyd George has the courage of his convictions, he should have made his cowardly statements while the Generals were alive, and not have waited until most of them are dead and powerless to refute them. Surely too he would have done well to remember the old precept, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; to which, in this case, might pertinently be added *et verum* as well.

While he was on Byng's Staff, Titchfield was sometimes sent to Boulogne to buy fish for the mess; and there he again met Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who was assisting her mother with hospital work, and whom he had known all his life. He fortunately became engaged to Ivy; and, when a lull in the fighting occurred, Byng gave him leave to come home to be married. A very few weeks after the wedding, Byng received command of a Division at the Dardanelles, and telegraphed to Titchfield, who was then at Langwell, asking him to come out as soon as he could. Titchfield, of course, said he would join him at once; and he was with him until the evacuation.

The dug-out accommodation on the Peninsula was very bad,

even for senior officers; so Titchfield and Byng's other A.D.C., Basil Brooke, hearing that a consignment of wood and sandbags had been landed, determined to make their General more comfortable. They planned that Brooke should take the General up to the Line and keep him there as long as possible, while Titchfield and a working party built a fine new dug-out with a window, as fast as they could. This was successfully carried out. But alas, a few hours later, Titchfield returned to the scene of his labours, and to his dismay found the General, in his shirt-sleeves, furiously pulling down the new dug-out, which had taken twenty men four or five hours to build. Titchfield protested; but the General replied, 'I'm damned if I'm going to be better housed than the men up in the front line.' However, in due course the dug-out was rebuilt; so the A.D.C.'s were victorious after all.

Titchfield sends me the following story, which I give in his own words:

'At about 9 o'clock one evening, we heard heavy firing from Chocolate Hill, and the General told me to go down to the Signal Office, to see whether any message had arrived from that part of the Line. The officer on duty told me that no message had been received. I reported this to the General, and he said in his slow way, "Oh, well: there's no need for a panic. I expect it's only Bardie (Lord Tullibardine, now the Duke of Athol) trying to prevent Simon Lovat from landing." The Scottish Horse, of which Tullibardine was in command, had landed the night before; and Lovat's Scouts were due to disembark that evening.'

One day the men of the Scottish Horse were heard loudly cheering. Byng remarked, 'I wonder why they are so excited.' 'Shall I go and find out?' asked Titchfield. 'No, I don't think it's worth while,' replied Byng; 'I expect it's only because they've found some bawbees in a dead Turk's breeches-pocket.'

When Byng commanded the 17th Army Corps, Titchfield again served on his Staff for a short time. When they were near the Church of St. Eloi, they came in for a severe shelling.

Titchfield, who was then only twenty-three, suffered badly from shell-shock; and after waiting six weeks to see whether he grew any better, Byng sent him home for treatment. The Board before which he appeared expressed the opinion that it would be a very long time before he was fit; so that was the end of his service at the front.

As is well known, Sir Julian commanded the 3rd Army, and was later created Viscount Byng of Vimy. Later still he became a very popular and successful Governor-General of Canada, and after his term of office he was appointed Commissioner of Police in London, and subsequently a Field-Marshal. He was altogether a remarkable man, a first-rate soldier, and a charming companion, with a great sense of humour. Titchfield says he never saw him out of temper, and that he was in every way a delightful chief to serve.

During the last year of the War, several thousand young, eighteen-year-old recruits were encamped in Welbeck Park. General Sir John Maxwell came to inspect them; and, the day being very wet and stormy, I invited them to occupy the riding school. I accompanied Sir John on his tour of inspection, and he said to one of the youths, 'Well, my lad, are you looking forward to going out to France?' To our surprise, the recruit replied, 'Noa!' Sir John asked him why not, and he said, 'Because I'm afeared.' 'What are you afraid of?' 'They Germans.' 'Why?' 'Because they be bigger men than Oi!' At this point there were roars of laughter from the lad's comrades; and, as we walked away, Sir John remarked, 'I don't believe that chap's afraid of anything in the world. I expect he said what he did for a bet, or because the other fellows dared him to pull my leg. I've asked thousands of young men the same question, but I've never had that answer before!' I may add that, when I was the guest of Sir William Robertson at Cologne in 1919, I had the pleasure of inspecting some of these young soldiers. They did not go abroad until the fighting was over; so very happily none of them lost their lives, and I hope they were all the better for the experience.

In May, 1919, before peace was formally signed, F.M. Sir

William Robertson, who commanded the British Army on the Rhine, most kindly invited B. Carr and me to be his guests for a fortnight at Cologne. We had a very interesting time indeed. In company with Sir William, we visited the outposts of the British Army in the neighbourhood of Cologne. We also visited Coblenz, which was then the headquarters of the American Army. There we had the curious experience of going by motor car to the top of the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, immediately after its evacuation by the American garrison, which had gone to the boundary of the bridge head. An enormous Stars and Stripes, specially made for the purpose, flew from the flagstaff at the top. I had often seen the fortress when travelling; but I never thought that one day I should go to the top of it in a British motor car flying the Union Jack, under cover of the American Stars and Stripes.

We were accompanied from Cologne to Coblenz by Colonel X, liaison officer between the American and British Headquarters. Sir William told us he had overheard an amusing conversation on the telephone between this officer and the American Headquarters. Colonel X began by saying, 'I have been requested by Sir William Robertson to bring two friends over to-day, and he hopes you will give them luncheon.' 'Who are they?' 'One of them is the Marquess of Sollisburry.' 'Who's he?' 'The Marquess of Sollisburry is a member of the English House of Lords, and is the son of the great *Premiay* of the Victorian *e-ra*.' 'Very well. Who's the other?' 'The Duke of Portland.' 'And who's he?' 'He's one of England's *premiay mag-nates*.' Sir William promptly nicknamed me 'the magnate', and called me so ever after.

We motored through Bonn, where the American zone of occupation began. We were proceeding at a good pace when a man, armed with a rifle and six-shooter and riding a motor bicycle, overtook us, pulled up, and said, 'Who are you? You're exceeding the speed limit by many a mile, and my orders are to stop any car that does so.' Our friend then intervened, and said, 'I am Colonel X of the American Army, liaison officer at

British Headquarters.' 'I can't help that, sir', was the reply—'I have to obey orders. Are you coming back this way?' 'That's no business of yours,' said Colonel X. The man, without any salute, then mounted his motor bicycle, and away he went. I asked Colonel X what he would have done if we had failed to stop. 'Shot us, of course,' was his reply.

We arrived at Headquarters, and were most hospitably entertained. When we were offered the usual refresher before luncheon, our friend advised us to take it—'for you'll get nothing of that sort during luncheon,' he said, 'but only water.' We had a most interesting time, and returned down the Rhine in a British gunboat which was stationed at Cologne to patrol the river. On our way we passed many enormous barges, some of which had come from Holland. It was amusing to watch the demeanour of their crews. Most of them saluted the White Ensign with all due ceremony; but one fat woman leaned over, slapped her behind as we passed, and then hurriedly dived down the hatchway.

We attended the opera at Cologne; and it was interesting to see the attitude taken by the inhabitants towards the English. They were all most respectful, though of course not genial; and Sir William told me they gave him no trouble, and quite understood the situation. The British soldiers seemed to get on with them very well indeed, and to be most popular among the women and children.

We motored back to Calais through Brussels and Ypres. We were in Ypres on the day upon which peace was signed, when the garrison attended a service of thanksgiving. During the service a telegram arrived, announcing the destruction of the German Fleet at Scapa Flow, which caused much excitement and some anxiety as to its effect upon the Peace Treaty so lately completed.

IX. PAINTERS, SCULPTORS AND MUSICIANS

From time to time we have had the good fortune to entertain as our guests at Welbeck some of the most distinguished portrait painters and artists of their time. The first whom I call to memory was Mr. (afterwards Sir) J. J. Shannon, R.A. He painted a full-length portrait of my wife as Miss Dallas-Yorke, and the picture was presented to me by my English tenants as a wedding gift. Mr. Shannon was a very clever and fashionable portrait painter. He painted a beautiful picture of the Duchess of Rutland and her children, and I remember also a fine picture of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught. He remained our friend until his death.

After Shannon painted my wife, the then fashionable artist Ellis Roberts drew a full-length picture of her in pastel, as he had done of many of the ladies of the time—I think, among others, of Ettie Desborough and Mrs. Laurence Drummond. Ellis Robert's work is really very attractive, and many of the attitudes in which he depicted his sitters seem somewhat in the manner of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

John S. Sargent, R.A., who is considered by many to be perhaps the greatest portrait painter since Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence, was also an intimate and valued friend of ours. In 1902 he stayed with us for nearly a month, and during that time he painted the well-known picture of my wife. His first attempt did not at all satisfy him, as he thought he had failed to reproduce the character of his sitter, nor could he make the work *move*, as he termed it, or live. This caused him great annoyance, and very often he filled his brush with paint and

then rushed at the picture, muttering strange Spanish oaths. After sitting to him for about a fortnight, my wife came down one morning to find a clean canvas on the easel, and the remains of the picture he had painted slashed right across and lying in a corner of the room. She was so much overcome with fatigue and disappointment that she burst into tears; but Sargent reassured her by saying, 'I know you so well now that, if only you will let me try again, I am quite sure I can paint something "alive", which will be a credit to myself and satisfactory to you and your family as well. So pray forgive me, and let me have at least another chance.' He then altered her pose, and painted the picture reproduced on Plate 90. He worked in the Gobelins Tapestry Room, and my wife stood against the marble mantelpiece. The picture simply flowed along, and in a very short time was completed. When it was finished the canvas remained in the empty room, and one of our friends—Lady Helen Vincent, now Lady D'Abernon—who happened to look through the window, tapped on the glass and called my wife's name. Later in the day she met my wife and asked her, 'Why were you so haughty this morning, and wouldn't answer when I tapped on the window?' Sargent was very pleased when he heard of this.

Two years before, Sargent had painted a picture of me with my two collies, which I venture also to reproduce. While at work upon it he used one of the underground rooms as his studio. The names of the collies were Ben and Queen. Ben was a fairly good sitter (or rather stander), especially if I had a biscuit concealed in the palm of my hand; but when it came to Queen's turn nothing would induce her to stand up—she always flopped down at my feet. One morning, in the absence of Queen, Ben was brought down for the artist to complete his portrait. When he came into the room Sargent and I were talking, and to our horror we saw Ben go to the picture and, without a moment's hesitation, salute the corner of it in the way dogs usually do when they wish to pay a compliment or to recognise a friend. Sargent said to me, 'Well, that is either the

greatest insult or the greatest compliment an artist has ever been paid!' 'A compliment, of course,' I replied. 'It is so lifelike that he thought it was his friend lying on the floor.' The foreshortening of Queen's body is considered, I believe, to be a *tour de force*; for when the picture is seen at close quarters, the figure appears to be a mere bundle of hair; but at a little distance it is found to be a most beautifully painted picture of a recumbent collie.

Sargent was continually making rapid sketches in pen and pencil on odd pieces of paper. These scraps are most interesting, and, judging by the prices others of the same sort have fetched, are now of considerable monetary value. He was also a beautiful musician, and when not painting or scribbling he delighted in playing the piano. He took particular pleasure in playing duets with Miss Alice Grenfell, now Lady Mildmay of Flete, who was also an accomplished pianist. Sargent was in every way a most attractive and charming man. Later on he drew excellent charcoal sketches of many well-known people, including my wife and my daughter Victoria. Before commencing work on these, he wrote to me as follows:

31, TITE STREET,
CHELSEA, S.W.

14 Feb. 1910

... I will be delighted to do the drawings for you. ... In the case of Her Grace I confess to a misgiving that one of these quick drawings is not likely to come as near the mark as her portrait, and that I ought not to go in for it, if your hope is that I shall beat that record. ...'

All I can say is that he made these drawings, much to our satisfaction.

Mr. Philip de László, who was ennobled as László de Lombos by the Emperor of Austria, has often been our welcome guest at Welbeck, Langwell and Grosvenor Square; and he has painted portraits of all the members of my family. He began by painting two pictures of me. The first canvas did not satisfy him, so he said, 'Now



PORTLAND
with Ben and Queen
(J. S. Sargent, 1900)



COUNTESS CLARY-KINSKY
(J. S. Sargent)

that I know you so well, I hope you will give me further sittings; for this is a *posed* portrait, and I am sure I can paint one that will be much more simple and characteristic.' Later on he gave to my wife a charcoal sketch, which we all much like and consider the best portrait of me that has ever been drawn (see the frontispiece). His next sitter was my daughter, and of her he also painted two pictures. In the first she is wearing a large 'picture' hat. This he did not like at all, and he afterwards painted another which gives me great pleasure, as I think it is a most excellent likeness. He then painted a portrait of Elisalex de Baillet, which I gave to her mother Princess Clary,¹ and two pictures of my wife. The second of these, which he presented to us as a Silver Wedding present, he described as 'a frivolous picture, with a mischievous and amusing expression'. It was at an exhibition in Brussels when the Great War broke out, and remained there until after the Armistice, when it was safely returned. He also painted a full-length picture of my elder son, Titchfield, in his uniform as a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues). This picture was presented to Titchfield in April, 1914, when he came of age, by the tenants of my estates in England and Scotland. De László subsequently paid us a visit at Langwell—where, incidentally, he went deer-stalking and was terribly bitten by midges—and there he painted a portrait of my second son Morven, as a schoolboy, also a head of my wife, and an excellent portrait of our good old friend Major George Baker-Carr.

Some time after the War, I was extremely anxious that my wife should be painted by de László in the dress which she wore when attending a Court as Mistress of the Robes to Queen Alexandra; but for some time she found herself unable to give him the necessary sittings. However, when the Queen of the Belgians was our guest at Welbeck, H.M. expressed a wish to be painted by de László. We invited him there to paint H.M., and on the first evening after his arrival I begged my wife to appear

¹J. S. Sargent, early in his career, painted a very fine portrait of Princess Clary, which I also reproduce.

in the costume and headdress in which she had attended the Court. She did so, and the moment de László saw her he rushed forward exclaiming, 'Ah! Madame la Duchesse, I must paint you! I must paint you like that! Sit down at once!' But as we were about to go in to dinner, he had to subdue his ardour for the time being. He painted a picture of the Queen; and then, in as few as five or six sittings, he finished that of my wife (Plate 129), which I think is not only the most lifelike and pleasing portrait I have ever seen of her, but perhaps one of the best of all his pictures. Most of my friends agree with me in this opinion, and I believe de László, too, places it among his most successful works. De László has always been very kind to us, and I much value his friendship. The room in which his portraits are hung is named by him the *László Room*. In order to make it complete he painted a very excellent picture of himself, which he gave to me, and for which I am most grateful. It now hangs there, crowning his other works. He is at present painting a picture of me in Coronation robes, and of my page, Andrew Wemyss.

Sargent and de László painted their pictures in the Swan Drawing-room and both of them greatly admired the striking portrait of Lord Richard Cavendish by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which hangs in that room. It was then covered with bitumen, but has now been most skilfully cleaned by Mr. W. A. Holder, and can be seen in all its glory.

Mr. Richard Jack, R.A., was also at Welbeck. He painted my portrait in Garter robes for the Provincial Grand Lodge of Nottinghamshire, of which I had the honour to be Grand Master for more than thirty years,¹ and it now hangs in the Masonic Hall in Nottingham. Herman Herkomer, the nephew of Sir Hubert Herkomer, was also our guest, as, at different times, were the well-known animal painters, R. Alexander, A.R.S.A., Captain Charles Lutyens (father of Sir Frederick Lutyens, the eminent architect), and Mr. Lynwood Palmer, the excellent painter of horses.

Mr. Charles Whymper has also painted very good water-

¹See Appendix II.

colour pictures of Langwell and Braemore, which I am glad to possess. He is a younger brother of the famous Edward Whymper, who was, I believe, the first to make a successful ascent of the Matterhorn, and had a miraculous escape from death in 1865, when Lord Francis Douglas and several others were killed on that mountain. Mr. Whymper told me that he once asked his brother to take him on a mountaineering expedition. 'Before I promise to do so,' said his brother, 'get out of the window and walk along that ledge.' Whymper hastily declined. 'Then', said his brother, 'I'm afraid I can't take you.'

I must certainly not omit the name of my friend Mr. W. Egginton, who has for many years painted beautiful water-colour landscapes, many of them in Caithness and other parts of Scotland, for which country he seems to have a special affection. I think Egginton's pictures reproduce what I myself see when looking at Scottish scenery better, perhaps, than those of any other painter I know. His rendering of the movement of clouds seems to me wonderfully faithful to nature; and his paintings of sunset and storm effects are no less realistic. Mr. Frank Wallace has also made some excellent water-colour studies of deer-stalking. I think his pictures of the deer are wonderfully life-like and correct. Being a deer-stalker and sportsman himself, he is very well acquainted with the animals in their natural surroundings.

Sir Alfred Gilbert paid us a visit in 1899, as it was my intention to ask him to design two fountains for the garden at Welbeck; but the plan did not materialise, and after some time M. Alphonse Legros¹ undertook the work. In later years I became well acquainted and very friendly with Sir Alfred, as I have already explained on page 140. Though undoubtedly a man of moods, Sir Alfred was a most entertaining and charming companion, as well as a very great artist. Of Sir Edgar Boehm's work for me, and of his connection with Sir Alfred Gilbert, I have already written in my book *Memories of Racing and Hunting*, 1935, p. 40; but I may repeat here that he executed a perfect

¹His full-size plaster models are now in the Castle Museum, at Nottingham.

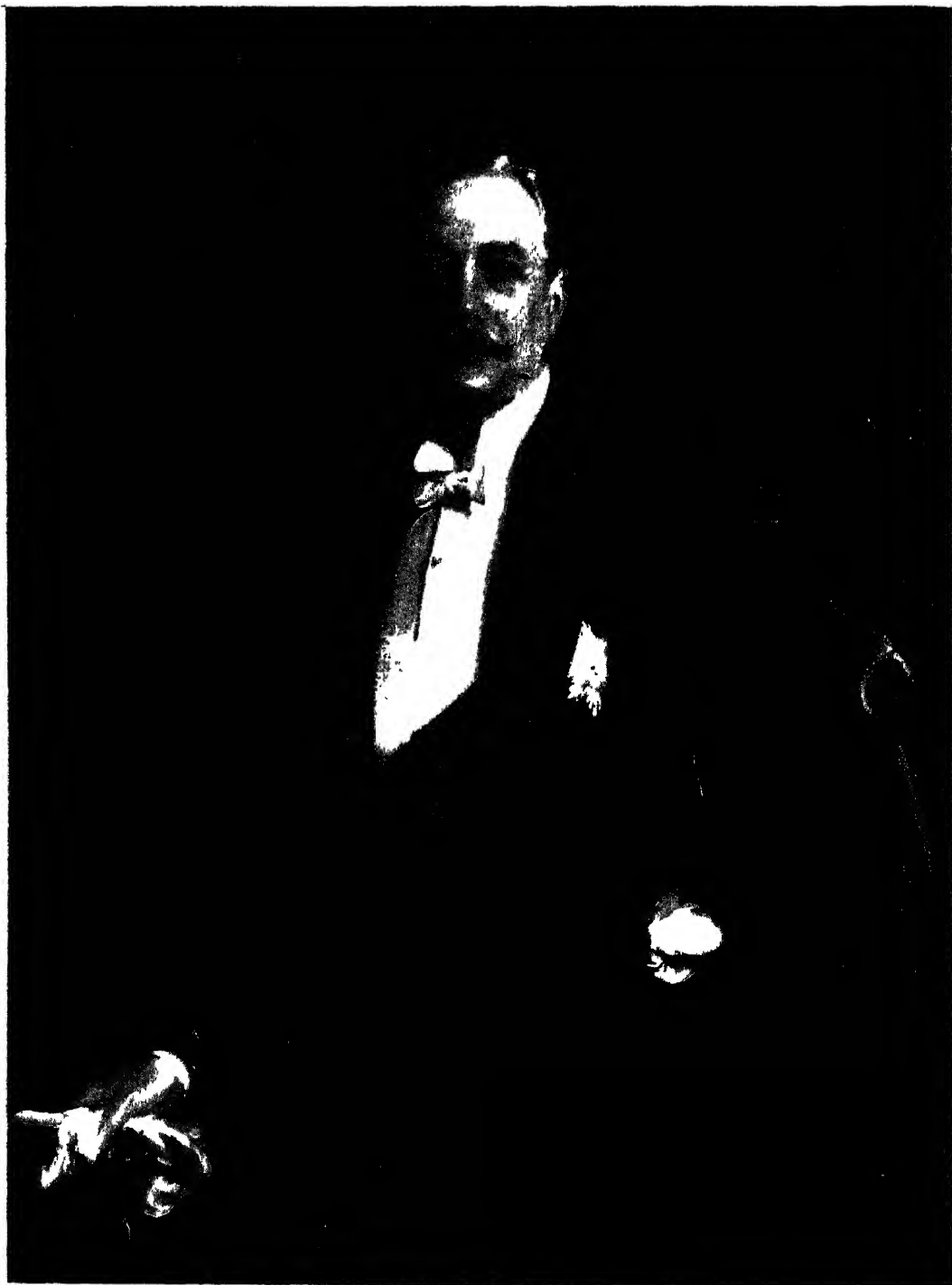
model of my great racehorse St. Simon, and another of Cremorne, the property of Mr. H. Savile of Rufford, the winner of the Derby in 1872.

The Italian sculptor Cavaliere Canonica of Milan was also our guest. He executed good busts of my wife and myself, and a really beautiful one of my son Morven. He spoke very little English, and I still less Italian. One day at luncheon I noticed that he was eating a large number of unripe gooseberries, so I said to him, 'Pericolo! Pericolo! Molto dolore interno!' indicating the part of his person which might be affected. 'Dio mio!' exclaimed Canonica, and ate no more: so my warning had the desired effect. Much to our pleasure, we met him the last time we were in Venice, where he was then on a visit.

No chapter on artists would be at all complete without mention of Violet Lindsay, now Violet, Duchess of Rutland; and I always remember with gratitude and love my lifelong friendship with her. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Lindsay, was the sister of my stepmother; and, though no blood-relation of mine, she is a first cousin of my half brothers and sister. I cannot remember the time when I did not know her, or when I did not admire her wonderful beauty and exquisite grace. Her personal charm pervades all her surroundings. She is a sculptress of great distinction; and her pencil portraits, some of which have the honour to hang in the English section of the Louvre, are remarkable, not only as faithful representations of her subjects, but also for the delicate charm with which she endows them. Perhaps it is skating on thin ice to express any preference when all of them are so good; but I greatly admire those of Queen Victoria, from whom she had a special sitting, the Duchess of Leinster, and Lady Helen Vincent (now Lady D'Abernon), and of Lord Salisbury, Arthur Balfour, Cecil Rhodes and Rudyard Kipling, as shown in her *Portraits of Men and Women*, published in 1900. Queen Victoria herself drew a sketch of Violet, which I venture to publish. The story of it is as follows. Colonel Lindsay, Violet's father, was in waiting at Balmoral, and H.M. invited Violet to come too. On a very



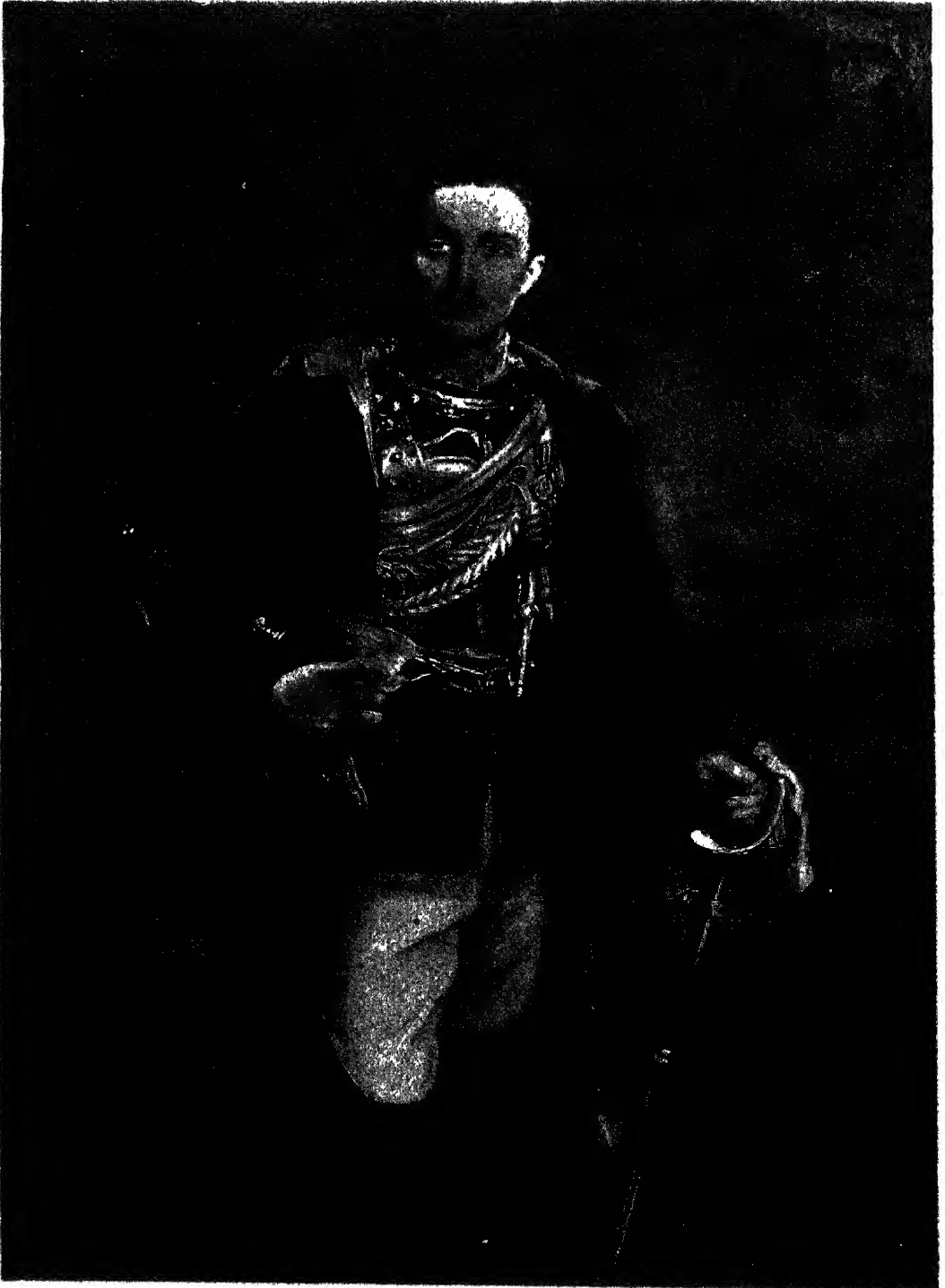
THE HON. LAURA LISTER
(J. S. Sargent)



PORTLAND
(P. A. de László, 1912)



MY WIFE
(P. A. de László, 1925)



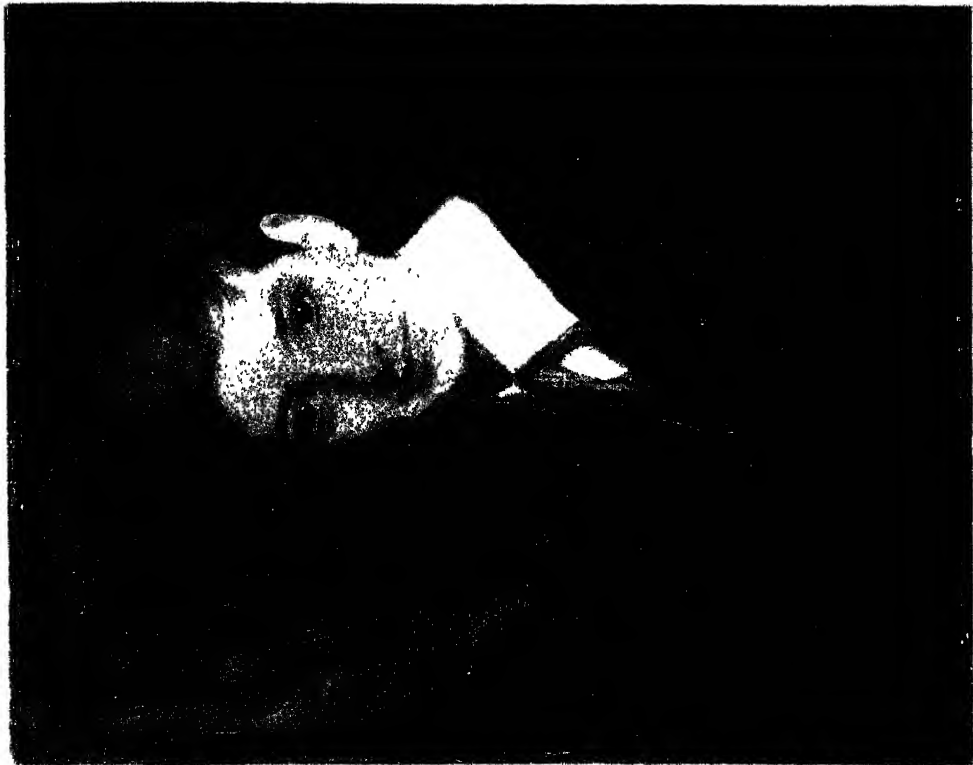
TITCHFIELD

(P. A. de László, 1914)

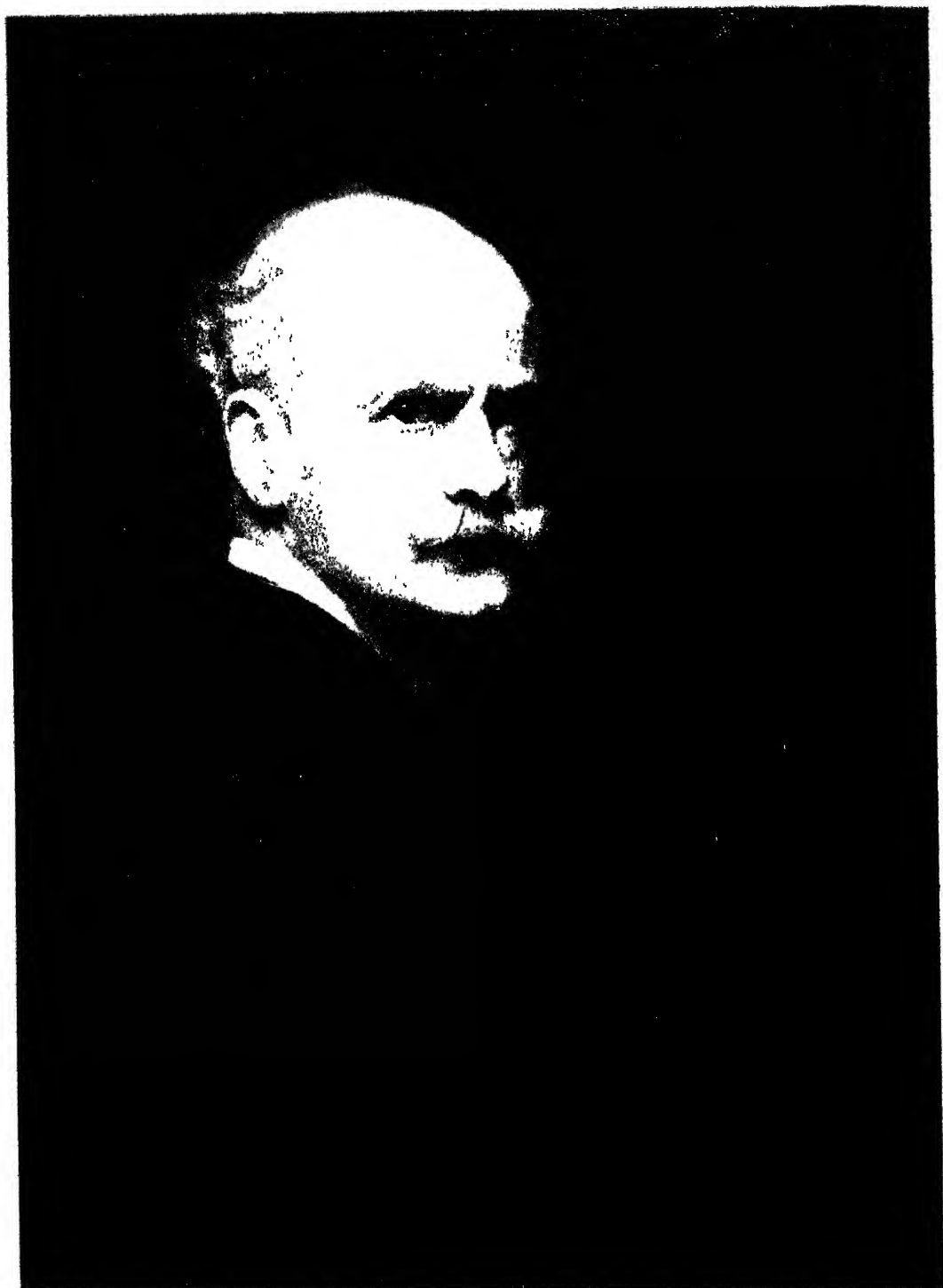
Given to him by his father's English and Scottish tenants
on his twenty-first birthday .



VICTORIA
(P. A. de László, 1916)



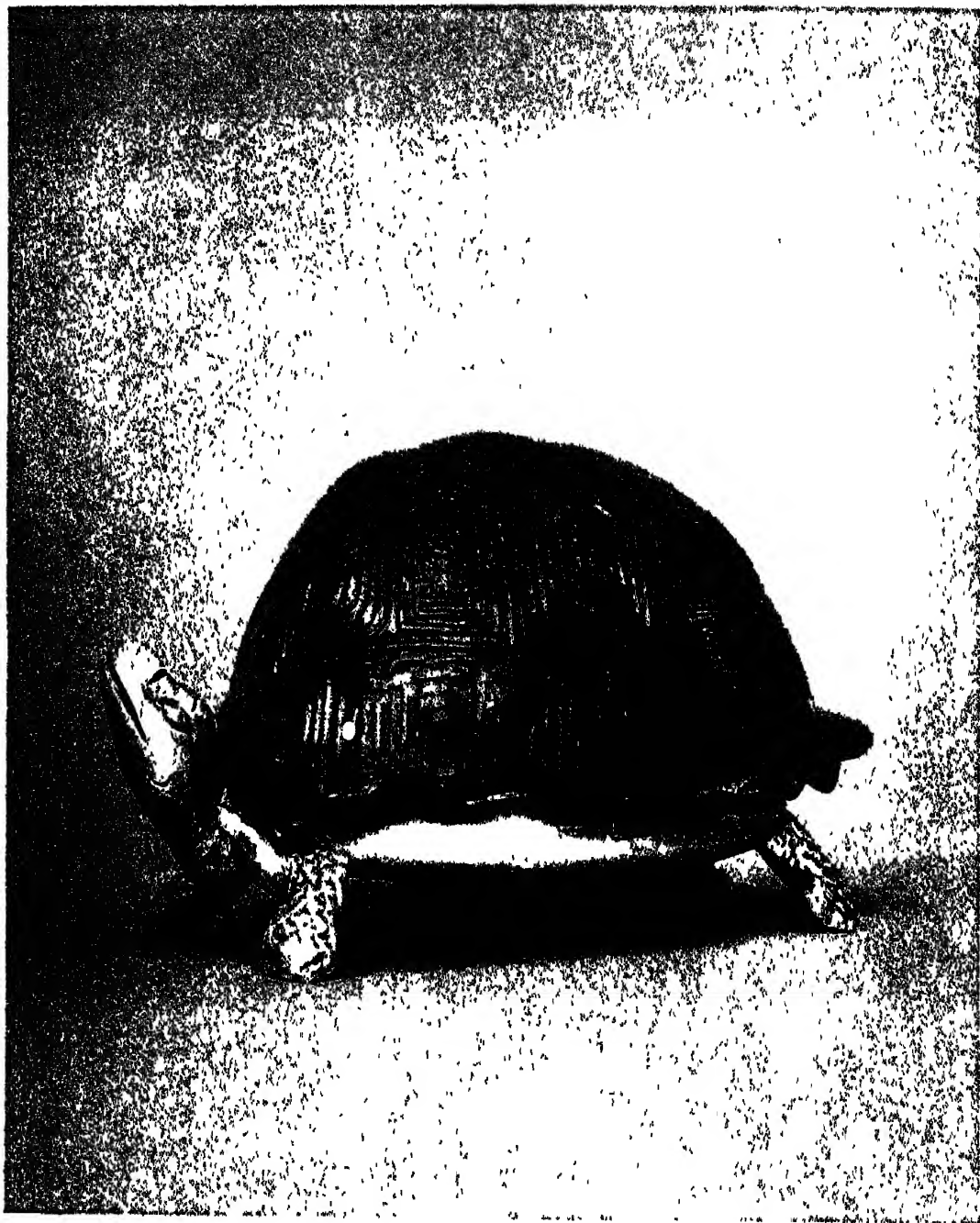
MORVEN
(P. A. de László, 1912)



A SELF-PORTRAIT
(P. A. de László, 1925)



VIOLET LINDSAY
Drawn by H.M. Queen Victoria
Balmoral, 1877



HAPPY MEMORIES
February 1889



PADEREWSKI
(G. E. Wade, 1891)



H. STONOR, ROXBURGHE AND LOVAT
Welbeck, 1913

wet day, the Queen expressed a wish to make a pencil drawing of her; and this is the happy result of Her Majesty's skill. Among her works as a sculptress, the recumbent figure in the Chapel at Haddon Hall of her elder son, Lord Haddon, who died when nine years old, is an inspired work of love. The monument in the Mausoleum at Belvoir to her husband, the 8th Duke of Rutland, which she superintended, is very beautiful too.

I always feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to Violet which I cannot repay, for I often met my wife, then Miss Dallas-Yorke, in her house, where at last I ventured to put a vital question, and fortunately received the answer, 'Yes.' The little matchbox in the form of a tortoise which Violet gave to me as a wedding-present is always on my writing table. If she happens to read these notes, as perhaps she will, she will understand and appreciate my reason for mentioning it, for on it is engraved, 'P. Feb. 24, 1889, from V.G.', and in small letters below, 'Win'.

Lady Algernon (Blanchie) Gordon-Lennox may certainly be included among the artists for her skill with the needle. Some of her pictures in *petit-point* are as realistic as if they had been executed with the brush. She has also painted beautiful curtains, which she has given to her daughter Ivy Titchfield.

Lady Bolsover was not only very fond of music, but had a good contralto voice, and often sang for her own or other people's pleasure. She delighted in entertaining musical guests—amongst others, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, a daughter of Giuseppe Mario and his wife (*née* Giulia Grisi), and also Mrs. Ronalds, whom I have already mentioned in Chapter III. I look back to their singing with the greatest pleasure.

Mrs. Ronalds was a remarkable woman—not only for her glorious soprano voice, but also for her great beauty, and the many vicissitudes and adventures through which she had passed. A native of Boston, Massachusetts, she married a wealthy American, Mr. Peter Ronalds; but she found life in Paris, with her sister, more interesting than at home in New York. I believe her husband commenced divorce proceedings against

her; but it is said that the judge in the Paris court, overcome by her beauty, believed in her innocence and dismissed the case. She then had an obscure adventure, of which I heard only rumours, which led her either to Algiers or Tunis. Having returned to Paris, she found herself in somewhat deep waters; but various English friends came to the rescue, and she came back to this country. Besides being a woman of great beauty, she had many gifts and great charm; so she quickly made her way in society, and was kindly received by, among others, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who were themselves great lovers of music. When I knew her, she had a small house in Sloane Street, and besides being our guest at Welbeck, often came to luncheon and dinner at 13 Grosvenor Place.

M. Paderewski, the famous pianist, was twice our guest. He was a great friend of my wife's mother, Mrs. Dallas-Yorke, a beautiful musician herself, especially as an organist. Indeed, the organ in Welbeck Chapel was built by Messrs. Walker under her personal direction. Paderewski several times played the piano during his visits to Welbeck, once with such energy that he broke one of the hammers. He is extremely pleasant company, and was in those days a very good judge of thoroughbred horses, of which he told me that he had many in Poland. When we were out for a walk one day, he said, rather to my astonishment, 'How I hate my damned hair! But I have to wear it like this because the public have grown to expect it from my portraits.' After the Great War he became, as is well known, President of the Polish Republic; but now he passes much of his time in a charming and beautifully situated villa at Morges, near Lausanne, where we have been his guests.

Gervase Elwes was our guest on one occasion, and Miss Irene Scharrer has visited us many times, as she is a very old friend of Morven's, being the wife of Mr. Lubbock, his Housemaster at Eton, and for a long time his instructor in music. Lady Maud Warrender, too, has often delighted us with her beautiful voice.

Lord and Lady Ripon gave amusing and charming parties on Sunday afternoons, at Coombe, their house on Wimbledon

Common. Queen Alexandra was often the guest of honour. Edouard and Jean de Reszke, Melba, Caruso, and other famous singers were all guests from time to time and gave of their best during the evening. Lord and Lady Ripon invited us to dinner in a small house in Grosvenor Street; and in the evening the de Reszke brothers sang duets. Their united voices, one a bass and the other a tenor, were so powerful that they seemed almost to lift the ceiling from the room! Meanwhile a large crowd of people assembled in the street, who cheered and cheered. The de Reszkes were accompanied on the piano by our friend Amherst ('Squib') Webber, who was their travelling companion. He told me that he visited them one morning and found both the brothers singing at the top of their voices, with a small child seated on a table between them. 'What in the world are you doing?' asked Webber. 'You'll deafen the poor little creature!' 'Oh! no,' replied Edouard: 'we're only filling my child with music.'

My friend Harry Higgins, late of the Life Guards, where he was nicknamed by his brother-officers 'The Great Eastern', from his height and solidity, had considerable musical knowledge. For some time after leaving the Army, he helped Lord and Lady Ripon to manage the Opera. A famous *prima donna* with whom he was discussing the terms of an engagement, told him that she required a fee of five hundred guineas a night. 'But, g-good God, madam!' replied Harry, who had a slight stutter, 'Do you realise that I'm only asking you to s-sing?' When telling me of this and his many other troubles with the performers, he said, 'You might as well try to manage a p-pack of m-mad dogs!'

X. SHOOTING

The two best game shots I ever met were undoubtedly, in my opinion, the late Lord Ripon, formerly Lord de Grey, and Sir Harry Stonor, both wonderfully good with either gun or rifle. In discussing shooting it was never necessary to ask whether de Grey or Stonor was 'in form', for neither of them ever seemed to be 'out of form'. I think Stonor, until his eyes unfortunately and sadly failed him, was the most graceful handler of a gun I ever saw, though perhaps during the day's shooting he did not kill quite so much as did de Grey. I think de Grey killed about twenty-five birds to Stonor's twenty; but for all that, I do not believe that Stonor missed more shots than de Grey, if as many.

I remember four extremely high birds passing over de Grey on the Groveley beat at Wilton, where the birds fly exceptionally high. He killed the first three quite dead, and I said to myself, 'The fourth has escaped.' But no!—It came down quite as dead as the others. One remarkable thing about de Grey's shooting was that one hardly ever saw a bird even flutter after he had fired at it. I knew him exceedingly well, for in 1882 I went to India with him when his father was Viceroy, and we shot together in Nepal and Durbungah (see Chapter XI). He was very often my guest at Welbeck for partridge and pheasant shooting. I append a list he gave me of the game he killed between 1867 and 1900.¹

¹ Rhinoceros	-	-	-	2
Tiger -	-	-	-	11
Buffalo	-	-	-	12
Sambur	-	-	-	19
Pig -	-	-	-	97

De Grey, I believe, was always accurate when asked the amount of game he had killed, and he did not exaggerate. I remember quite well that after a partridge drive my agent, Mr. T. Warner Turner, asked him how many birds he had killed. He counted the empty cartridge cases, of which there were fourteen, and said, 'I have killed thirteen birds.' Mr. Turner told the keeper, whose duty it was to pick up the dead game, to report to him the number of birds he found where de Grey had been shooting, and when he had done so he told Mr. Turner that there were thirteen.

De Grey was a very fair shot indeed, and never wilfully took the birds going to another gun; but woe betide the man who attempted any liberties with *him*, or who, he thought, tried to take his birds! I remember that a friend shot some birds which should have passed over de Grey. I heard de Grey call out, 'All right, Harry,¹ all right. Two can play at that game!'—*Bang! Bang! Bang!*—and very little went to Harry after that! I once had the ill luck to be drawn between de Grey and Stonor during a day's partridge driving, and a very bad place it was too; for, except the birds that came straight over my head, I had little or no shooting. I think they were the only two guns I have constantly shot with who never, or at all events very rarely, varied in their

Deer - - - -	186
Red Deer - - - -	382
Grouse - - - -	56,460
Partridges - - - -	97,759
Pheasants - - - -	142,343
Woodcock - - - -	2,218
Snipe - - - -	2,769
Wild Duck - - - -	1,612
Black Game - - - -	94
Capercaillie - - - -	45
Hares - - - -	27,686
Rabbits - - - -	29,858
Various - - - -	9,175
	<u>370,728</u>

The rhinoceroses mentioned at the head of the list must be those I saw him kill dead, right and left, with a four-bore rifle, from the back of an elephant in Nepal.

¹It was not Harry Stonor: he would have known much better!

accuracy; and neither of them bucked or swaggered about their skill. It was not at all necessary for them to do so.

A keeper who had been accustomed to load for de Grey was employed to load for an American sportsman. When the American had missed far more birds, during a drive, than he had killed, he asked the loader, 'Say, how many would Lord de Grey have killed?' 'Three times as many as you did.' At the next drive he fired two barrels into the brown of a pack, and down came four birds. He then turned in triumph to the loader, and remarked, 'I guess that beats your Lord de Grey. How many would *he* have killed with that shot?'

When I was travelling with de Grey in India, he advised me always to be very careful about what he called my 'footwork' when shooting; and he said he considered correct foot-work to be of the greatest importance, though it was only too often neglected. He said that, in order to shoot well, it was absolutely necessary to bring the right leg well round in firing at birds passing to one's left, and *vice versa*; and that, in firing at birds passing straight over one's head, the feet should be in line, and well apart. He added—and I entirely agree—that, if one did not do this, one was very apt to fire behind birds, and either to miss them or to hit them in the tail.

De Grey used hammer guns and black powder long after everyone else had given them up. He had his guns handed to him at full-cock, which possibly accounted for the extreme rapidity with which he shot. He had an extraordinarily accurate eye, for he was one of the best billiard players in London, and more than once made a record number of nursery cannons at the Turf Club. He also possessed a beautiful tenor voice, though, unfortunately for his friends, he could very rarely be persuaded to sing. I have referred, in Chapter IX, to the musical parties his wife and he gave on Sunday evenings at their house on Wimbledon Common.

It was the custom of Baron Hirsch to give large parties in Hungary, chiefly for partridge driving. Many friends remained as his guests for six weeks, and they shot every day,

Sundays included, during their visit. Some of my friends whom I considered quite moderate shots became very good indeed, simply from the amount of practice they had while the guests of Baron Hirsch. De Grey and Harry Stonor were very often there. They were both extremely lucky when shooting, and wherever they were placed the game generally flew over them. I remember, however, a partridge-drive at Clipstone when de Grey happened to be the right-hand gun and was stationed in a wood. It was an extraordinary drive, for two or three of my friends killed about forty birds each, and others perhaps twenty; but poor de Grey fired only two shots, both of them at wood-pigeons. For some time after, he was inclined to criticise the placing of the guns at Welbeck; but it was inevitable on that occasion, as the hedge over which the partridges were driven was not long enough to accommodate the whole party of seven guns, so the right-hand gun had to stand in the wood.

I well remember one particular evening at Clipstone when, for fun, I said to Harry Stonor, 'Well, thank goodness you're the outside gun now, Harry, for you've had the best of the luck all day. I don't think you will get much shooting this time.' He replied, 'Never mind, old fellow, you will see what will happen.' And it did happen too; for in the middle of the drive was a road, and an old woman in a black dress suddenly appeared there, diverting nearly every bird from its proper course over the middle of the line to where Harry was standing on the flank. The result was that he killed thirty birds with thirty-three shots. My agent, Mr. Turner, who stood with him, told me about this really wonderful performance; for the birds flew very high indeed, over tall trees and a deep valley. I may say that Stonor never seemed hurried or flurried, but was always most deliberate in his manner of shooting.

My dear friend the late Simon Lovat was a magnificent shot, and I certainly place him next to de Grey and Stonor. He was, in my opinion, very often as good as they were; but he had his off days like everybody else, though not nearly so many as most people. One day a friend of mine, who stood next to

Lovat, told me that he had seen him kill six birds out of one pack of partridges with six different shots, early in November when the birds were very strong; and I myself have often seen him kill four. These three—de Grey, Stonor and Lovat—I consider to be quite the best shots who have been my guests.

In his younger days there was no keener or better bag-filler, except the three I have mentioned, than Lord Herbert (Bertie) Vane-Tempest; but latterly, though his skill remained, his keenness seemed to evaporate. My old friend George Harlech, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Berkeley Paget, and his brother Lord Alexander (Dandy) Paget, were all excellent shots too, as, in more recent years, was the late Duke of Roxburghe. So are Lord Elphinstone and the Hon. Evan Charteris. Mr. Rimington-Wilson of Broomhead was considered by many to be the quickest and best shot of his time at driven grouse; and when he was my guest he seemed to be equally good with low-flying partridges. But when it came to high birds over the Clipstone valleys, or really high-flying pheasants, he appeared to be no better or, perhaps, not even so good as the others I have mentioned.

Among the younger generation, there are many quite good shots who come to my parties; and of these I think Lovat's nephew (and now son-in-law), the present Lord Eldon, is perhaps about the best. Probably there are other young men as good—I mention only those with whom I am personally acquainted. I think the lists of the so-called best shots in England, which one sometimes sees in the newspapers, are ridiculous. There are dozens of good shots all over the country, whose names never appear at all, and who would probably dislike it very much if they did so. Comparisons are odious; and so long as my guests enjoy themselves, it does not much concern me whether they hit or miss. But I would rather they missed altogether than wounded the birds.

I several times asked de Grey whom he considered the best shot he had ever seen, and each time, without any hesitation whatever, he replied 'Walsingham,'¹ with regard to both

¹Thomas, 6th Lord Walsingham, born 1843, died 1919.

rapidity and accuracy'. It is rather curious that Lord Walsingham was the Hon. T. de Grey before he succeeded; so the two best shots in England at that time were Lord de Grey and Tommy de Grey. Of course they were often confused. On August 28th, 1872, Lord Walsingham killed no less than 842 grouse and one teal, shooting alone at Blubberhouse Moor in Yorkshire; and another day he killed a little over a thousand grouse to his own gun at the same place. Blubberhouse Moor is, I believe, shaped like an hour glass, and his butt was in the centre of the narrowest part. I never had the good luck to see Lord Walsingham shoot, but I have heard de Grey's opinion confirmed by many of those who knew him well. He was also a very distinguished naturalist, and a Fellow of many learned Societies. An American described him as 'the premier bug-hunter of Europe'!

De Grey said that many years ago, during a partridge drive, his butt was next to that of Walsingham, who was shooting with muzzle-loading guns.¹ De Grey suddenly saw a flash, Walsingham was covered by a dense cloud of smoke, and the butt caught fire. It seems that the loader was pouring black powder from one canister to another, when a spark from the gun ignited it. Walsingham was a bit singed and the loaders too, but no one was seriously hurt. I believe another fire occurred when de Grey was in the next butt to the late Lord Wemyss at Studley, for grouse driving.

De Grey told me that another very fine shot in those days was the then Lord Huntingfield—known to his friends as Josh Huntingfield—of Heveningham in Norfolk, who very often shot with a large cigar in his mouth. Partridge-driving originated, and was then mainly carried on, in the eastern counties. The Norfolk and Suffolk sportsmen pretended to despise anyone as a game shot unless he lived in those counties. They soon, however, discovered their mistake when de Grey

¹I asked de Grey what he thought of the rapidity of fire of muzzle-loading guns, and he said that, with three guns and two skilled loaders, it was extraordinary how quickly one could shoot.

came among them. Other first-class shots in that part of England were the Maharajah Duleep Singh, who owned Elveden, Lord Rendlesham, of Rendlesham in Suffolk, Colonel 'Jockey' Custance and Sir Edward Birkbeck; and of course there were many more. I had the pleasure of seeing the two latter shoot, when I was privileged to be a guest at Sandringham. De Grey often told me that a son of the Rt. Hon. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty, was quite a first-class shot; and, though I never knew him myself, I have heard this opinion confirmed by many who saw him shoot.

Mr. Heatley Noble, too, was quite first-class. I once had the pleasure of shooting with him when Leopold Hirsch, my friend and tenant at Suisgill in Sutherlandshire, leased Littlecote, where I had two or three days' excellent sport at high-flying pheasants. Littlecote was, and I believe still is, the property of the Popham family; and I twice slept in a room generally supposed to be haunted, though I was never so fortunate as to see the ghost—or perhaps unfortunate, as it might have spoiled my shooting on the following day if I had done so! The story is this, I believe. In old days, Littlecote was the property of the notorious 'Wild Dayrell'. One night a midwife was summoned to the house, blindfolded, and, with the utmost secrecy, taken to a room where a woman lay in bed. On her way, the midwife counted the stairs; and when in the room, she managed to cut a piece from the bed-curtains. Shortly after she arrived, a baby came into the world, which was seized by Wild Dayrell, who threw it on to the fire burning in an ante-room. Dayrell was tried by Judge Popham for the murder of the child; and on the evidence of the midwife, founded on the piece of curtain and her memory of the number of stairs, he was found guilty; but it is said that he bribed the judge by the promise to give him, or leave him, the Littlecote estate, which has, I believe, remained in the Popham family ever since. Mr. F. L. Popham named one of his racehorses *Wild Dayrell*. It won the Derby in 1855, ridden by R. Sherwood, and I saw a large picture of it at Littlecote House when I was there. It was

trained in Littlecote Park by Rickaby, a forebear, I believe, of the well-known jockey Rickaby who rode with much success for George Lambton.

Captain Tomasson, Chief Constable of Nottinghamshire, was also a very good shot. He leased grouse-moors in different parts of Scotland, which he himself managed, while some of his friends shared in the expense. For many years he leased Hunt Hill, one of Lord Dalhousie's fine grouse-moors in Angus, for which, I believe, he paid only £1500 a year, though one season's bag was no less than 7000 brace of grouse. In 1887, shooting over dogs at Hunt Hill, Tomasson had three wonderful bags to his own gun:

August 12th, 1887	190½ brace of grouse
„ 13th, „	186½ „ „ „
„ 14th, „	229 „ „ „

He was a particularly good sportsman, and had great knowledge of all sorts of shooting, and of the habits and natural history of game.

Willie Hollins, too, who used 20-bore guns, was excellent at driven partridges. When living at Berry Hill, near Mansfield, he was the tenant of my partridge-shooting at Lyndhurst, and the second biggest bag of partridges for one day's shooting in England was obtained there.¹ It is as follows:

1906		BERRY HILL, MANSFIELD							
DATE	BEAT	No. of guns	Pheasants	Partridges	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Various	TOTAL
Oct. 9th	Langwell	8		442		2			444
„ 10th	Berry Hill	8	19	1504	3	10		2	1538
„ 11th	Pleasley Hill	8		671	3	2			676
			19	2617	6	14		2	2658
Guns: W. H. Tomasson, Lord Savile, F. H. Oates, Sir G. E. Paget, F. E. Seely, W. C. Oates, H. Whitaker, W. Hollins									

¹I believe the record bag is 800 brace, and that it was made at Holkham in Norfolk in the same year.

Oct. 10th

Number of birds brought to game-cart after each drive:

10 a.m.	1st drive	51	4th drive	102
	2nd „	36	5th „	131
	3rd „	154	6th „	218—692

Lunch 1.50-2.45 p.m.

7th drive	178	10th drive	134
8th „	106	11th „	159—695
9th „	118		<u>1387</u>
		Pick up	<u>117</u>
		Total	<u>1504</u>

This is another three very good days' sport, and later in the season:

1911

BERRY HILL, MANSFIELD

DATE	BEAT	No. of guns	Pheasants	Partridges	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Various	TOTAL
Oct. 31st	Kirkby	7	2	300	3			1	306
Nov. 1st	Berry Hill	7	33	1205	6	6	1		1251
Nov. 2nd	Sutton & Kirkby	8	2	292				1	295
			37	1797	9	6	1	2	1852
<p>Guns: 1st day: Duke of Portland, Lord Savile, T. S. Pearson-Gregory, R. H. Rimington-Wilson, Rev. G. B. Raikes, Col. the Hon. C. Willoughby. 2nd day: Same, with Captain Tomasson in place of Rev. G. B. Raikes. 3rd day: same as 2nd, with C. H. Seely and T. W. Turner, less Lord Savile.</p>									

Nov. 1st

Number of birds brought to game-cart after each drive:

1st drive	106	3rd drive	101
2nd „	125	4th „	151—483

Lunch

5th drive	99	8th drive	181
6th „	102	9th „	122—610
7th „	106		<u>1093</u>
		Pick up	<u>112</u>
			<u>1205</u>

Frank Oates was another first-class shot, particularly at driven partridges. In fact, in those days I could get together a team of my neighbours, for partridge driving, which would be very hard to beat in anypart of the country. These were Tomasson, Hollins, Lord Savile, Mr. Pearson-Gregory, the Rev. C. B. Collinson and

Mr. Frank Hall of Parkhall, near Mansfield, the latter, alas, being afterwards killed by a wave which broke over the liner in which he was returning from America. In my opinion, these were all absolutely first-class shots. There were many others, not quite so good, perhaps, but much above the average.

When I look back at the game book I am quite ashamed of the enormous number of pheasants we sometimes killed. This is a form of shooting which I have no desire to repeat. I give one or two examples:

DATE	BEAT	Partridges	Pheasants	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Snipe	Wild Duck	Various	TOTAL
Dec. 7th 1909	Gleadthorpe	10	2541	15	8	5			6 (3 Jays)	2585
	Guns: H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, Lord Elphinstone, Lord R. Cavendish, Master of Kinnaird, Hon. E. Charteris, Capt. Hon. Myles Ponsonby, Hon. G. Lambton, Major Baker-Carr, the Duke of Portland, Captain H. H. Amory.									
Dec. 8th 1909	Clipstone	12	2460	32	6	7			7 Jays	2524
	Guns: The same, less the Master of Kinnaird.									
Dec. 9th 1909	Clowne Hills	6	2650	3	8	9		4		2680
	Guns: The same, with Gen. Sir R. Pole-Carew, Mr. F. Mildmay and Capt. Tomasson; less the Hon. E. Charteris and Major Baker-Carr.									
Dec. 6th 1910	Gleadthorpe	14	3507	14	14	8	1		24 Jays	3582
	Guns: H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece, Prince Kinsky, Prince Loewenstein, Marquess of Ripon, Lord Desborough, Hon. Evan Charteris, Major Baker-Carr, Duke of Portland, Captain H. H. Amory.									
Dec. 7th 1910	Clipstone	1	2895	26	22	3			5 (3 Jays)	2952
	Guns: The same, without Major Baker-Carr.									

The best form of covert shooting, in my opinion, is at cock pheasants in the month of January, especially when there is a high wind blowing. I remember two such days particularly well, January 21st-22nd, 1901. There was a gale of wind blowing, with occasional snow-showers, and the birds flew splendidly. While shooting on the 22nd, I received a telegram announcing the death of Queen Victoria, and I had to leave at once for London.

DATE	BEAT	Partridges	Pheasants	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Snipe	Wild Duck	Various	TOTAL
Jan. 21st 1901	Birkland	37	591 all cocks	67	83	2				780
	Guns: Earl of Dudley, Lord Berkeley Paget, General Pole-Carew, Capt. Amory, Capt. Tomasson, Mr. W. Hollins, Mr. W. W. Hall, the Duke of Portland.									
Jan. 22nd 1901	Clowne Hills	25	711 all cocks	5	4	2			1	748
	Guns: The same.									

Partridge driving is quite a different thing, because the birds are naturally bred and not hand-reared. The bags of partridges¹ killed at Welbeck and Clipstone began to increase from

¹PARTRIDGE BAGS AT WELBECK.

1879 - 5	1894 - 768	1909 - 1,487	1924 - 4,338
1880 - 40	1895 - 1,317	1910 - 1,805	1925 - 3,937
1881 - 319	1896 - 2,948	1911 - 4,140	1926 - 2,576
1882 - 418	1897 - 2,351	1912 - 238	1927 - 6
1883 - 428	1898 - 3,494	1913 - 726	1928 - 1,695
1884 - 961	1899 - 3,406	1914 - 4,868	1929 - 6,698
1885 - 961	1900 - 4,155	1915 - 2,718	1930 - 3,486
1886 - 601	1901 - 5,504	1916 - 1,057	1931 - 793
1887 - 2,119	1902 - 4,008	1917 - 1,964	1932 - 582
1888 - 1,194	1903 - 4,128	1918 - 2,573	1933 - 3,203
1889 - 1,920	1904 - 4,160	1919 - 3,235	1934 - 6,537
1890 - 1,688	1905 - 4,380	1920 - 126	1935 - 5,245
1891 - 961	1906 - 6,183	1921 - 3,952	1936 - 1,270
1892 - 770	1907 - 220	1922 - 2,208	
1893 - 1,184	1908 - 1,339	1923 - 3,102	

the year 1887, which was the first really good year, and we several times killed over two hundred brace to four guns; but at that time the sport was by walking up birds in line. In 1894 and 1895 partridge driving was first practised at Welbeck and Clipstone. Mr. W. Hollins suggested to me that the Blue Barn beat should be driven over Blue Barn Lane, and this has since been done with great success. In 1896 partridge driving really commenced. The peak year was 1929, when 3,349 brace were killed. In 1927 practically no partridges were shot at all, and in 1928 only 847 brace were killed. 1934-5 was also an excellent season, when 3,268 brace of partridge were killed, and in addition, 5,148 pheasants, all wild birds, as none had been hand-reared for several years. I believe more partridges have been killed in recent years over Blue Barn Lane than at any other place in England. On one occasion no less than 270 brace, and several times well over 200 brace, have been killed there in four drives.

On October 24th-27th, 1906, shooting the Clipstone valleys, Blue Barn, the Sherwood side and Elmton, eight guns—Lord Dudley, Lord Henry Bentinck, Col. H. C. Legge, Hon. J. Ward, Major G. Holford, Mr. H. H. Lindsay, Mr. F. Mildmay (one day only), the Duke of Portland and Capt. Amory—killed 900, 1467, 773 and 518 partridges, a total of 3658 birds. The second day was a record for the estate.

Hungarian partridges were first introduced in 1895. For several years large numbers of them were purchased and the result was very satisfactory in every way. About 1895, 'remises' were planted at Hill Top and on other parts of the estate, on the lines of similar partridge coverts and sanctuaries in Hungary. For the last four years partridges have been fed in the winter, which has proved very beneficial, as it causes the hen birds to be in good health, and therefore prolific, during the ensuing season.

I consider that driven partridges, especially over the flood-dykes at Clipstone, provide the acme of good sport. As many as 400 brace have been killed there in a day. Some of them fly so

high that a Langwell keeper who was a spectator told his friends that the Clipstone partridges seemed to be 'nowt but wee bit sparrows flying across the valleys'. I believe that birds seldom fly so high as to be really out of shot, but I have seen both de Grey and Harry Stonor fail to kill some of the Clipstone partridges—I mean those flying over the highest stand; and if neither of them could do it, then I think the birds must have been out of shot.

I killed a very high-flying partridge at Clipstone, and to my surprise it disappeared down the water-pipe of a house, where there was only just enough room for it to go. Fortunately the day was fine, or an inundation of the house might have followed. I do not suppose the bird was improved for the table, though perhaps it may have become a little more tender.

The late Lord Zetland was shooting at Clipstone, and the beaters were all standing in line ready for the guns to fall in and take their places before walking up some turnips. Looking up and down the line, Lord Zetland remarked that he knew Sherwood Forest was a famous place for large oak trees, but that it seemed to be equally famous for bulky keepers, as he had never seen such big stout men as Jonathan Richardson, Edwin Woods, and some of the others.

I enjoyed many happy days and much good sport when the late Simon Lovat was my guest at Welbeck and at Langwell. I see from the game book that he and I one day killed 113½ brace of grouse, shooting over dogs at Braemore; and I always miss his cheery presence and his great skill at my shooting parties.

When I came to Welbeck in 1879, and for a good many years afterwards, woodcocks did not nest here. The first nests were found at Clipstone, and they have been increasing in number every year until, in 1935, the head keeper reported that there were at least forty nests, with an average of four young birds in each, in the woods under his charge. Last year, for some reason, there were not quite so many. No one has any explanation to offer why woodcocks should now nest at Welbeck, and not have done so in the past. A friend of mine, a banker,

was returning to England from Denmark a few years ago. There had been a high westerly wind for several days; and he told me that, for three or four hours, the vessel in which he was a passenger passed great numbers of dead woodcocks, floating on the surface of the water. These birds had evidently met the full force of the gale during their migration to the West, and had fallen into the sea. It struck me as curious that they did not turn back when they found the wind too strong for them.

Mr. Warner Turner has been so kind as to send me the following note:

‘When warping¹ was being carried out at Misson, on land adjoining the Idle in Nottinghamshire, you had two or three days’ duck shooting with Captain Tomasson; and you instructed me, if further warping was intended, to try and secure the shooting. But this I was unable to do.

‘In 1913, however, Thorne Moor, near Doncaster, was being warped, and I found that the Yorkshire Land and Warping Company Limited were agreeable to let the prospective shooting. So I acquired the sporting rights over 715 acres of land adjoining Medge Hall for five years, at a rent of £50 a year. This tenancy was continued, and a new agreement was entered into in 1918, when an additional area was leased, making a total of 1,369 acres.

‘As there was a great deal of warped mud to contend with, it was somewhat difficult to get about the ground. Ducks came there in great numbers at times, some very good bags being made, especially in the latter part of August and during September—for instance, on October 5th, 1915, 124 teal and 9 widgeon were shot by three guns, and on November 9th the bag was 90 teal and 21 mallard.

‘At the end of August, 1916, 92 teal and 48 mallard were shot; and on September 20th, 180 teal and 43 mallard. A fortnight afterwards 104 teal were shot, but the best bag was when you returned from Langwell and, on October 30th, 225 teal and 6 mallard were bagged. A week afterwards 82 teal were obtained.

¹The fertilization of land by spreading it with alluvial deposit.

‘One day in September, 1917, the bag was 159 teal and 58 mallard, and on October 18th, 195 teal and 9 mallard. After that year, however, the warping came to a close.’

Before I conclude this part of the chapter, I should like to pay a very hearty tribute to Mr. T. Warner Turner, and to the two excellent head keepers, D. M. Summers and F. W. Bartle, who work under his orders at Welbeck and Clipstone. I am quite sure that the splendid sport we have enjoyed is entirely due to their skill, knowledge, and continual vigilance, and to the same qualities in the men working under them. Though the soil is for the most part favourable, the estate is very thickly inhabited; and the residents possess a large number of dogs of all sorts and kinds, which are apt to disturb the game, not only during the nesting season, but at all times during the year. In justice, I must say that the miners and other residents—though of course some of them like ‘a bit of sport’—are very good fellows, with whom we are, and always have been, on the best of good terms.

Most of the poachers are professionals, and, when up before the magistrates, they libel the miners badly by giving that description of themselves. Most of the keepers are young and active men, and can give as much as—or more than—they get, when it comes to what is known as a ‘rough-and-tumble’. If no longer young and active, they have other qualities which are found to be no less useful. On one such occasion a rather old and weighty keeper—I believe he weighs no less than eighteen stone—acted as a rallying point for the younger men, who brought their prisoners to him, when he finished them off by sitting on them. However, after the fights are over, the poachers bear little or no malice, as the head keeper takes them to his house, where their wounds (if any) are dressed, and after being given a warm drink and a bit of supper they are sent home—sometimes, however, to hear of the matter again!

The late Lord Dudley, a very good shot indeed, was often my guest. He brought all sorts and kinds of retainers with him—among others, Andrew Kirkcaldy the famous golfer from St. Andrews, Carl Jakse, his Austrian haircutter, the head

keeper from Witley, his wife's footman, and two chauffeurs. After luncheon one day his wife and he, attended by all their followers except the footman, were walking together out shooting. In a few moments they were joined by a soldier, home on leave, and the village postman. I watched the whole cavalcade, and it looked like a crowd of people going to the Derby.

During a partridge drive, when Andrew Kirkcaldy and the Austrian haircutter loaded for him, Eddie fired at a partridge which was too close, and blew it to pieces. It fell at his feet; and, as I was the next gun to him, he kicked it into a ditch, hoping, I suppose, that I should not notice it. I had killed six birds; and when, as we walked across the field, I asked Eddie what his luck had been, he said he had killed six birds too. Just then we heard the hairdresser call out 'Milor'! Milor'!' He was holding fragments of a bird by its one remaining leg, and exclaimed, 'See, Milor'! I have found another piece in the ditch. So I think Milor' now has one bird more than His Grace.' I am afraid Eddie did not hear the last of this for a very long time!

Years ago, I walked through a plantation of young firs, in which the trees were nearly touching one another. Four birds rose in front of me. I knocked three of them over; but the fourth, which I saw plainly was a woodcock, I missed above the trees. I said to my loader 'What a bore; I've killed the three partridges, but I missed the woodcock.' When we reached the place where the birds had fallen we picked up three woodcocks, which I had mistaken for partridges among the thick trees. To this day I wish I had killed the fourth, and thus made a double right and left of woodcock. I have never done the same thing since, or had the chance to do so. I ought once to have killed three at Rufford; but quite a different thing occurred then, for I missed them all! I tell these stories to exemplify my luck on one occasion, and my bad shooting on another.

A friend of mine was shooting grouse in Scotland. From the number of shots he fired he apparently had a very good drive, but when the keeper counted his cartridges he said 'Weel, weel, juist forty shots and never a death.'

On January 4th, 1883, when I was in India, Lord Enniskillen killed a grouse on the Lings at Clipstone. A few black game were sometimes killed there, but never a grouse, before or afterwards, during the fifty-six years I have been at Welbeck. It was a very hard winter; and it was thought that the grouse must have come from Chatsworth, some twenty-five or thirty miles away, where the moors were covered with snow.

During my absence in India, a party of officers of a very smart Cavalry Regiment, in which my brother Bill was serving, shot several times at Welbeck. From an inspection of the game book when I returned, I saw that the bags were very small. I asked the head keeper why this was so. 'Because, Your Grace, some of they Cavalry officers didn't kill as much as they could eat,' was his reply. I think this was a most apt description of a bad team of guns.

One of the keepers brought a very clever lurcher out shooting, which he had captured from poachers. The dog continually ran in, picked up the birds, and, if they were not quite dead, gave them a crunch to finish them off. I told the keeper to lead it. He therefore put a string through the dog's collar; but directly his back was turned, the dog bit the string through, and then sat quietly by its master. A bird soon came over, which I killed—and away went the dog after it as usual. Pretending not to have seen what happened I said to the man, 'Why didn't you do as I told you?' 'So I did, Your Grace,' said he; 'but look—the cunning devil's bit the string.'

The keeper's name was Joe Harvey. He was a very curious character and, though a good keeper, a real poacher at heart. He was also very outspoken. He generally picked up my dead game; but one day when my brother Henry was shooting, Harvey deserted me for him. I upbraided him for this, and said, 'I can shoot just as well as Lord Henry.' 'Ah,' replied Harvey, 'you think so, but you *can't*!' 'You're after a tip, I believe,' was the best retort I could think of. My old friend Fred Milner shot Harvey through his hat. He took no notice, beyond quietly remarking, 'Damned lucky 'twasn't my 'ead, wasn't it?'

Shortly after the War, as is well known, there was considerable unrest among the miners. One morning, when we had arranged to shoot near one of the neighbouring collieries, I arrived at the meeting place and found fifty or sixty miners assembled there. I asked them why they had come, and they said, 'We've had word from the manager that we're not to go down the pit to-day; and, as we've nothing else to do, we came out to watch the sport.' Of course I replied, 'Come along. I'm delighted to see you.' As we were walking along, I thought how magnificently they had fought during the War, and asked them what was the cause of all the present unrest. 'Well,' one of them said, 'when the War was on, the officers did all they could to look after us and keep us comfortable and amused. Now, nobody bothers about us any more; and it all seems damned dull.' 'And', added another, 'when we come up from the pit, hot and thirsty and tired, there's nothing to fall back on: for the beer's so damned weak and bad, its naught but mucky, dirty water. Can't you get something done about it, sir?' I may say that I did write to the authorities on this point; and not long afterwards a better and stronger class of beer was supplied to the miners, though how much my letter had to do with the change, I do not know.

For some time it has been my custom to read the first Lesson at the Morning Service on Sunday; and a note of the chapter is sent to me the evening before, written on one of the pink forms which are used here for delivering telephone-messages. Many of these forms reach me during the day, and one Sunday I put the wrong paper into my pocket; for, when standing at the lectern I read with horror '450 partridges', our bag of the day before, instead of the appointed chapter of Scripture! However, I kept my head, opened the Bible by the marker, and read the first chapter I saw. Curiously enough it happened to be the right one.

When H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge paid us a visit on November 7th, 1889, he fired at some pheasants at rather close range, scattering their tail-feathers in every direction. Two small boys were carrying his cartridges, and one said to the other, 'The old gent, 'e do tickle 'em up, 'e do!'

When the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, was shooting at Cavendish Lodge, Clipstone, on December 17th, 1891, some ladies to whom he was talking drew his attention to a passing hare. H.R.H. took up his gun quickly, missed the hare, and shot his shooting-stick—which he had left behind—in half, much to his own amusement and theirs too.

On another occasion when King Edward honoured us with his presence, he was suffering from a rather serious injury to one of his feet. His Majesty therefore shot from a bath-chair. At one of the rises where the pheasants flew very high, Lord Ripon killed a particularly high-flying bird stone-dead, when, to everybody's dismay, it seemed about to fall on H.M.'s head. Fortunately it fell a few inches wide, but hit the arm of the bath-chair, burst open, and covered the King with blood and feathers. Naturally, H.M. was none too pleased at the moment, but after the mess had been cleaned up, he simply laughed and made a joke of it.

I have seen a lady struck on the head by a falling pheasant. She was completely stunned, and did not really recover from the blow for three or four months. I myself was once hit by a driven grouse, which I had killed in front of my butt, and I can vouch for the heaviness of the blow. Fortunately for me, the bird first hit the barrels of my gun, so I did not receive the direct impact. I have also seen a hare and a rabbit collide, when both were running as hard as they could go. The hare ran off, rather lame; but the rabbit was killed stone-dead.

It has been my privilege to entertain, on different occasions, King Carlos of Portugal, the King of Spain and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria. All three of them were good shots; and I venture to class them in the following order. 1 The Archduke Franz Ferdinand, 2 The King of Portugal, 3 The King of Spain.

On his first day out, the Archduke found some of the high-flying pheasants rather more than he could manage; but on the two following days he proved himself to be quite first-class, and certainly the equal of most of my friends. I am convinced



'WILTY'

The 15th Marquess of Winchester,
Major, Coldstream Guards; killed
at Magersfontein, 1899



THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND AT WELBECK, 1913
Seated in the foreground are Princess Clary-Kinsky and the Duchess of
Hohenberg

that, given enough practice in this country, he would have been equal to any of our best shots. I only once had the honour of being present with him at a shoot in his own country, when he killed two roe-bucks. I was told that he was considered the best rifle shot in Austria and Hungary, and I can well believe it. We found H.I.H. and his charming wife most delightful guests.

When the Archduke was my guest in December, 1913, he had a narrow escape from being killed. There was rather deep snow on the ground; and after a rise of pheasants, one of the loaders fell down. This caused both barrels of a gun he was carrying to be discharged, the shot passing within a few feet of the Archduke and myself. I have often wondered whether the Great War might not have been averted, or at least postponed, had the Archduke met his death then, and not at Sarajevo in the following year.

The late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, was a keen though not very accurate shot. When shooting at Creswell Craggs, in company with Harry Chaplin and one or two other of his old friends, he killed an exceptionally high-flying partridge in a manner equal to that of de Grey or Harry Stonor. His friends thereupon gave a loud cheer. When the drive was over, he said to me, 'I wonder why Harry Chaplin and the others cheered when I fired both barrels at a cock-pheasant and missed.' 'Missed a cock-pheasant with both barrels?' I said. 'Why, you killed the highest partridge that ever flew from Nottinghamshire¹ into Derbyshire!' 'Did I?' said Hartington. 'I didn't even know it was there. However, it's over now, so don't say anything about it, and let me keep my reputation.' We still call the place Hartington's stand.

Hartington showed me a gate at Chatsworth, where he said he must have made a record shot. He fired at a wounded cock-pheasant which was passing the gate, and killed it, and also a retriever which was running after it. With the same shot he hit the owner of the retriever in the leg, and the chef from Chats-

¹The county boundary follows the stream between Creswell Craggs.

worth, who was an onlooker. I asked him ‘Which did you most regret having hit?’ ‘Why, the chef, of course,’ he replied; ‘for if he had been badly wounded, all our dinners might have been spoiled.’

During a partridge-drive in the eastern counties, a very distinguished peer shot a well-known and popular equerry, who was standing beyond him, and his loader. The noble lord was so disgusted with himself that he returned home and went straight to bed! Luckily for me, I was the gun on his right; for had I been on his left I should have been one of his victims. The same noble lord often shot pheasants in the tail as they rose in front of him. When asked why he did so, he said, ‘Because it’s the nearest way to their vitals.’

When our old brother-officer Lord Winchester (‘Wilty’) went out to the South African War with the Coldstream Guards, Jacko Durham and I, more with a view of helping him out than anything else, leased his shooting at Amport, near Andover. We shot on Quarley Hill, when the surrounding plain was driven in, our bag being five or six hundred hares. I generally dislike a hare-shoot; but this was rather fun, as the hares ran between the gorse-bushes on the top of the hill. A very few days afterwards, on December 11th, 1899, Wilty was killed at Magersfontein; and neither Jacko nor I had the heart to shoot there again.

The first time I had the honour of being the Prince and Princess of Wales’s guest at Sandringham was in 1881, at the usual party given during the week of H.R.H.’s birthday. Among those present were H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Leicester, Lord Aveland, Lord Rendlesham and Count Szechenyi, all of whom are now dead. I append the bags obtained on the various days.¹ It was the custom for each guest to give H.R.H. a birthday present; and these, often consisting of gold cigarette-cases and other

¹ Beat: Flitcham Farms Nov. 8th 1881	Pheasants	25
	Partridges	287
	Hares	65
	Rabbits	1—378

valuable things, were displayed upon a table. Among the glitter of gold and silver, we were all amused to see two very dusty and cobwebby bottles of port wine, bearing a label 'From the Earl and Countess of Leicester'. When the Prince expressed his gratitude for these, Lord Leicester said, 'I noticed that Your Royal Highness seemed to enjoy the port at Holkham, so I have brought you two bottles of it.' We thought he might at least have made it a dozen!

In the evening, I heard Lord Leicester telling H.R.H. about the wonderful duck-shooting he enjoyed at Holkham. His description of it went on for about half an hour; and it was evident from the interest shown by the Prince of Wales that he hoped to be invited to share in the sport. At the end, however, Lord Leicester said, 'But after all, Sir, it is rather a selfish form of sport. If I had more than one gun, it would spoil the whole thing; so I always keep the shooting for myself.'

I have shot many times at Underley in Westmorland, as the guest of Birdie and my brother Henry. It was one of the best managed shoots I ever saw. The young head keeper, Sims, was quite a genius at rearing pheasants and showing them to the best advantage; while the beaters were wonderfully drilled by Mr. Corbett, the head forester. He carried a horn, and regulated

Commodore and Dersingham Woods Nov. 9th 1881	Pheasants	1,602	
	Partridges	31	
	Hares	192	
	Rabbits	266	
	Woodcocks	2	
	Wood Pigeons	8	
	Miscellaneous	2—2,103	
Freeman's Farm Nov. 10th 1881	Pheasants	18	.
	Partridges	343	
	Hares	59	
	Rabbits	12—432	
Jocelyn and Woodcock Woods Nov. 11th 1881	Pheasants	636	
	Partridges	5	
	Hares	10	
	Rabbits	120	
	Woodcocks	24	
	Wild Ducks	228	
	Wood Pigeons	2	
	Miscellaneous	4—1029	

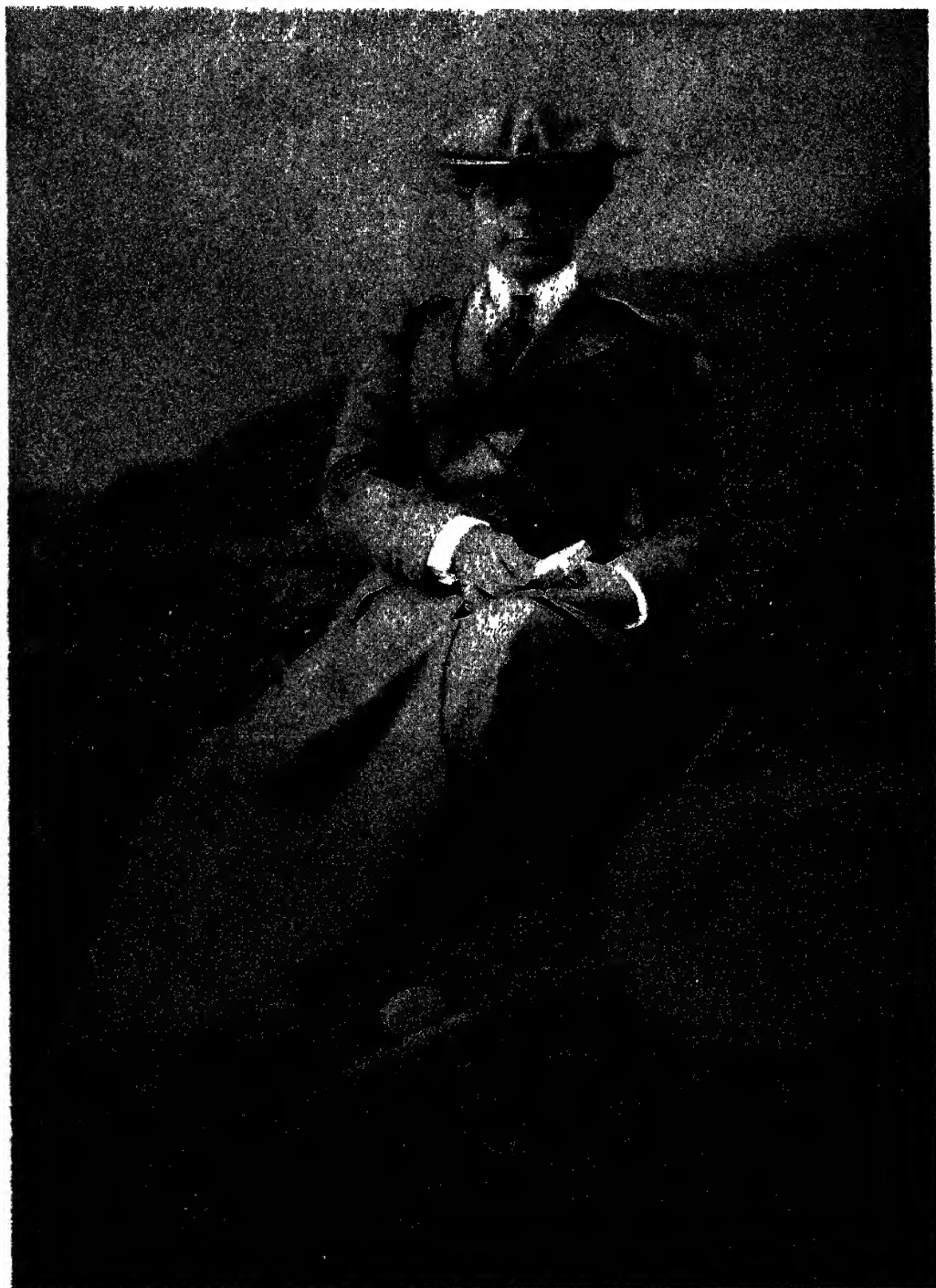
their movements and speed by its notes. The beaters were drilled almost like soldiers, and obeyed his word of command as if he were an officer. It was the custom to drive the pheasants from the main coverts into smaller, detached coverts, specially made on adjacent hills. They were then driven back to the main coverts, when they flew sky-high over the heads of the guns. This was no doubt due to the fact that birds always fly better towards home than they do in any other direction.

One very windy day, when the guest of Lord Harlech at Brogyntyn, I shot a high-flying pheasant, which fell right through the slate roof of a newly built cottage, and it made as clean a hole as if it had been a cannon-ball. This shows how much force there is in the blow of a dead pheasant. Lord Penrhyn, the owner of the famous slate-quarries in Wales, was a fellow-guest, and he came in for much chaff about the quality of his slates.

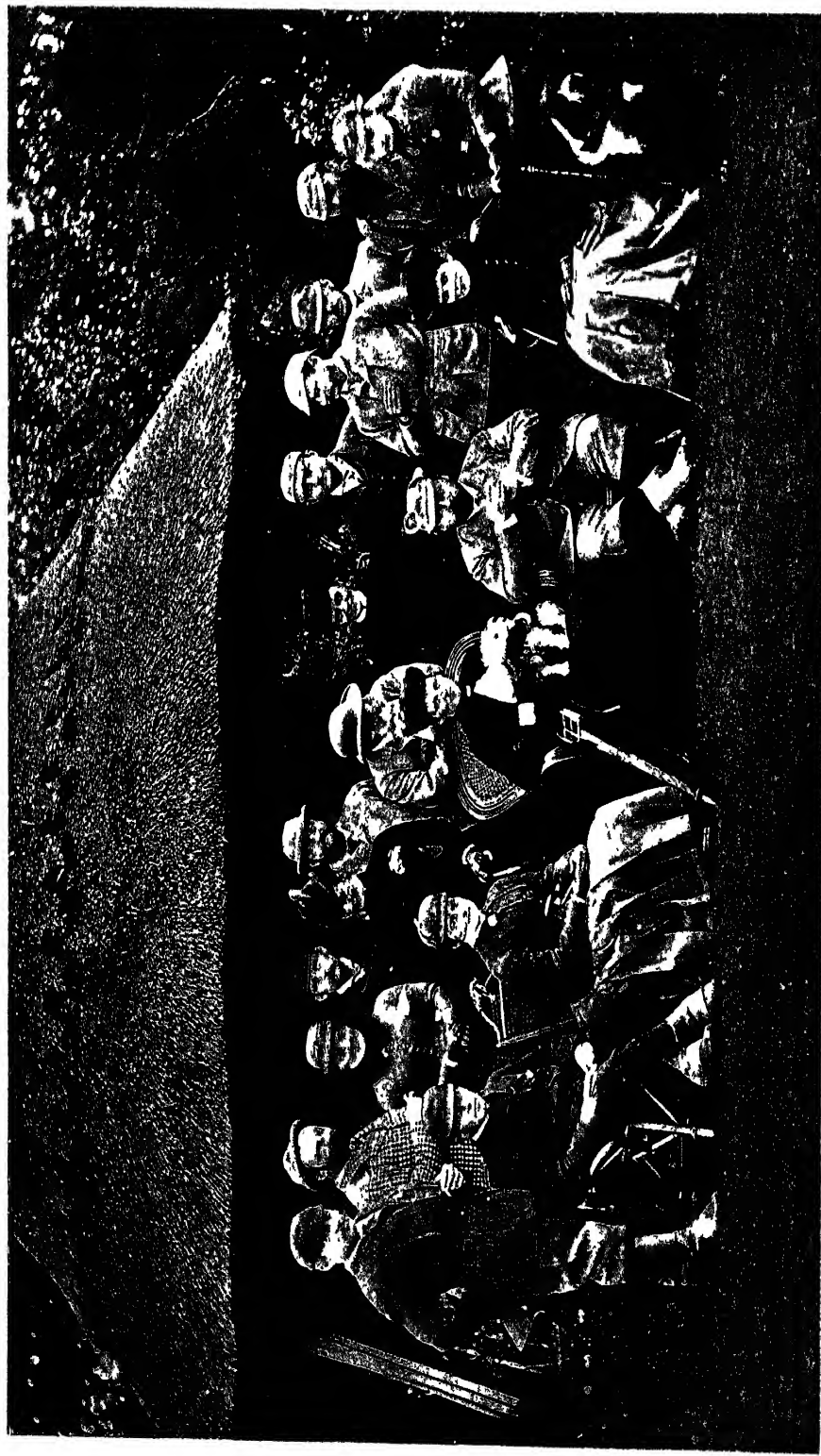
Lord Pembroke's head keeper at Wilton paid us a very pretty compliment. I remarked to him how high the pheasants flew over the valleys on the Groveley Beat, and he replied, 'Yes—probably as high as any in England. But I notice that some of you gentleman have very long handles to your guns, so you can compete with them.'

Randolph Churchill, when a shooting guest at Wynyard, where I enjoyed much good sport with Lord Londonderry, unfortunately killed a pet dachshund belonging to one of his near relations. Of course the fair owner was very much distressed at the sad end of her pet; and Randolph, by way of appropriate consolation, had his poor little victim stuffed and put into a glass case, which he sent to his relative as a Christmas present. I am afraid the result was not very successful, for when the lady saw it, she burst into a flood of tears. No doubt she felt that it was adding insult to injury, though I am sure poor Randolph had none but the kindest intentions.

It is now forty-five years since I first had the pleasure of shooting the high-flying pheasants at Chatsworth, in the late Duke of Devonshire's time; and my good and faithful friend the present Duke has kindly invited me to do so every year since,



LADY HARLECH
Lady Margaret Ormsby-Gore



MELTON CONSTABLE, 1886

Standing: Lord Hastings, Earl of Gosford, Lady Musgrave, Mr. Cass, Princess of Wales, Capt. H. F. Stephenson, R.N., Lord Calthorpe, Hon. C. Knollys, Portland, Lord Coke, Earl of Zetland, Lord Suffield, Hon. Agneta Astley.

Seated: Earl Cadogan, Lady Hastings, Countess of Gosford (with 'Muggins'), Prince of Wales, Lady Coke.

except, of course, when he was Governor-General of Canada. I am exceedingly grateful to him, not only for the excellent sport, but also for his kindness in never forgetting to invite an old friend. I venture to reproduce three bags of game which were killed, and they may be taken as average days' sport at Chatsworth:

Beat: Hare Park & Baslow Dec. 14th 1909	Partridges	1
	Pheasants	1,074
	Hares	43
	Rabbits	90
	Woodcocks	1
	Wild Ducks	1
	Various	2—1,212
Dukesbank & Paddocks Dec. 15th 1909	Partridges	8
	Pheasants	1,423
	Hares	70
	Rabbits	18
	Woodcocks	3
	Wild Ducks	59
	Various	1—1,582
Bunkershill Dec. 16th 1909	Pheasants	360
	Hares	4
	Rabbits	27
	Woodcocks	5
	Wild Ducks	425
	Teal	2—823

In the time of the late Duke of Devonshire the house, huge as it is, simply overflowed with guests during the shooting parties; and a friend of mine, who arrived rather late one evening, was given a bed in the hall-porter's room. He was much amused when, early next morning, the letter-bags were hurled on the top of him, and the postman greeted him with, 'Get up, you lazy young devil! You've overslept yourself again!'

My friend Willy Desborough was kind enough to invite me several times to his annual duck-shoot, at Hickling Broad in Norfolk, on August 1st. Hickling Broad was formerly the property of the late Lord Lucas, Ettie Desborough's first cousin; and when he was killed in France, in 1916, he left it to her third

son, Ivo Grenfell, who bequeathed it to his father in 1926. Lord Lucas was keenly interested in natural history, and he formed a bird sanctuary at Hickling, where many rare species are protected, including the bittern, the marsh harrier, and Montagu's harrier—possibly too many of the latter, as they are certainly not bird protectors themselves. The advantage of this Broad as a bird sanctuary is that it is all the property of one owner, and can therefore be completely protected all the year round. It is curious and pleasant to hear the booming of the bitterns in the evening. Besides these birds there is a vast quantity of ducks, some of which breed there, while others come in from the sea.

When I shot there, I motored from Welbeck, through Norwich—about 150 miles—and arrived at the bungalow at tea-time, after which four or five other guns and I were taken in punts under the care of Jim Vincent, a great authority on shooting, fishing and everything to do with the Broads, and were deposited in barrels sunk in the marshes. The birds rose in great numbers; but it was inadvisable to shoot the first time they passed over as, if not fired at on the first flight, they were more likely to return within shot. It was exceedingly good sport, and we kept up the shooting till daylight failed. On one occasion I think quite two hundred birds were killed, but of course it was very difficult to pick them all up in the dark.

I much enjoyed this sport, as it differed entirely from anything to which I was accustomed. All the same, a barrel reaching to one's armpits was not, at my time of life, the most comfortable place in the world in which to spend four or five hours after a long motor drive over rough roads; and it was impossible to release oneself until Jim Vincent arrived with a rescuing boat. I am afraid that, at last, I have become too old for the sport and, much to my regret, I am obliged to decline Willy Desborough's invitation. I wish I were twenty years younger!

I have received the following kind letter from Willy, as to the bird sanctuary and duck shooting:

PANSHANGER,
5 February, 1937.

'I received your letter and enclosure this morning, and am very pleased to supply the information for which you ask.

'Whiteslea Bird Sanctuary was formed as long ago as 1910 by the late Lord Lucas, at the instigation of the Hon. Edwin Montagu, a bird collector turned bird preserver, who formed a syndicate, of which the late Lord Grey of Falloden was a prominent member.

'Lord Lucas left the Sanctuary to Ivo, whom I succeeded, with the wish that the Sanctuary should be maintained, which I have done since, and added to it considerably in order to protect the birds.

'There are several flighting places with tubs sunk in the marshes, or with butts erected sometimes in the water. The ducks are not put up, but they come in of their own accord in the evenings and early mornings, a good many from Swim Coots, which I keep undisturbed, and others from a distance. The most we have picked up after one evening flight is 361. The ducks which appear on these occasions are mallard, teal, pochard, shovellers, tufted ducks, golden eyes, gargany teal, widgeon, scaup, pintail and gadwell.

'I received a letter from Jim Vincent this morning, to say he had just seen a long-tailed duck, brent geese, red-throated divers, red-necked grebes, and Sclavonian grebes, and as he calculated 2,000 duck and 2,500 coots. Thirteen hundred coot have been killed in a day, and distributed to the villagers, who prefer them to duck.

'The following geese come in during the winter: greylag, brent, white-fronted and pink-footed, as well as whooper and Bewick swans. We hope to get avocets, ruffs and reeves, and perhaps spoonbills, to nest again in the Sanctuary.

'It was a great excitement when the marsh harrier and the Montagu's harrier came to nest again after a great many years' absence; but, as you suggest, it is possible to have too many of them for the other birds, big and small.

‘Jim Vincent had a Montagu’s nest watched night and day, and came to the conclusion that it required about a thousand head to keep the family going.

‘The little bearded tit is one of the specialities of the Whiteslea Sanctuary, and has been saved from extinction.

‘Among butterflies the swallow-tailed butterfly is plentiful; and there are rare water plants such as *naias marina*, which I believe is peculiar to these waters.

DESBOROUGH.’

I cannot possibly describe in detail all the good sport provided for me by my other kind and hospitable friends; but I should be very ungrateful if I did not mention some of which I have, perhaps, the most happy recollection.

I have shot several times at Melton Constable, as the guest of my old friend the late George Hastings; and I remember a wonderful shoot of wild pheasants (none of them were hand-reared) in Hindolvestone Wood, where we killed 619 pheasants on November 24th, 1893. I asked the keeper how many birds he thought we should get, and he said, ‘From 300 to 400.’ The wood is dead flat; but there happened to be a gale blowing, and the birds all flew splendidly.

I spent a week as Lord Leicester’s guest at Holkham, in 1905. We had a remarkable bag of hares, killing over six hundred on three successive days, and on one of them no less than 829.

I had many days’ excellent sport with my friend the late Lord Savile at Rufford, where, very late in the season (it was on January 28th, 1924), we killed 222 partridges, almost all of them before luncheon.

I remember a rather remarkable day at snipe, with Lord Anglesey at Plas Newydd, on November 15th, 1906. The guns were Charley Anglesey, General Sir Arthur Paget, the Hon. John Ward, the Hon. R. Molyneux, Lord Herbert and myself. It was a very wet day, and we had to wade through ditches, in some of which we were in water up to our middles. Arthur

Paget preferred to sit in the carriage, most of the time, smoking cigars. The bag was 52 snipe, besides wild-dúck, etc.

Finally, I must not omit the sport I have enjoyed at Aske, as the guest of Lord Zetland; with Frank Mildmay at Flete, where the pheasants fly sky-high; with Sir Albert Whitaker at Babworth, where there is very good partridge-driving; at Ashridge, with the late Lord Brownlow; at Eaton, where I shot two or three times with the late Duke of Westminster; and with Algy Belper at Kingston. I do not mention the excellent grouse shooting and deer-stalking I have had at Langwell, as I have already described it in my *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*, published in 1933.

XI. TOURS ABROAD

HAVING heard a great deal about his visit to India from my brother-officer in the Coldstream, Jacko Durham, who had spent the previous winter there, and being deeply interested in our Eastern Empire because my great uncle Lord William Bentinck had been Governor of Madras (1803-1807), and afterwards (1827-1835) a very distinguished Governor-General of India under John Company, I determined to go there myself. Most fortunately it turned out that Lord de Grey, the eldest son of Lord Ripon, the then Viceroy, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Wenlock, and Lord de Grey's friend Wilfred Greenwood were going there. Lord de Grey most kindly invited me to join this little party.

We left London about the middle of December, 1882, and travelled overland, having a rough crossing from Brindisi to Alexandria, and then through the Suez Canal, to Bombay. We spent a few days there as guests of the Governor, Sir James Ferguson, at Parel, a suburb in which the Governor then lived during the winter months, passing the summer at Malabar Point, which is now the official residence. We visited the island of Elephanta and other places of interest. Lord de Grey and Lord and Lady Charles Beresford then went by train to Calcutta, where Wilfred Greenwood and I joined them, after visiting Ajmir, Jaipur, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi and other places on our way. A grand shoot and *tamasha* had been arranged in Nepal for the Viceroy, Lord Ripon; but at the last moment he was unable to go, because of a serious crisis which had arisen on account of the Ilbert Bill, which, if passed, would, I believe, have given native magistrates power to try and punish



PORTLAND AND AILWYN FELLOWES
DURBUNGAH



MY TIGER
DURBUNGAH

Europeans. The protests against this Bill assumed such large and dangerous proportions that certain tea-planters in Assam even threatened to kidnap the Viceroy. Fortunately the Military Secretary, Lord William Beresford, V.C.,¹ had great influence with these fine sportsmen, for he had often been their guest for pig-sticking; and he pointed out how extremely foolish their intentions were. On this account the Viceroy was unable to visit Nepal; so Lord de Grey went in his place, taking us with him.

We travelled a long way by train, and were then driven by young tea-planters in tandem dog-carts to the borders of Nepal, where we were met by the Nepalese elephants, on which we rode to a vast camp on the Rapti River. There we found the Maharajah of Nepal, Sir Runudeep Singh, ready to receive us. He of course had his own camp, and another, most luxurious camp was provided for us. There were no less than seven hundred elephants. Soon after we arrived a heavy thunderstorm took place, and it rained in torrents for about twenty-four hours, until the whole camp was a quagmire. The camp was beautifully situated, and in the early morning we had a wonderful view of the Himalayas, with Mount Everest towering in the background; but after about 6 o'clock it was obscured by haze. The surrounding jungle swarmed with all sorts of game: wild elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, panther, every kind of wild deer and wild boar.

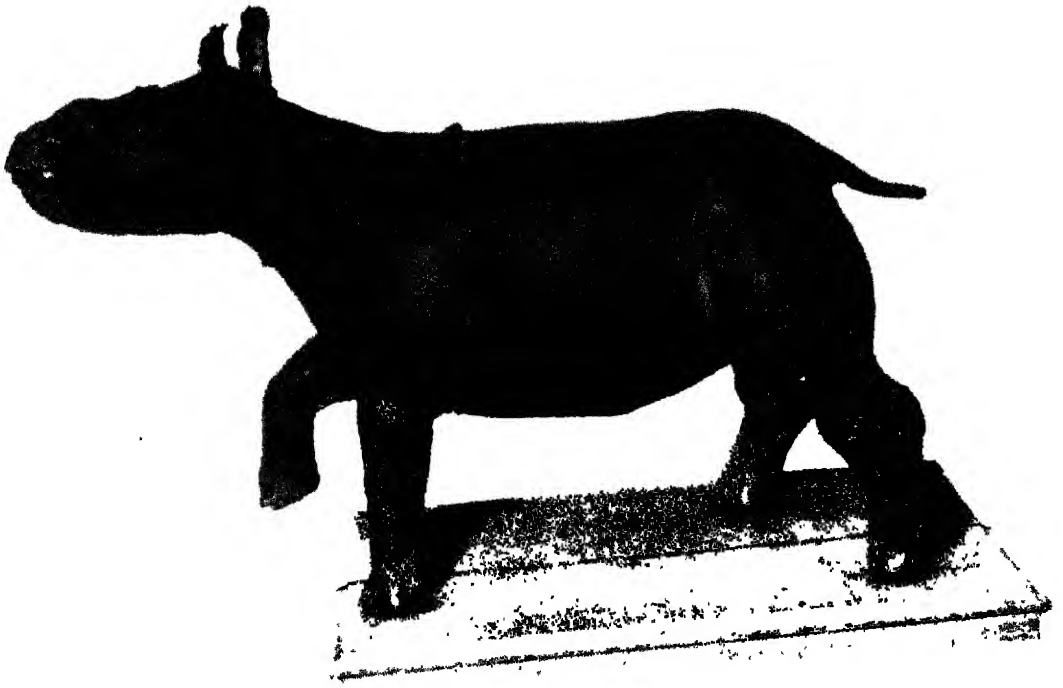
With the Maharajah was Mr. Girdlestone, the British Resident at Katmandu. He had a dear little pet-dog, which was allowed to lick the blood of the dead tigers. Tiger's blood is supposed to give courage and ferocity; but, so far as I could see, it had no more effect upon him than the blood of a rabbit!

¹Bill Beresford held the important post of Military Secretary to the Viceroy. He was always very kind to me and, in fact, to us all. As is well known, he was not only a great sportsman but also a most gallant soldier, having gained the Victoria Cross at the battle of Ulundi, during the Zulu war. After serving in the 9th Lancers he became A.D.C. and later Military Secretary to the Viceroy. He was altogether the right man in the right place, and most useful to Lord Ripon in every way. He was a first-class pig-sticker—in fact he was *facile princeps* in every form of sport. If one placed oneself in Bill's hands in India, one was certain of a warm welcome wherever one went, and of having the best sport that could be obtained.

A regiment of Ghurka Infantry was stationed at the camp, with its band, which played to us in the evenings. It was most amusing to watch the Regiment ford the river and streams. The men sat on the bank, and were ordered to remove their boots and trousers; they then crossed over, the bandsmen carrying their instruments on their heads; and they put their clothes on again on the further bank. The effect of the red coats and naked brown legs was most quaint and amusing.

The method of shooting tiger was for the elephants to drive in a vast circle of the jungle and, having done so, form a ring at least two deep. I remember that once there were three tigers in the ring, besides some wild boars. My friends and I rode howdah-elephants, and when the ring was formed we took it in turns to search for the tiger. When the tiger was found, it generally gave a wild roar and charged at the elephant, and then was the chance to shoot it. The elephants forming the ring seemed much more afraid of the pigs than of the tigers. I saw a boar charge the ring, stampede the elephants and get right through. Another smaller boar, attempting the same tactics, got between an elephant's legs, and he kicked it out just as if it were a football. It did not seem to me that there was any danger whatever in shooting a tiger in this way because, however much he might maul the poor elephant, he never managed to reach the howdah.

The rhinoceros hunting was more interesting and to my mind much more sportsmanlike. We used fewer elephants than when we were after tiger, marching along in a line through the dense jungle; and when the rhinoceros was found the fun began. Of our seven hundred elephants there were only two which were really staunch—that is, which would not run away if the rhinoceros charged, as it usually did; and we took it in turns to ride them. The rhino I killed charged my elephant, and I was lucky enough to kill it with one shot from my four-bore rifle. When it was lying dead on the ground I noticed something struggling behind it, and found that it was a baby rhino. Charlie Beresford and I tried to catch it alive; but it was much



MAMA AND BABY



CROC.



TAKING HIS BATH, NEPAL

too strong for us, and our friends shouted to us to get back on to our elephants as there were two more rhinos close by, which had been attracted by the squeals of the young one. Knowing that the baby would die without its mother, we shot it. Another time a rhino charged the line of elephants, rushed through our adjacent camp, knocked down one of the tents and escaped through the river.

The most interesting episode of all was a hunt after a large wild elephant with one tusk, which was reported to be in the neighbourhood. Mounted on pad elephants, we left the camp at about 5 o'clock in the morning and, after some time, found the tusker, which made off with our pad elephants in pursuit. The young Nepalese princes stood bare-footed on the backs and heads of the elephants they were riding, to keep the tusker in view, as we crashed through the jungle, knocking down small trees and plunging in and out of nullahs. It was quite extraordinary how the Ghurkas rode and controlled the elephants. Every animal, besides being ridden by a mahout, carried a grass cutter on its tail. The grass cutter was armed with a spiked mallet, and with this he compelled the poor old *hathi*, as the mahout calls the elephant, to go as fast as it could—which, after all, was not more than about five miles an hour. It was a very risky ride for an unpractised passenger, for as we crashed along we had to shift from one side of the pad to the other, to avoid overhanging trees. After several hours' pursuit, and covering about 18 miles of country, the wild elephant stopped and a ring was at once formed around him. He made two or three rather half-hearted charges, and appeared very exhausted. After about an hour our two fighting elephants, one of which, reputed to be the biggest elephant in India, was named *Bijlī Pāsh* (which I believe means Scatterer of Lightning), entered the ring and butted the poor wild elephant until he gave in, when a noose was fastened to his hind legs and he was tied to a tree. Two female elephants were left with him to console him. In about a fortnight's time he arrived in the camp with his lady friends, and before we went away he had begun to carry a mahout, though of course he was not yet thoroughly trained.

One day, after we had shot a tiger, an individual prepared his camera to photograph it, while we ate our lunch. When we finished our meal and the photographer went to take the picture, he found that a swarm of bees had settled on the camera, and he dared not approach it. I may say that one of the dangers of jungle shooting is an attack by a swarm of bees; so we were advised to have a travelling-rug ready in the howdah, with which to protect our heads and shoulders in case of attack. The natives use their turbans for this purpose. Needless to say we all wore topis, and a quilted pad to protect our necks and backs; for it was very hot indeed during the day, though cool at night.

Nepal has always remained an independent State; and though we recruit Ghurka regiments from there, I believe our recruiting officers did not then enter the country—perhaps they do not do so now—but were stationed at the frontier. Some of these Ghurkas are born and bred in the different regiments. The King of Nepal lives a retired life, the government of the country being carried on by a family of hereditary Maharajahs. The then Maharajah, Sir Runudeep Singh, was a brother of the famous Jung Bahadur, of whom a romantic story is related. A few years before the Mutiny, Jung Bahadur visited England, where he became a great friend and admirer of Laura Bell,¹ a beautiful woman of the time. After leaving England, he sent her a splendid ring, and with it a note in which he said that if ever she required his help she had only to send him the ring, and he would do anything he could for her. When the Mutiny broke out in 1857, Laura Bell told this story to a friend whom I knew very well, and he went to the India Office, taking the ring and Jung Bahadur's letter with him. These were sent to India, with a written request from Laura that the Nepalese Government should either join the British or remain neutral. The Nepalese did remain neutral, and the Ghurka regiments faithful to the British *Raj*. When the Mutiny was over they made an end of the mutineers who had fled into the Nepalese Terai. Among these was said to be the notorious Nana Sahib, who massacred

¹Daughter of Captain R. H. Bell of Bellbrook, Co. Antrim.



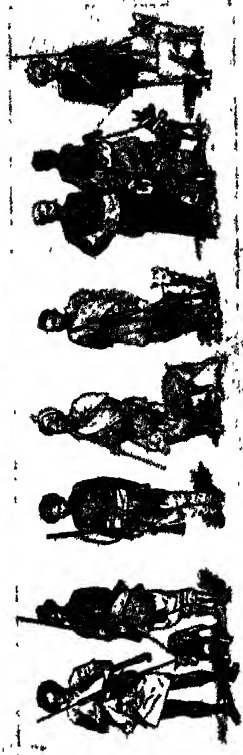
LAURA BELL
(A. Clayton)
Photograph by W. Dennis Moss



THE RESIDENT'S JAGGERS



AN OPEN COURSE, THE THROAT OF THE GATE



THE RESIDENT'S JAGGERS



NEPAL, 1883



THE RESIDENT'S JAGGERS

NEPAL, 1883

The central group includes (left to right) Maharajah Sir Runudeep Singh, de Grey, Wenlock, Portland, Wilfred Greenwood and Charlie Beresford.

the women and children at Cawnpore, and flung their bodies into a well. Laura Bell, after a good many vicissitudes, married Mr. Thistlethwayte and lived in Grosvenor Square. She became very devout and philanthropic, and Mr. Gladstone attended religious and other meetings at her house. I used to see her as an old lady, and often admired pictures of her in her lovely youth.

We spent six very happy and interesting weeks in Nepal, where I believe that, besides other game, our bag was fourteen tigers and eight rhinoceros. When we left, we went by boat along the Rapti River and had good fun shooting at the crocodiles lying on the bank. I include a photograph of one which I secured. On the way home from our day's sport I often saw big muggers lying in the stagnant ponds. I used to see their heads and eyes and fire at them. One of those we killed contained a woman's bangles, so we thought it quite legitimate to shoot them.

The Ghurkas are extraordinarily brave little men. When we were encamped on the bank of a tributary of the Rapti, we heard a tremendous hullabaloo one morning; and, going to see what it was, we found the Ghurkas killing a croc with their kukris. It appears that they had bathed daily in the river although they knew the reptile was there. For a few days the croc behaved itself, but at last it attacked one of them, and then seven or eight more rushed into the water and cut it to pieces.

Polly Carew gave me a splendid instance of the dash and bravery of the Ghurkas. When serving on Lord Roberts's staff he was present at an attack, made chiefly by the Highland Regiments, upon a valley on the way to Kabul. The Afghans were in a strong position on the hill-sides, and were firing under cover of the boulders.

The Highlanders opened the attack, when suddenly there appeared among them a little Ghurka sergeant. He ran two or three hundred yards in advance of our troops, stalked the Afghans who were sniping from behind the rocks, poked them out with his bayonet, and, as each tribesman ran to find fresh cover, shouted, 'Kill, sahib! Kill!' throwing himself flat on his face.

At the end of the valley was a fort, with a gun in it. Still

well in front of the line, the little Ghurka rushed the gun and bayoneted two of the crew. He then took his cap off and, thrusting it down the muzzle of the gun, shouted, 'This is my gun. I claim it for my Regiment,' after which he sat straddle-legged across it, threatening everyone who came near with his bayonet.

When Lord Roberts arrived, the little sergeant was still in possession. Lord Roberts was very much astonished to see him, as his regiment was not in action on that occasion; but when Polly explained the situation he laughed and said, 'What a little hero! I suppose, strictly speaking, he ought to be court-martialled for absenting himself from his regiment. But I will make that all right for him; and of course he shall have his gun.'

Polly told me that during the occupation of Kandahar the Ghurkas made great friends with the Highland Regiments, particularly the Gordon Highlanders, as they considered they were hill-men like themselves. One day he saw a big, brawny sergeant of the Gordon Highlanders and a tiny Ghurka sergeant, apparently bargaining with a tall Afghan. To Polly's astonishment the Ghurka suddenly flew at the Afghan and knocked him down. Polly asked the Ghurka why he had done so, and he replied, pointing to the Afghan, 'That dirty blackguard tried to cheat my friend, so I put him on his back.'

Reverting to our tour, Charlie Beresford had a dangerous experience with a python. He came across a very large one, curled up and apparently asleep. Not having his rifle with him, Charlie recklessly attacked it with a kukri, and fortunately gave the python so deep a cut as to injure its spine.

One day one of the elephants sank into a morass, lost its head, and became unmanageable. We contrived to rescue the mahout and the occupants of the howdah, and then threw faggots to the elephant, which arranged them under its feet, thus getting a foothold, and eventually extricated itself. All this time the mahout encouraged it, sometimes with endearing names, and sometimes with strong and hearty curses.

On leaving Nepal we were invited to a shooting party by the Maharajah of Durbungah where, as in Nepal, game simply

swarmed. We had nothing like the same number of elephants, but those we used were staunch and good. Both the Maharajah and his Resident, Colonel Money, were very kind and hospitable. As usual there were two camps, one for the Maharajah and another for his guests. Our bag was as follows:

DATE	Ground	Tigers	Buffaloes	Pigs	Deer	Hares	Floriken	Partridges	Quails	Snipe	Ducks
March 1	Birmah		7	32	39	1		137	3	1	
2	Anguri		8	2	3	2	1	68			
3	Peepra	1	1	19	36			47		4	16
4-5	Bikuntapore			20	44			19		1	68
6	Foursoun			56	95	4		100	1	22	12
7	Kurmunchuk			22	45			7		1	18
8	Sydgunj	1	11	11	28	1		17			
9	Bujraha		1	12	4			14	2	38	2
10	Chunderie			32	31	16		47		10	1
11-12	Bir nagur			32	68	6	2	23		4	
13	Futteepore			18	7	1		4	1	3	
14	Maharupi			13	7	4	3	8	2	1	2
15	Babuari			2	21			6	1	5	
16	Basmutia	1		2	7	13		2	1		
Totals		3	28	273 ¹	435	48	6	499	11	90	119

After the shoot at Durbungah we went by train to Bombay, staying at Benares on the way as the guests of the Maharajah of Vizianagram. We were going for an early ride one morning in Calcutta, and were waiting for Charlie B. to appear, when Bill B. became impatient and asked his servant, 'Where is Lord Charles Sahib?' 'He in bed,' was the reply. 'Then why the devil don't you call him?' 'But how dare I disturb him when he behind mosquito curtains, in bed with the Memsahib?'

At the end of March, we sailed from Bombay in a P. & O. steamer, as far as Port Said, and proceeded by train to Alexandria. There we embarked upon the *Tanjore*, commanded by Captain Briscoe, who was, I think, an Officer of the R.N.R.

The *Tanjore* carried the mails between Alexandria, Brindisi and Venice. About half an hour before she sailed, an excited

⁸ Durbungah is not a pig-sticking country, so it is legitimate to shoot the pigs.

Irishman rushed on board and said, 'I must have a passage this evening,' demanding to see his brother-Irishman the Captain. The Captain, however, said, 'I'm very sorry, you can't have a berth on board this ship tonight. We're clean full up.' At this, the would-be passenger grew more excited than ever, and shouted, 'I demand to be given a berth—I telegraphed for one long ago, from the Blue Nile.' 'I don't care a damn,' retorted Briscoe, 'whether you telegraphed from the Blue Nile, the Green Nile, the Red Nile, or any other coloured Nile. There's no room for you on board this ship tonight.'

Hearing the dulcet voices of his countrymen, Charlie Beresford of course joined in the row (what Irishman would do otherwise?); and he pleaded hard that some accommodation should be found for the traveller. Now, not only had Briscoe given valuable assistance with the *Tanjore* to Charlie, when he commanded the *Condor* and silenced the guns of a fort near Alexandria—the famous occasion when Sir Beauchamp Seymour (afterwards Lord Alcester), known as 'The Swell of the Ocean', sent him the special message, 'Well done, *Condor*'; but his family was closely connected with Charlie's elder brother, Lord Waterford, in Ireland. By this time, the *Tanjore* was due to sail, and the Second Officer came to Briscoe and said, 'Time's up, sir.' Briscoe, forgetting all about the Irishman, said, 'All right—cast off!' and the vessel left harbour, with the unwanted passenger on board. The next thing Charlie heard was a roar from Briscoe, 'If I wouldn't be hung for murder, I'd throw ye overboard!' However the stranger turned out to be a man of consequence, and a most charming fellow; and, by the time we reached Brindisi, he, Briscoe, Charlie and I were hobnobbing together.

I disembarked at Brindisi for Paris, and the others continued their passage to Venice. The vessel was commonly known as 'the old *Tanjore*'. I believe she was one of the last paddle-wheel steamers in the service of the P. & O. Company.

My wife and I were invited to Delhi in January, 1903, by the then Viceroy, Lord Curzon, to attend the Durbar held in



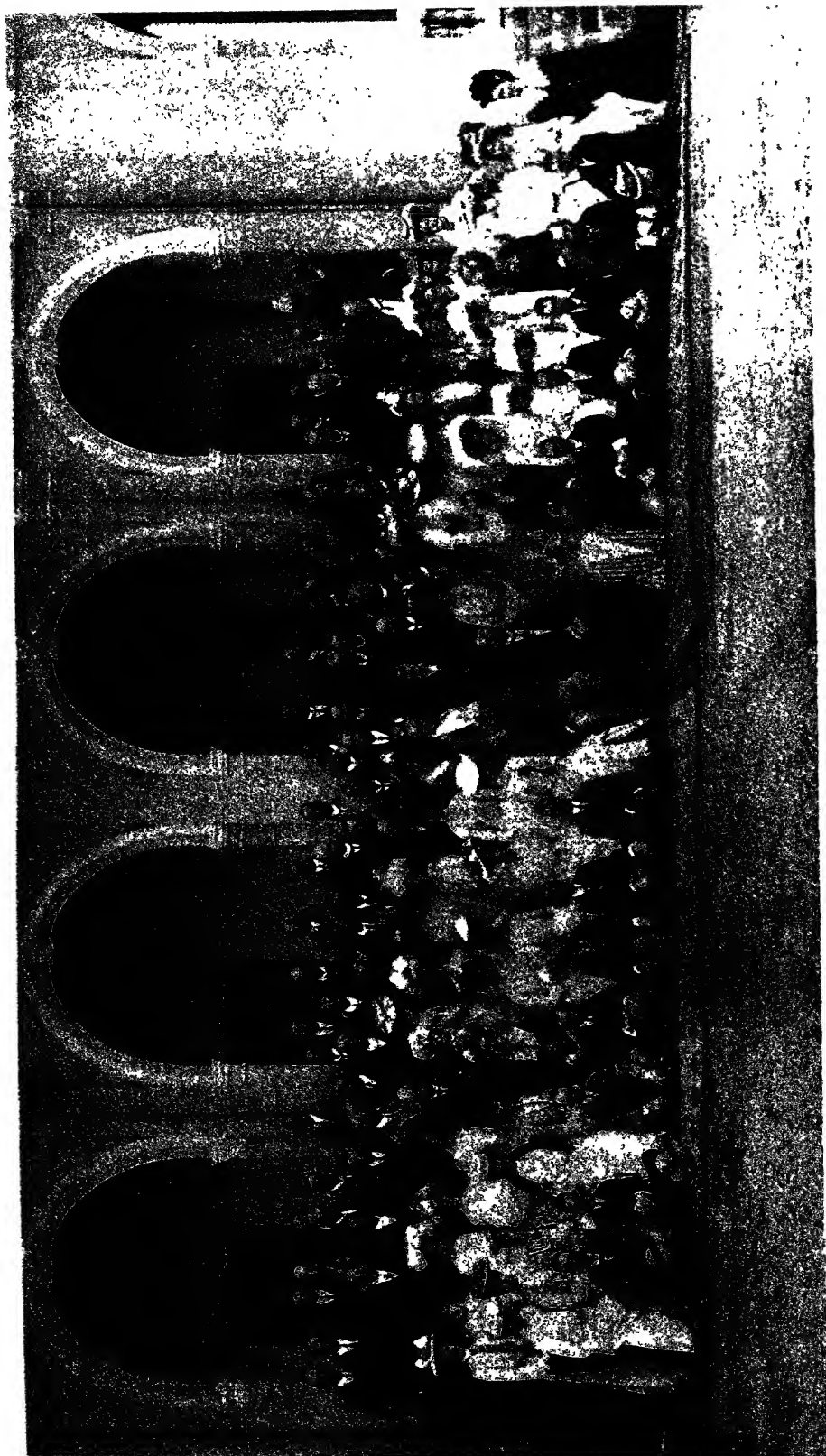
DE GREY



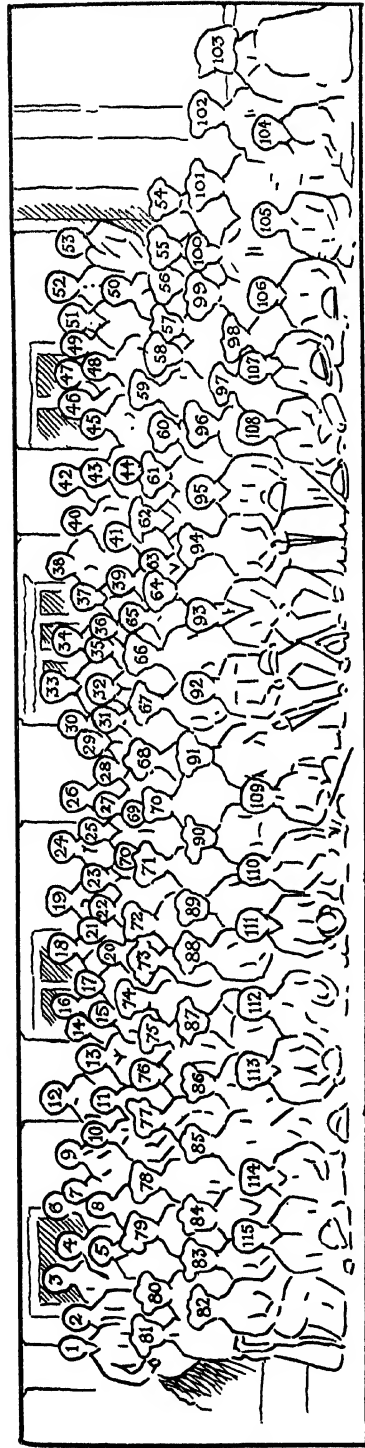
PART OF THE BAG
Durbungah

Standing, left to right: Ailwyn Fellowes, Mr. Shillingford, Lord Yareborough,
and extreme right, Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson and Wilfred
Greenwood.

Seated, left to right: Lord Wenlock, Portland, Maharajah of Durbungah,
Lord de Grey, Colonel Money



VICEROY'S CAMP, DELHI DURBAR, JANUARY 1903



- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Captain The Hon. J. Yarde-Buller | 59. Mrs. Baker | 87. Lady Lawrence |
| 2. The Hon. Dudley Marjoribanks | 60. Mrs. W. James | 88. The Hon. Mrs. G. Harbord |
| 3. Captain K. Wigram | 61. Mrs. Fenn | 89. The Hon. Mrs. Maguire |
| 4. Colonel Weston-Jarvis | 62. Mrs. L. Drummond | 90. The Hon. Lady Miller |
| 5. Mr. Cowie | 63. Lord Lamington | 91. The Duchess of Marlborough |
| 6. Captain Smallwood | 64. Lady Dickson-Poynder | 92. H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught |
| 7. Colonel Fenn | 65. Sir Walter Lawrence | 93. H.E. The Viceroy, Lord Curzon |
| 8. Captain Holden | 66. Mrs. Coplestone | 94. H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught |
| 9. The Duke of Portland | 67. Lady Ibbetson | 95. H.R.H. The Grand Duke of Hesse |
| 10. Captain The Hon. W. Stanley | 68. Miss Coplestone | 96. H.E. The Lady Curzon |
| 11. Captain Farquhar | 69. Lord Wolverton | 97. The Hon. Cynthia Curzon |
| 12. Colonel Herbert | 70. Miss Coplestone | 98. The Hon. Irene Curzon |
| 13. Surgeon-Major Beevor | 70a. Lord Durham | 99. The Duchess of Portland |
| 14. Major Dick | 71. Mrs. Leslie | 100. Lady Grewe |
| 15. Mr. Miller | 72. Miss Grenfell | 101. Lady Wolverton |
| 16. Sir J. Dickson-Poynder | 73. Miss Arundel | 102. Mrs. Tennant |
| 17. Captain Armstrong | 74. Miss Teague | 103. Mrs. Leiter |
| 18. Colonel The Hon. C. Harbord | 75. Mrs. Smallwood | 104. Sir Richard Baker |
| 19. Major L. Drummond | 76. Mr. Arundel | 105. Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff |
| 20. Captain Knox | 77. Mrs. Miller | 106. Captain Adam |
| 21. Mr. E. T. Reed | 78. Lady Eleanor Byng | 107. Colonel The Hon. E. Baring |
| 22. Lord Crewe | 79. Miss Mure | 108. Captain Baker-Carr |
| 23. The Duke of Marlborough | 80. Mrs. Lindsay | 109. Captain Jones-Mortimer |
| 24. Mr. Seaman | 81. The Hon. Mrs. C. Bingham | 110. Captain Keighley |
| 25. Lord Elcho | 82. The Hon. Mrs. Dudley Majoribanks | 111. Lord Lonsdale |
| 26. General von Wächter | 83. Lady Lonsdale | 112. Lord Emington |
| 27. Major The Hon. C. Bingham. | 84. Mrs. Arundel | 113. Major Poynter |
| 28. Mr. Maguire | 85. Mrs. Craige | 114. Captain C. Wigram |
| 29. Baron Massenbach | 86. Lady Elles | 115. Captain The Hon. R. Lindsay |
| 30. Major Lee | | |
| 31. Sir Maurice Fitzgerald | | |
| 32. Sir Robert Mowbray | | |
| 33. Mr. Macpherson | | |
| 34. Mr. Risley | | |
| 35. Sir Denzil Ibbetson | | |
| 36. Mr. Baker | | |
| 37. Mr. E. Tennant | | |
| 38. Colonel Leslie | | |
| 39. The Bishop of Calcutta | | |
| 40. Captain Dashwood | | |
| 41. Mr. W. James | | |
| 42. Major The Hon. L. Byng | | |
| 43. Captain Lindsay | | |
| 44. General Sir Edmond Barrow | | |
| 45. General Sir Edmond Elles | | |
| 46. Mr. Preston | | |
| 47. Captain Dennis | | |
| 48. Mr. Raleigh | | |
| 49. Mr. Trenonger | | |
| 50. Major Berger | | |
| 51. Major Grimston | | |
| 52. Major Weallens | | |
| 53. Sir George Taubman-Goldie | | |
| 54. Mrs. Macpherson | | |
| 55. Miss Baker | | |
| 56. Miss Ibbetson | | |
| 57. Lady Scott-Moncrieff | | |
| 58. Lady Barrow | | |



DELHI DURBAR, 1903

The Commander-in-Chief and his Staff

Standing: Capt. V. Brooke, Major R. Marker, Major F. A. Maxwell, V.C.
Seated: Col. H. Hamilton, Gen. Viscount Kitchener, Lt.-Col. Birdwood



DELHI DURBAR, 1903

Officers past and present of the Foot-guards

Standing: Hon. M. Ponsonby (G. Gds.), A. V. Poynter (S. Gds.),
 R. G. Gilmour (G. Gds.), A. Russell (G. Gds.), L. Drummond
 (S. Gds.), F. Adam (S. Gds.), R. Marker (C. Gds.), Festridge
 (C. Gds.), Hon. J. Yarde-Buller (S. Gds.), H. Rawlinson (C.Gds.)
Seated: Hon. R. Lygon (G. Gds.), Dashwood (S. Gds.), Beevor
 (S. Gds.), Portland (C. Gds.), H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught
 (S. Gds.), Lord Stanley (G. Gds.), Hon. C. Harbord (S. Gds.)

honour of H.M. King Edward's accession to the Throne. We sailed from Marseilles in the P. & O. *Arabia*. She was promptly nicknamed the *Grosvenor Square*, because many of the passengers who were going to India as the guests of Lord Curzon lived either in the Square or in that district. We had a happy and prosperous voyage to Bombay, whence we were conveyed to Delhi in a special White Train. I remember we were all much amused when the huge dress-trunks owned by some of the ladies were each carried by four staggering porters to be loaded in the train at Bombay.

I have not space to describe the Durbar itself, but it was a scene of the greatest splendour, organised in a wonderful way by Lord Curzon and the many able men who assisted him. Among these were Colonel the Hon. Everard Baring, known as 'the Imp', and Major George Baker-Carr, Rifle Brigade, who became our most intimate friend. Captain Wigram, now Lord Wigram, who rendered such splendid service to King George V, and who, everybody is glad to know, is now in the service of his son, was also on the Staff. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were there; and I remember that when Lord Curzon proposed the Duke's health at one of the State dinners, we were all much struck by the eloquence and beautiful wording of H.R.H.'s *extempore* reply.

One morning General Sir Robert Low, commanding the troops at Bombay, who had fought as a cavalry officer all through the Indian Mutiny, conducted a party round the City walls, and showed us where the Regiment with which he served was posted, explaining the details of the attack and describing the never-to-be-forgotten assault upon the Kashmir Gate.¹ He said it was a most disagreeable and trying occasion, as the cavalry was heavily fired upon from the walls and was not allowed to reply. About four hundred of the Indian troops which took part in the assault, being members of the Corps of

¹We were specially interested in this because Sergeant Burgess, who carried the powder-bag to blow in the gate, was a distant relation of Sister Grace Burgess, for many years the nurse of our children.

Veterans, were reviewed by the Viceroy. A few of them had even served in the Sikh War, twelve years before the Mutiny.

As is well known, George Curzon was an amusing and interesting raconteur. He told me that the Amir of Afghanistan was a very clever and witty man. He regularly read some of the English newspapers, and appeared extremely interested in a terrible murder that had recently occurred, when a man beat his wife to death with a bludgeon. He said to Lord Curzon, 'Is not England the most civilised country in the world?' Curzon replied that it certainly was so. 'Then', said the Amir, turning to one of his courtiers, 'tell me, how do *you* punish your wives when you quarrel with them?' The courtier folded his hands, made a profound salaam, and replied, 'Your Highness, when I wish to punish one of my wives, I take her thus, turn her over my knee, and beat her gently with my slipper.' 'Now, my Lord', said the Amir to Curzon, 'if you consider England to be so civilised a country, how much more so is Afghanistan, especially with regard to the treatment of erring wives!'

Curzon showed me two or three amusing letters he had received from Indian natives. One of them began, 'While the rich man swelters in purple and velvet, the poor man snorts on the flint.' Another, from a woman, began 'My Lord, glorious and most powerful, you are the father of all my children'. He told me too that, during a tour, he arrived at a town decorated in his honour with triumphal arches and banners. B. Carr drew his attention to the inscription on the principal arch—'The best and warmest W.C. to our beloved V.R.' Curzon explained that the Indians are fond of abbreviating words, very much as is done in the Army, and that W.C. meant 'welcome', and V.R. 'Viceroy'; 'but', he added, 'I think that, in India, it was unnecessary to add the prefix *warmest* to the abbreviated "welcome"!'

After visiting Lucknow and Benares, we returned to Bombay where we were the guests of Lord Northcote, the then Governor, at Malabar Point, where there were delicious marble baths, most grateful and comforting after the hot railway-journey. We

sailed from Bombay again in the *Arabia*, as far as Port Said, when we left the vessel in order to visit Egypt and where we were placed in quarantine for a few days. When the vessel sailed, our friends on board waved farewell and, for fun, threw us bread, tins of sardines and other provisions. One of them, the well-known artist Mr. E. T. Reed, who for so long contributed to *Punch*, made a sketch—which I here reproduce—of my wife being pursued by Egyptian officials. We passed three very uncomfortable nights in the Quarantine Station, which was infested by fleas, sand flies, and other disagreeable creatures.

Having escaped from quarantine we went to Cairo, and from there made a delightful expedition up the Nile, in a *dhabiyeh*, to Luxor and Assouan. The donkey-boys advertised the merits of their best animals by calling them—apparently quite irrespective of sex—‘Mrs. Langtry’ and ‘Mrs. West’. When I asked about others they said, ‘No! They no good—second-class donkey. They only Antony and Cleopatra.’ Such is the value of personal charm and beauty over historical fame! St. Oswald and I shot some quails at Komombos; and we visited the temple of Philae which had been submerged by the construction of the Nile Dam. We then returned to Cairo, and so home *via* Rome and Milan. Alice Mildmay was our charming companion.

In writing of India, I recall an occasion when I sat next to Lord Reading, then Sir Rufus Isaacs, at dinner at George Curzon’s house in Carlton House Terrace; and I was immediately and immensely attracted by his charming personality and strikingly handsome appearance. He asked me whether I had ever been to India. I told him I had been there twice, the first time in 1883, when I landed at Bombay early in January. ‘That is curious’, said he, ‘for I was in Bombay harbour at the same time—but under very different circumstances from yours. I had run away from home, and was serving before the mast in a steamer; and I’m afraid I spent most of *my* time at Bombay like other A.B.’s, smoking my pipe and spitting over the side of the vessel into the sea!’ I remembered this story in after years, and often wondered what his feelings were when

he arrived in India as Viceroy, and remembered, as he must have done, his previous visit to Bombay.

Lord Reading was indeed a wonderful man: for I believe, after his time at sea, he became a member of the Stock Exchange; he then went to the Bar, and became one of the leading Counsel of the time; and after this he was successively Lord Chief Justice of England, British Ambassador in Washington, and Viceroy of India. His achievement is all the more remarkable, as it was due entirely to his own ability, industry and personal charm.

We were very sorry indeed to say good-bye last year (1936) to our friends the Linlithgows, for we have known them both intimately, practically all their lives, and they have been our constant guests at Welbeck and elsewhere.

I knew Hopie's father very well indeed. In my hunting days at Melton, I remember him as an extremely smart and good-looking young man; and he afterwards married a charming wife, Hersey de Moleyns, daughter of Lord and Lady Ventry. He possessed great ability, and held, among other posts, those of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Victoria, and first Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Commonwealth. In the latter appointment he succeeded Lord Carrington, who never missed an opportunity of making a speech. During the voyage to Australia, Hopetoun prepared a speech, which he knew he would have to deliver upon his arrival. The speech was duly made, he thought with some success; but alas, he heard one member of the audience say to another, 'Well, thank God *this* fellow can't speak!'

My first recollection of the present Lord Linlithgow is of his coming to Welbeck from Clumber with his father and mother, who were both very keen to renew their acquaintance with Carbine,¹ whom they had often seen run and win in Australia.

¹Carbine was imported by me from Australia in 1895. He won the Melbourne Cup in 1890. His best performance was the winning of the Sydney Cup from Melos and Abercorn. After his forty-third race he was retired; and he stood at Welbeck with St. Simon. Among his descendants were the Derby winners, Spearmint, Spion Kop and Felstead. See Chapter VII of my *Memories of Racing and Hunting*.



MAJOR G. R. T. BAKER-CARR
A.D.C. to Lord Curzon, 1903



An Obvious Attempt To Swindle The American People
Aug. 1902

Original Drawing for Punch

Hopie and his uncle, Freddie de Moleyns, walked with me to the stud; and all the way Hopie went through the motions of round-arm bowling, with stones which he picked up from the road. He was a very good golfer, but never quite so good as his brother Charles, who afterwards became one of the best amateurs in the country.

Hopie told me that, when he and Charles were schoolboys, a very sentimental lady said to him, 'I hear you have such a dear little brother. I am sure you must be very fond of him. What is his name?' 'Well, his name's Charles,' replied Hopie; 'but *I* always call him Stinker. Of course I'm fond of him, but I have to kick him sometimes.'

When Hopie was courting Doreen Milner, whom he afterwards (I am glad to say) married—for there is no more dear or charming woman living than Dorinda—he bought a large box of fireworks, with which to give a display for her and our amusement. When it was dark he took the fireworks to the side of the lake, where some rather expensive shrubs had been recently planted. Suddenly a bright flash and a loud explosion occurred. Hopie had left the lid of the box open, and a spark had fallen into it! The poor shrubs were badly scorched and completely ruined; but the *dénouement* was none the less happy, for during the next few days Hopie and Doreen became engaged.

After the War, in which Hopie served—I may say that by this time he had succeeded his father, who was created Marquess of Linlithgow upon his return from Australia—he continued to serve his country in many useful capacities, and was appointed Viceroy of India in succession to Lord Willingdon in 1936. His twin sons are great friends of ours. As is well known, the younger twin, John, was the best runner of his day at Eton and Oxford.

At the end of January 1886, I visited Russia in company with Colonel Ralph Vivian, late of the Scots Guards; and we were joined *en route* by Lord Wiltshire, afterwards Marquess of Winchester, Captain Vesey Dawson, Coldstream Guards, and Count Gleichen, Grenadier Guards. We travelled *via* Berlin, crossing the

frontier at Eydtkuhnen, and arrived at St. Petersburg after a very long and tedious journey. There were no restaurant cars in those days, and we had to leave the very warm, steam-heated railway-carriage, to obtain meals in the refreshment rooms at the stations through which we passed. I remember how surprised I was when I found my moustache stiff with frost, as soon as I set foot on the platform. There was snow all the way to St. Petersburg, and the journey through unending pine forests was very monotonous. When we arrived at St. Petersburg we stayed at the Hotel de l'Europe, in the Nevsky Prospekt, one of the most magnificent streets in the world. We called on the British Ambassador, Sir Robert Morier, and he very kindly invited us to dinner. The Embassy stood on the bank of the Neva, and was a very fine house. The river was frozen, and we sleighed over it instead of crossing by bridges, to the islands, where there were fashionable restaurants in which gypsies played their stirring music.

The hotels and houses were extremely hot and we wore our ordinary English clothes, but with thick fur coats, fur caps and goloshes out of doors. The windows were all double, and were very often stuffed with cotton-wool to prevent draughts. Exercise was almost impossible, which, combined with the heat of the rooms and the rich food, made life not altogether healthy.

Soon after we arrived, Ralph and I sent our courier to the Customs House for our rifles, which we had sent on in advance. When he returned he said that the rifles and ammunition were there, but that the authorities refused to hand them over. One of them, however, had whispered to him that if he came back with a ten-pound note, no doubt all would be well. As we had come to Russia to shoot bears, we thought it better to pay the money and say no more about it.

Ralph Vivian and I knew Col. the Hon. Fred Wellesley of the Coldstream Guards. He had been Military Attaché at the British Embassy, and during the Russo-Turkish War had served on the staff of General Skobelev, accompanied him during his famous march through the Balkans, and was present at the



DOREEN LINLITHGOW
AND JOHN, 1912



RUSSIA, 1886

Above: Portland, Dr. Carrick and Col. R. Vivian

Below: Bear-Spearing

siege of Plevna. Colonel Wellesley's friend Dr. Carrick,¹ a Scot who had lived in Russia for many years, arranged a bear shooting expedition for us. We went by train to Tver, a station half way between St. Petersburg and Moscow, Dr. Carrick accompanying us as interpreter and organiser of the expedition.

I should explain that professional hunters advise an agent in St. Petersburg of the presence of a bear or bears, in their neighbourhood; and Dr. Carrick had bespoken all the bears near Tver. The hunter searches for bear tracks in the snow; and, when he finds a track, he follows it up until he is close to the animal, which usually hibernates in a wood. He then makes a wide circle to see whether there are any signs that the bear has left the wood. If there are none, he waits for a week or ten days, and then again looks for tracks. If the snow is still without tracks he knows that the bear has hibernated in the wood, and will remain asleep until the following spring.

We left Tver at night, in pony-sledges, and drove to a village near which a bear had been located. There we were met on the following morning by a hunter and the villagers he had engaged to act as beaters, who were armed with bells and other things with which they could make a great noise. The beaters were placed in a semi-circle round the bear's lair, at some little distance from it, and Colonel Vivian and I took up our positions behind trees. The hunter, accompanied by two dogs, then went into the ring to look for the bear. When he found the lair, which was usually a big hole under the roots of a fallen tree, he threw a squib into it; and the sleepy bear, with loud grunts, came slowly out and stood erect. The hunter fired his gun as a signal for the beaters to make as much noise as possible; and the bear waded through the snow, in the direction where the noise was least, the hunter escaping from him on his snow shoes. From our stands it was quite exciting to watch the snow falling from the tops of the trees and bushes as the bear passed underneath them. After a

¹Dr. Carrick had a clinic for consumptive patients on the steppes of Russia, where he fed his patients on *koumiss* or mare's milk. Colonel Wellesley's wife, formerly Kate Vaughan the actress, was a patient there.

minute or two he suddenly appeared in the open space before us, where a clearing of about twenty square yards had been made. He provided an easy mark; and the sport did not seem to me very dangerous, because the bear could move only slowly through the deep snow. However, there was rather an exciting moment when Colonel Vivian, having fired at a bear, lost his footing and fell up to his neck in snow. The bear seemed about to attack him, so I left the shelter of my tree, and waded through the snow to protect him. The bear then turned in my direction, but I reserved my fire until he was scrambling through a thick bush about ten yards away, and then shot him through the heart. I was holding my rifle ready to give him the *coup de grâce* if he rose again, when I heard a loud bang, and a puff of smoke from below my arm came up into my face. My Russian loader had seized my second rifle and, while I was holding mine in readiness, had fired under my arm at the dead bear. There was even a powder mark on my light-coloured fur-lined coat. Fortunately the Russian could not speak English, so he did not understand the names I called him, though I hope he felt the weight of my boot!

I think we travelled about 150 miles by sledge and pursued the sport for nearly three weeks, moving from one village to another. Dr. Carrick had a map marked with the places where bears had been located. We sometimes spent a night in a house in the village, when the family samovar was at once brought out and we drank the most excellent weak and light-coloured tea. Some of these samovars, which were usually of copper, were old and quite beautiful. If none of the houses was sufficiently clean we camped in *kibitkas*, circular Kerghese tents made of felt. We slept in fur bags on mattresses, dressing and undressing in the bags, for the weather was bitterly cold, the thermometer registering many degrees below zero (*fahrenheit*). Of course there was no possibility of shaving, and little enough of washing. We took a quantity of frozen game, meat and other stores with us from St. Petersburg, Dr. Carrick arranging for our meals to be cooked at the various villages. Bear-steak proved to be most excellent eating.



HENRY AND PORTLAND, 1886
In Russian coats



COUNTESS CLARY-KINSKY AND
COUNTESS JOSEPHINE (OSY) KINSKY,
NOW PRINCESS LÖWENSTEIN

1896

Colonel Vivian and I were charmed and impressed by the kindness, hospitality, and especially the simplicity of the peasants who acted as our beaters and occasionally as our hosts. The universal samovar was always produced in our honour, and nothing our hosts could do seemed to be too much trouble for them. In some of the houses there were really beautiful old ikons, which their owners regarded with sentimental and, to English minds, perhaps rather superstitious respect. Many of the peasants, too, had pictures of most of the rulers of the different European countries. Of course the Tsar (whom they then regarded as their 'little father') and the Tsaritsa held the most prominent place, with Queen Victoria next. One old couple pointed to a portrait of Queen Victoria and said, 'That must indeed be a terrible and powerful woman.' I asked why they thought so, and my heart filled with pride when they answered, 'She is the only person in the whole world of whom the Tsar is at all afraid.' I did my best to explain that, though no doubt she wielded enormous and just influence, Her Majesty was anything but terrible, and that she radiated goodness and kindness, being the pivot around which the great British Empire revolved.

In the middle of our tour two mounted policemen appeared, who told us they had been sent by the Government to see that we had everything we wanted; but I am fairly sure that they were really sent to find out what we were doing. After remaining for two or three days, they disappeared as suddenly as they had come.

It was altogether a most enjoyable and interesting experience. The bears were valued at so much per *pood*;¹ and I think our total bag was ten or twelve bears. We saw a wolf one day, but neither of us had a shot at it. I was told of an Englishman resident at St. Petersburg, who was an extremely powerful and courageous man. He hunted and killed bears, armed only with a spear on a very strong pole. About a foot and a half from the end of the spear was a crossbar. When the bear stood on its hind legs

¹i.e., about 36 lb. av.

and charged, he placed the spear so that the bear impaled itself upon it, and then shot it through the head with a revolver. This seemed to me to be a more sporting way of killing bears than the one we were shown.

We then returned to St. Petersburg, and all of us, Vivian and I and the others who had remained, attended two Court balls. At the first of these, held in the huge Winter Palace, I believe there were no less than two or three thousand guests. It was a most wonderful scene. The Palace was crowded with resplendent figures, and the jewellery of the ladies was dazzling in the extreme, though rather barbaric, consisting as it did, for a great part, of cabochon stones. The Cossack officers and the officers of the Imperial Guard looked magnificent in their uniforms; and there were Princes from the Asiatic provinces in their national dress. The Ambassadors of the various Courts were drawn up round the great ballroom, each with a group of guests to be presented to the Emperor and Empress. When all were assembled the great doors at the end of the room were thrown open, and the Tsar and Tsaritsa appeared hand in hand, with the Court officials following. They made the circle of the room, stopping to speak to each Ambassador. During this part of the ceremonial a military band played a polonaise. Afterwards, the ball continued exactly like a Court ball in any other country. When the time for supper came the whole company sat down at long tables. In a corner of every room was a great silver cistern full of champagne, which was ladled into glasses by servants in Court liveries. The Tsar visited each room to see that everyone had a seat at supper, and said a few words of kindly greeting. Their Imperial Majesties then withdrew.

I also attended a ball in one of the smaller palaces. It was called a palm ball, because the supper was served at round tables, each under a palm tree. It was a very pretty sight, though not on the same large scale as the ball in the Winter Palace.

From St. Petersburg we went to Moscow, where I had the

pleasure and honour of again seeing the Grand Duchess Serge, whom I had known and admired in former days at Eastbourne. She seemed to me more beautiful than ever. We intended travelling to Moscow by night, and before we set out I said to Ralph, 'Let us go to the station in warmth and comfort.' So we hired a closed carriage with a pair of black horses, and our servants and baggage were sent on in front. Ralph and I entered the carriage, and very soon the horses ran away. The police rushed out, thinking perhaps that we were escaping nihilists. When the horses were stopped, I said to one of the policemen, 'Europeiskaya Gostinitsa', wishing to explain that we came from the Hôtel de l'Europe. To my astonishment he replied in excellent English, 'All right; is that where you want to go?' I replied, 'No, we want to go to Moscow.' 'Very well,' he said; 'jump on this sledge, and I will direct you to the station'—for in the meantime our horses had fallen and broken the carriage. It is needless to add that the Russians are among the best linguists in the world. Of course we saw the Kremlin and all the other sights of Moscow; and I was very much struck by the appearance of some of the streets, where the palaces of the nobles stood side by side with small houses, some of them thatched, inhabited by very poor residents. Two or three of the restaurants in Moscow were quite palatial, but I did not like some of the food they supplied. Zakouska, consisting of every kind of hors d'œuvre and washed down with vodka, I much appreciated; but the fish soups and fish omelets were not to my taste at all.

The railway line from St. Petersburg to Moscow is absolutely straight. I believe it was made in this way because, when the line was being planned, several districts quarrelled as to which route it should take. The Tsar demanded to be shown a map. He then drew a line direct from St. Petersburg to Moscow and said, 'I will have no more quarrelling. That is the route it shall take.'

From Moscow we returned to St. Petersburg where we attended a magnificent service in the great Cathedral of St. Isaac. I much

admired the wonderful bass voices, and the splendid vestments of the priests of the Greek Church, most of whom had long black beards. Outside the cathedral was a fine mounted statue of Peter the Great.

I remember a curious experience I had, two or three days after we arrived in St. Petersburg. I was in a droshky, when the driver suddenly picked up a handful of snow, with which he rubbed my ears. I was very much astonished, but Dr. Carrick explained that my ears had turned blue, and that the man wished to restore the circulation before they became frost-bitten.

Lord Wiltshire, Colonel Dawson and Count Gleichen were invited to lunch at the mess of the Preobajensky Guards. They all attended in their Foot Guards uniform. They said that during the luncheon their heads were drunk from finger glasses, in very sweet champagne. When luncheon was over they were thrown out of the window and caught in the arms of the bandsmen, who gently placed them on their feet.

We returned to England at the end of March, breaking the journey at Dresden, where we saw great blocks of ice floating down the river Elbe, which appeared likely to carry away the main bridge. It was a cold and monotonous journey, the winter being very late all over the Continent and in England too. In fact, there was snow all the way from St. Petersburg to London.

My wife and I paid our first visit to Vienna in the summer of 1894. I remember it particularly well, because we made the acquaintance of Prince and Princess Clary, then Count and Countess Siegfried Clary, who became our intimate and very dear friends, as are their charming children, Alphy, now Prince Clary, Elizabeth Alexandrina (Elisalex), Countess de Baillet Latour, and Countess Sophie Clary (Foffa). Colonel Douglas Dawson was Military Attaché at the British Embassy, and he acted as our guide, philosopher and friend: in fact, we went to Vienna at his invitation, to make the acquaintance of his charm-



CARROUSSEL AT VIENNA, 1894

Above: The Archduke Franz Ferdinand as an Officer of Cuirassiers
Below: Countess Clary-Kinsky as the Empress Elisabeth Christiana,
arriving at the Spanish Riding School



COUNT LARISCH

ing Austrian friends, many of whom I had already met in the hunting-field in England.

A *Carroussel*¹ in support of charity took place in the Spanish riding school. It represented the return of the Emperor Charles VI in 1718, after his victorious campaign in Spain. H.I.M. the Emperor Franz Joseph was present in the Royal box at the end of the riding school. Countess Clary, looking extremely beautiful, represented the Empress Elizabeth Christiana, and was seated in the State coach used by that Empress. She found it rather a trying experience, because, what with the swaying of the coach and a little *migraine* owing to the presence of the Emperor, when the performance was over she not only felt, but was, extremely unwell. Young Count Schönborn-Buchheim represented the Emperor Charles VI, and I believe he felt rather unwell too! There were several equestrian quadrilles; and after these, the officers of the Artillery School, wearing uniforms of the period, drove some of the guns actually used in the campaign, performing the most intricate manoeuvres. Prince Rudolph Liechtenstein, then Master of the Imperial Horse, organised and superintended the whole performance. When that part of the pageant was over, a display of *haute école* riding was given by the riding masters of the Imperial stables. They were mounted on Lipizzaner stallions, and made their horses go through much the same exercises as were described and illustrated by my ancestor, William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, in his *Nouvelle Méthode de dresser les chevaux*, published at Antwerp in 1658.

At a Court ceremony, the Emperor Franz Joseph not only bowed to Countess Clary, but stopped and shook hands with her. This was a mark of special favour, as the number of people present on these occasions made it impossible for H.I.M. to greet more than a very few. The Countess was in the seventh heaven of delight, as she had a romantic admiration for the Emperor—who, I may say, was old enough to be her grandfather. She expressed her great pleasure to her very old friend

¹*i.e.*, a tournament.

Prince Liechtenstein, the personal A.D.C. to and confidant of H.I.M., and asked him whether the Emperor had said anything nice about her. 'Yes, he did,' replied Liechtenstein; 'He asked me, "Who was that funny little monkey who got in my way and insisted upon shaking hands with me just now?"'

Of the many charming Austrians, men and women, whom we met, Prince Auersperg is certainly one of the most attractive. His wife was a sister of Charles Kinsky, whose other sisters married Prince Montenuovo, Count Wilczek and Count Czernin. He visited us at Langwell several times, for deer-stalking, and is a keen sportsman and a very good shot.

Nobody could be kinder than Prince and Princess Kinsky and their three sons, Charles, Rudolph, and Ferdinand. Charles, as is well known, won the Grand National in 1883, on his own mare Zoedone; and he was an annual visitor to England during the hunting season, until the Great War. He was for many years attached to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London, where he was entirely at home, for most of us regarded him as one of ourselves. Ferdinand Kinsky acted as Deputy Master of the Horse to his uncle, Prince Rudolph Liechtenstein, at the time of the *Carroussel*; and when Liechtenstein was appointed head of the Imperial Court, Ferdinand succeeded him as Master of the Horse.

I remember an amusing story about Count Larisch, whom I met in Vienna, and who was several times our welcome guest at Welbeck. He wore the national costume, as in the photograph here reproduced, to go to a fair. Two or three young relations went with him, and he gave them money with which to enjoy themselves. At the fair, there was a voting competition to decide who was the handsomest man in Austria; and the young men spent all their money in buying votes for Larisch—who was eventually elected! He was completely taken in and, no doubt, much pleased at what he regarded as an unsolicited tribute to his good looks.

We were most hospitably and kindly entertained in Vienna. I remember in particular a large dinner-party given by Prince and

Princess Kinsky, at which many leading members of Viennese society were present. The gentlemen of course gave their arms to the ladies in to dinner and when it was over, as is the fashion on the Continent. Rather to our surprise, when we arrived in the drawing room the older ladies, of whom there were eight or nine present, at once lighted large cigars, like those known in London to the young men of the time as 'roofers'. The younger ladies smoked cigarettes. Our hostess offered me a cigar; and, though rather fearful of the consequences, I accepted and lit it. Very soon afterwards, I felt a touch on my shoulder, and Prince Kinsky said, 'Did my wife give you that cigar?' 'Yes, she did,' I replied. 'Well then,' said my host, 'throw it away; for I am sure it is much too strong for you. I know *I* can't smoke my wife's cigars.' 'No,' I replied, 'I can't do that. The Princess would think me rude.' 'Come into my room,' said the Prince, 'and bring the cigar with you.' He then insisted on my throwing it into the fire and gave me one of his own cigars, which was certainly a great deal milder. It was very odd to see these great ladies, wearing their family jewels and enjoying their cigars. One of them, Countess Harrach, smoked a hookah, she told me, but only at home. She said she considered it the most pleasant form of smoking she knew.

There were small scented lamps on the tables, which seemed to collect the smoke and cause it to evaporate. Every lamp, besides the flame, contained a small piece of metal which became white-hot. They were left burning all night, and the rooms were quite fresh in the morning. I brought some of these lamps back to London, and they had quite a vogue for a time.

At balls, the young ladies arrived with their mothers or other chaperons, and were then relegated to a room called the *Contessen Salon*. To this room their partners went and invited them to dance, escorting them back to it when the dance was over. They did not sit out, during or after a dance, as is the English custom. I have never anywhere else heard such beautiful music or seen such exquisite dancing as in Vienna and

Buda-Pesth ballrooms; but, of course, it was the home of the Strauss family and the *Blue Danube* and other valse were played to perfection.

In 1896—it was the year of Persimmon's Derby—Bob Crewe, Algy Lennox and I visited Buda-Pesth for the millenary celebrations of the Hungarian nation. We travelled *via* Ostend to Vienna, where we engaged a Hungarian courier named Kugler. He had been recommended to me by Sir Arthur Ellis, who said, 'I assure you, my dear fellow, he will take as much care of you as if you were the Crown Princess about to be delivered of an Heir to the Throne!'

At Buda-Pesth there was a wonderful procession of Cardinals in six-horse coaches, and the nobility in their family costumes, some in chain-armour, others covered with jewels, riding beautifully caparisoned horses. The procession formed on a plain outside Buda, and passed the Castle and the Palace, where the Emperor Franz Joseph was standing on a balcony. It then crossed the Danube to Pesth, where the new Parliament buildings, not unlike those at Westminster, were formally opened, finally returning to the Palace, where the nobles dismounted. Bob, Algy and I stood among them, and were very kindly received; but, dressed as we were in frock-coats and high hats, we felt singularly out of place amid so much medieval splendour.

I noticed that some of the nobles either had their arms in slings, or were bandaged. When I asked the reason, I was told that there had been an epidemic of duels during the preceding winter and spring, arising from excited political discussions at the casino or clubs. Count Stephan Károlyi, who I think was a half-brother of Count Elemir Batthyany, was one of the duelists. Elemir Batthyany fought many duels too. He was a son of the celebrated Count Louis Batthyany who, with many others, was executed after the Kossuth Rising in 1848. In consequence, Elemir would not attend any ceremony at which the Emperor Franz Joseph was present.

There were many beautiful women present at the millenary celebrations; but I thought, and still think, that Countess

Károlyi, whose husband was for many years Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London, then a widow and no longer in her first youth, was one of the most beautiful and certainly one of the most charming of them all.

After a pleasant stay in Pesth, we went on to Keszthely on the Platensee, as the guests of Count and Countess (afterwards Prince and Princess) Festetics. I have already, in Chapter IX of my *Memories of Racing and Hunting*, given some account of the racing stables at Keszthely. We were shown a curious herd of long-horned cattle. Count Festetics maintained a beautiful string-band, the performers being employees on his large estates. He took us to Berzencze, his famous deer-forest. Though I was not fortunate enough to see any stags, I saw several hinds, which seemed to be as large as big Scottish stags.

Duels were very common in Austria and Hungary at the time. I will give two instances of the length to which the practice was carried. Ralph Milbanke, then Consul-General at Buda-Pesth and later Minister at Vienna, told me he was dining at the casino, when he noticed a Hungarian friend sitting alone at a table. After dinner, Milbanke went across and spoke to him. His friend replied, 'I'm going to bed early to-night, because I have to fight a duel tomorrow morning; and as my opponent is a great blackguard, I intend to leave my mark on him.' He then wished good-night to Milbanke, who said, 'Good-night, I shall hope to see you here again tomorrow evening.' They met on the following night, and Milbanke asked what had happened. 'We fired three shots at one another,' replied his friend; 'but, though I'm a fairly good pistol shot, I couldn't wing him. However I'll get him one day yet.' A month or so later, Milbanke met him again. The Hungarian said, quite lightly, 'Do you remember that duel I told you about? Well, I got the fellow last week.'

Milbanke, who was very short-sighted, told me that he was one day walking in the Prater with a friend, and failed to see a young officer who saluted him as he passed. On his companion pointing this out, Milbanke turned round and waved his hand;

but the gesture was made too late to be noticed. When Milbanke reached home he found two Cavalry officers waiting for him, who said they had come on behalf of their brother-officer, young Count X. 'Oh!' said Milbanke; 'and what about?' 'Count X says you deliberately cut him this morning, by failing to acknowledge his salute, and he demands satisfaction for the insult.' 'But that is utter nonsense,' said Milbanke. 'I am very short-sighted, as you know, and I was talking to a friend of mine when Count X passed. I did not notice him; but my friend told me he had saluted me, so I turned round and waved my hand. I had not the smallest intention of being discourteous.' To this, one of the officers replied, 'We thought, from what we know of you, that something of the sort must have occurred. Evidently the whole affair is a pack of nonsense. Please accept our apologies, and leave the matter to us. If our young friend is so anxious to fight, we can oblige him. It will do him good to lose a little blood.' Milbanke asked them not to think any more about it; but they said, 'The damned fool of a boy needs a lesson. He must not be allowed to behave in this way.'

In Vienna, I saw a young man with his head bandaged. I asked Douglas Dawson who he was, and what was the matter, and was told, 'It is Count Y, a Hungarian. He had an affair of honour with a fellow-countryman the other day.' 'What about?' I asked. '*Cherchez la femme*, no doubt.' 'Not at all,' replied Dawson. 'Duels are hardly ever fought over ladies. The dispute is generally political; but in this case it was because, on leaving the Opera House, Count Y found the other fellow in his *fiacre*. As he did not get out at once, they fought a duel next morning with sabres, and were both severely wounded.'

The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, honoured me by an invitation to be a member of his staff during the celebrations to be held in Vienna in 1898, in honour of the Jubilee of the Emperor Franz Joseph. H.R.H. said, 'I understand that you have been presented to the Emperor, and that you know a great many people in Vienna: so I thought you would enjoy it.' The festivities were to have taken place in

November; but they were abandoned, owing to the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva.

I visited Hungary again in 1913, with my wife and my daughter Victoria. We stayed first at Vienna—where we attended several balls, of which two, given by Prince Kinsky and Prince Auersperg, stand out in my memory—and we then went to Buda-Pesth. My wife and Victoria attended a ball there, at which they both danced the *czardas*, and did not return until seven o'clock in the morning. When I awoke, I found my bathroom one mass of flowers, which they had received as presents during the cotillon. While at Pesth we visited the Palace at Buda, and saw, among other things, the little black silk bodice, with a tiny hole over the heart, which the Empress Elizabeth wore when she was assassinated.

We also visited Prague, a lovely old town. There we attended a ball given for us by Prince Lobkowitz, Governor of the City. When we arrived, a row of young men was drawn up to be presented to us. To our astonishment, nearly every one of them was a Prince or Count Lobkowitz. The ball was extremely brilliant, and beautiful vales were danced, as in Vienna. We visited the Hradčany, which is the old part of Prague, on a higher level. It contains a fine Cathedral, and the old Palace of the Kings of Bohemia. Some of the rooms in the Palace were allotted to ladies, known as *chanoinesses*, among whom was Countess Chotek, a sister of Sophie, Duchess of Hohenberg, the wife of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, then heir to the Throne. From Prague, we visited the Archduke at Konopischt. We were most kindly received, and were much interested in the curios and art treasures which he had collected from all parts of the world. He gave a tea-party for us in his beautiful forest. The ladies danced, and I stalked a roebuck which, I regret to say, I ignominiously missed.

The Duchess of Hohenberg was, and Countess Chotek is, a cousin of Princess Clary. I was told that if by chance the family had owned a small property near their home, they would have

been mediatised;¹ and then there would have been no difficulty about their intermarriage with the Imperial family. The Duchess of Hohenberg was a most charming woman; in many ways like Princess Clary, who always called her Sopherl.

The Archduke subsequently visited us twice at Welbeck. His first visit was in May, 1912, after the big Flower Show at Chelsea, of which I was the President. When he was our guest for the second time, the Emperor conferred upon me the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen of Hungary, one of the highest Orders in the Empire. I believe Lord Rosebery was the only other Englishman to whom it was given. For further mention of the Archduke, the reader is referred to Elisalex de Baillet's interesting notes on pp.328-333.

When my wife, Victoria and I were staying at the hotel at Cap Martin we were invited to luncheon by the Empress Eugénie at her villa, which was close by. When we arrived, I attempted to kiss the Empress's hand, but she gently stopped me, saying, 'Non, non. Point de révérences. Le temps pour cela est passé depuis longtemps.' I need hardly say that we had a pleasant and interesting luncheon. The Empress's lady-in-waiting, who was also her friend and had been with her for many years, told me that when H.M. passed through Paris, she often sat on a chair in the Tuileries gardens and paid her *sou* like anyone else. I thought what a wonderful experience it must be for her who, when Empress of the French, had lived in great splendour in the Tuileries Palace, and had doubtless walked many times through those very gardens. But perhaps—who knows?—H.M. was happier sitting on a chair for which she had paid a *sou* than when she sat on the Throne.

A few years later, when in Madrid, we were invited to dine with the Duke of Alba at his beautiful house, the Palacio de Liria. We were shown into a drawing room, and there found the Empress, who was the Duke of Alba's great-aunt, sitting

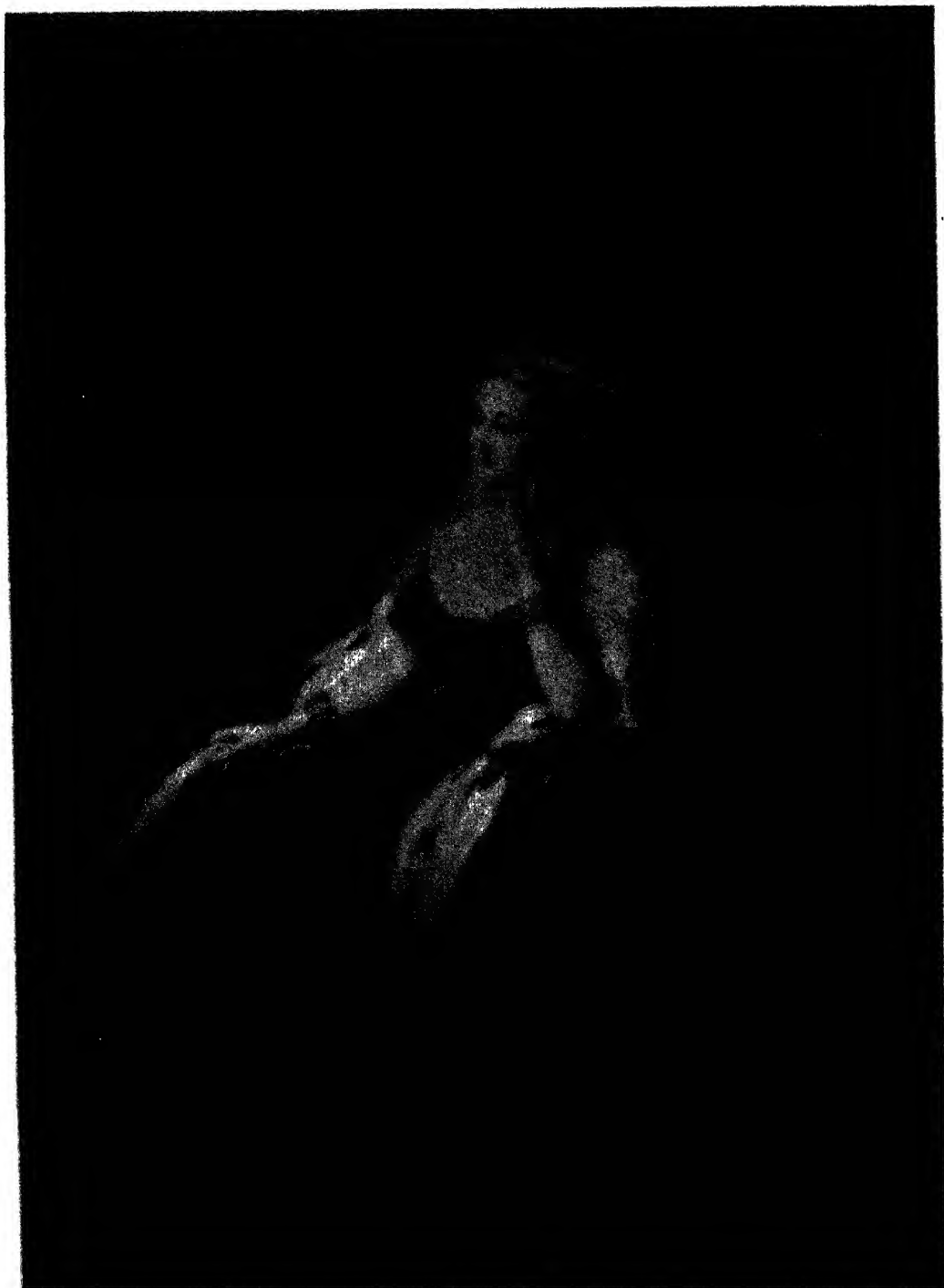
¹Many Austrian families became *ebenbuertig*, which means *equal by birth*, through the possession of Sovereign territory in Germany before 1805. Some of the Sovereign territories were very small, and could be easily acquired.



WELBECK, MAY, 1912

Above: H.I.H. the Archduke Franz Ferdinand

Below: Countess Schönburg, Major Baker-Carr, Victoria Bentinck,
Portland, Duchess of Hohenberg, Winifred Portland, Archduke
Franz Ferdinand, Count Schönburg



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE
(Winterhalter)
Copyright by E. Manuel Hutschnecker

on a sofa beneath a portrait of herself by Winterhalter, painted when she was at the zenith of her beauty. Although H.M. was very old, one could still trace the fine features, aquiline nose, and arched eyebrows. It was an interesting experience to see H.M. as she was, and as she had been when Empress of the French. She explained that she had seated herself there on purpose.

The Duke of Alba's house¹ was a museum of artistic and historical treasures. I remember in particular the great collection of armour, and wonderful pictures. Cages containing nightingales hung on the stairs. They were closely covered over with green baize, but the Duke told us the birds sang quite beautifully, and were, I believe, released when the proper time came. The Duke, who is himself a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus, showed us, among many other treasures, a small sketch-map which Columbus drew of his first sight of America.

The Duke of Alba is also Duke of Berwick, and claims descent from the first Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II. He was my guest at Welbeck in 1905, and I have the most pleasant recollections of his charm and good looks. He speaks English like an Englishman, and I think was educated at a school in this country. I also knew his father, who sometimes came to Newmarket; I remember his driving to the races in a very smart carriage, with a high-stepping horse. The Duke is known to his many friends in this country as 'Jimmy d'Albe'.

I have often visited Holland, and have had many enjoyable motor tours with my cousin Godard Bentinck. One of the most interesting was through the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee, north of Amsterdam, which contain many fine old brick houses, some of them bearing dates of the sixteenth century. We then crossed the Zuyder Zee in a ferry-boat at Enkhuisen to Zwolle, where we passed the night.

¹I learn with deep regret that it has been burned during the civil war, and that many of the treasures which it contained have been destroyed.

I had lately acted as President of a very large Flower Show in London, at which there were many floral and vegetable exhibits from Holland. In the morning, rather to my horror, a deputation came, headed by the Burgomaster of Zwolle, desiring to express their pleasure at my presence in the town. They described me as 'one of the greatest protectors of flowers and vegetables in England', and asked me to honour them by accepting the largest vegetable-marrow I have ever seen. Of course I was very grateful, both for their good wishes and their present; and we drove away in triumph with the vegetable-marrow firmly fixed to the bonnet of my car. I am afraid, however, that when we were a safe distance from the town it was consigned to a watery grave in the nearest canal. By that time it was smelling sky-high, as the weather was very hot indeed. I may say that I have never been a great admirer of vegetable-marrows, either from a spectacular or gastronomic point of view. Since then, I have positively loathed them.

Though not in general a great lover of life on the ocean wave—for I prefer to admire it from the land, as we do at Langwell—I fully realise the charm of a tour by sea, particularly when it is a little off the beaten track. So my wife and I gladly accepted the invitation of our old and kind friend, the late Duke of Sutherland, to cruise with him on his charming 650-ton steam yacht, the R.Y.S. *Catania*. The Duke often leased the yacht for the winter months, generally to Americans, but on the condition that it should be returned to one of the Mediterranean ports, in time for his own use in the spring.

On the first occasion, the Duke arranged that my wife and I, Alice Grenfell, Frank Mildmay and Major Baker-Carr should meet the yacht at Venice, where we lived in her for three or four days. From there we crossed the Adriatic, visiting all the most interesting places including the Bocchi di Cattaro, and then proceeded down the Dalmatian coast to Corfu, passing through the Corinth Canal to Athens, and so on to Constantinople. We returned through the Greek Islands, and along the

French Riviera to Toulon, where we left the yacht and returned home.

For our second cruise, we joined the *Catania* at Mentone, and proceeded, by Genoa, the Italian Riviera, Elba, Naples and Sorrento, to Capri, where we visited the charming villa belonging to Blanchie Lennox. From there we sailed round Sicily; but on our way we were storm-bound at the island of Favignana, where we saw most interesting though rather sanguinary tunny-fishing.

During a third cruise, having joined the yacht at Marseilles, we steamed past Minorca and Majorca to Cartagena, whence we made an expedition to the Alhambra. After that, we proceeded to Gibraltar, Algeciras and Tangier; then back to Algeciras, and through the Straits of Gibraltar till we reached the mouth of the Guadalquivir, up which we sailed to Seville.

These short voyages were most delightful, and provided a perfect means of sight-seeing, for one travelled like a snail—though not so slowly—with one's house, so to speak, on one's back. After accumulating dust, fleas and other horrors during the day, it was very pleasant to return to the yacht and find a good, hot bath and our own comfortable beds awaiting us. Black Charlie, the steward, a negro brought home by the late Duke of Sutherland's father, was a most capable and excellent man.

When the War broke out, the Government took over the *Catania* and used her for coast-watching. After the War, I believe the Greek Government bought her; and, when last I heard of her, she was employed in the currant-trade, carrying cargoes from Corinth.

XII. NOAH'S ARK

I venture to call this chapter 'The Ark' because, like Noah's ark of old, its contents are of all sorts, sizes and descriptions.

This reminds me that, when Sir John Astley ('the Mate') attended a Tenants' Show luncheon in the riding school at Welbeck, he returned thanks for the visitors. A General Election had recently taken place, when the Conservative Party met with a heavy defeat, Sir John himself losing his seat for one of the divisions of Lincolnshire. When he stood up to speak, which he did with one foot on a chair and the other on the table, he said, 'My friend the Black and White Duck¹ has advised me not to talk politics. If I don't do so, I shall have nothing to say, so I shall pay no attention to his advice. So 'ere goes! You all know there has just been an election; and, in my humble opinion, some damned rum atoms have been returned to Parliament. Our old friend Noah had some rum atoms in his ark; and it seems to me that the so-called G.O.M. and the new House of Commons are in very much the same case. Well—after forty days old Noah and his ark bumped on Mount Ararat, when you will remember that Noah said to his atoms, "Go forth, multiply, and populate the earth." All I can say is, I hope to goodness old Gladstone won't give the same advice to *his* atoms, when his bump comes, because we've got a damned sight too many of their sort about already!'

When Queen Victoria visited her grandson the Grand Duke of Hesse, at Darmstadt, the carriage provided for Her Majesty

¹His nickname for me, because my racing colours are black and white.



HOLLAND

June, 1912

ALPHY CLARY, PORTLAND, VICTORIA, COUNT GODARD
BENTINCK



Above: THE 4TH DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G.
R.Y.S. *Catania*, Corinth Canal
Below: R.Y.S. CATANIA, 1906

was drawn by four blue-roan horses, driven from the box, and not ridden by postilions as was the custom when she drove out at home. The Queen was so pleased with these carriage horses that, when she returned, H.M. ordered Sir Henry Ewart, the Crown Equerry, to tell me that she wished horses of that colour to be procured, and a skilful four-horse whip to be engaged to drive them. It was no easy task to find four suitable blue-rons; but in due course they were procured, and a very capable coachman named Burnham was engaged. The Queen was so particular about these carriage horses, and so observant, that when a lighter coloured roan was harnessed as leader, H.M. at once protested that it was not of the right colour. When King Edward came to the throne these horses were sold, as H.M. preferred bay horses to be used in all his carriages, with the exception of a few greys which were kept at Windsor for the State processions up the course at Ascot.

This reminds me of a somewhat exciting incident which occurred on one of the off-days at Ascot, when we drove from Windsor Castle to the races in carriages without State liveries, and without a procession up the course. His Majesty decided to use one of the old charabancs, which had been at Windsor since the time of the Prince Consort, and had never, or hardly ever, been used since then; and Burnham was ordered to drive four of the big bay harness horses from the box. He brought the carriage to the door, and I noticed that not only were there brand-new, hard, slippery reins in his hands, but that he was wearing tight, new gloves. I said to myself, 'I'm afraid you're in for trouble, my man'—but of course it was then too late to make any change.

In the carriage were His Majesty, M. de Soveral, Lord Pembroke and myself. We led the procession, followed by four or five other carriages with postilions. All went well, though I could see from Burnham's back that he was not altogether comfortable, until we passed the gates across the Long Walk. Then I noticed that he put his driving-whip into the socket, which is always a bad sign, and we began to go faster and faster, until

H.M. said quietly to me, 'Hadn't you better tell him not to drive so fast?' By this time, Burnham was using both hands on the reins, and shortly afterwards the footman on the box began to pull too. All four horses had broken into a gallop, while the carriage was swaying from side to side, and we were soon off the road and on the grass.

By a tremendous effort, Burnham and the footman managed to stop the horses. The King seemed quite unperturbed, and it was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to change into another carriage. Before he did so, H.M. said, 'Be sure to bring the carriage and horses on to the races, as I mean to drive home in it.'

Colonel Brocklehurst, one of the Equerries—a first-class horseman—and I then had the leaders detached, and I drove the wheelers from the box myself to the races. Being no longer excited by the leaders in front of them, they went quite quietly; and the only difficulty was that lavender kid gloves, however smart they may appear, are not the best things to wear when driving rather fractious horses. However, in due course we arrived at Ascot, hot, dusty, and rather uncomfortable altogether.

I at once went to the King, who said with a laugh, 'Hullo! I'm glad you've got here all right. Let's hope for better luck on the way home!' I begged H.M. not to drive home in the same carriage, but he said, 'Of course I shall, or poor Burnham will feel hurt, and will think I am reflecting on his skill as a driver.'

During the afternoon, one of my horses beat H.M.'s horse, which had started a hot favourite. I believe that was the only time in my life I did not enjoy winning a race; for it appeared to me that, not only had my Department been found wanting, but I myself had done H.M. an ill turn as well. But other disasters were to follow.

After the races, Burnham appeared with the same accursed horses, carriage and tight gloves, but—thank goodness!—using old reins. We had not gone a mile on the way home when a heavy thunderstorm came on, with vivid lightning and torrents of rain, which lasted all the way to Windsor. We were all soaked

to the skin, water from H.M.'s umbrella pouring down my neck, and from my umbrella down His Majesty's neck. Thank goodness, we arrived home at last! The King was still in the very best of humours, making jokes and chaffing those in the carriage.

I am very glad of the opportunity to tell this little story, as it demonstrates His Majesty's coolness, and the invariable kindness and consideration which he showed to all those who had the honour to serve him. It is no wonder that everybody loved him. He was particularly insistent that nothing should be said or done which Burnham could interpret as a slight upon his skill. Fortunately, that was the end of the infernal carriage. It was never used again; and whenever I came across it in the Royal Mews, I cursed it with all my heart, and longed to have it burned.

Except when on the Continent, I had the honour to receive an invitation every year to the Jockey Club Dinner, given by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, on the evening of the Derby Day, first at Marlborough House and, after he became King, at Buckingham Palace. The dinner was continued in later years by King George V. It was then, and is still, the custom for the King to propose the health of the winner of the Derby, when he is a member of the Jockey Club. On two occasions, both at Marlborough House, I had the honour to respond. When I did so for the first time, after Ayrshire had won in 1888, I said I had found that it was exactly a hundred years since the then Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV, won the Derby with Sir Thomas; and I added how much we all hoped that H.R.H. would speedily follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. When I sat down I felt rather pleased with myself, thinking I had made a fortunate remark; but imagine my feelings when my neighbour, the late Lord Rosslyn, said, 'My boy, you *have* put your foot in it!' 'In what way?' I asked. 'Well,' said Rosslyn, 'of course it was all right for you to wish that H.R.H. should win the Derby; but you added a hope that he would "follow in his predecessor's footsteps". Don't you know that George IV, when Prince of Wales, retired from racing under a cloud, because his jockey, Chiffney,

was warned off the Turf for the manner in which he rode one of H.R.H.'s horses?' I gave a gasp of horror, gulped down a glass of champagne to steady my nerves, and said, 'How perfectly terrible! But, for goodness sake don't give me away. Perhaps H.R.H. doesn't know the family history.' The following year, when I won again with Donovan, I took great care not to refer to what had happened in the past, merely expressing good wishes for H.R.H.'s success in the future, and not mentioning the race in which it was to occur. These wishes, as is well known, were fulfilled, for H.R.H. won the Derby three times, with Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, both bred by himself, and with Minoru, the property of Lord Wavertree. Lord Coventry, for many years the senior member of the Jockey Club, proposed H.R.H.'s health in happy terms on each of these occasions.

I was very much struck by the dignity displayed by the late Duke of Westminster, when responding to the toast. He won the great race four times, with Bend Or, Shotover, Ormonde and Flying Fox. I do not think these dinners were instituted when the first two won the race; but I well remember his replying after the victories of Ormonde and Flying Fox.

We were all much amused when St. Blaise won, for Lord Alington at once jumped to his feet, quite ignoring Sir Frederick Johnstone, who was his partner. When he had finished his speech, Freddy stood up and said, 'May I ask my noble friend where *I* come in?—for I own just as much of the horse as he does; and, though he has omitted to mention my name, he never forgets to send me the bills for training it! I warn him that I am going to claim half the stakes and half the money we have won in bets; and if I don't receive them on Monday next—by Jove! I'll serve him with a writ!' Of course the Prince of Wales and everybody else was convulsed with laughter. Freddy was a very quick, clever and witty man, and would have made a first-class actor.

At these dinners, I met many older members of the Jockey Club, now long dead and gone. Among others, I particularly remember Sir Richard Wallace, both for his handsome appearance, and for the charming courtesy of his manner to me, then

a very young and inexperienced man. He was reputed to be the son of Lord Hertford, who formed the famous collection of works of art now known as the Wallace Collection, which he bequeathed to Sir Richard at his death. Sir Richard made considerable additions to the collection, which he left to his wife; and by her it was left to Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Murray Scott, who presented it, and Hertford House, to the nation. Mr. Scott inherited another house from Lady Wallace, in the rue Laffitte at Paris, which was also full of artistic treasures; and my wife, B. Carr and I visited him there.

I had business dealings with Charles Davis, the well-known dealer in Bond Street, whose firm sometimes acted for Sir Richard Wallace; and he showed me the collection at Hertford House before it became national property. He told me that Sir Richard possessed two pictures by a French painter which he had bought when a young man; and, hearing that a third picture was necessary to complete the set, he instructed Davis to search Europe and America for it, and to purchase it for him at any price. Davis made extensive enquiries, through his agents in various countries, but could find no trace of the picture. In due course he made his report to Sir Richard, who desired him to make even more extensive enquiries, which proved equally fruitless. Finally Davis asked permission to examine the cases in the attics of Hertford House; and he returned in triumph with the missing picture, which had been purchased many years before by Lord Hertford, and had been completely forgotten.

Sir Richard was always very kind and hospitable to the English owners and their horses which ran in the Grand Prix at Longchamps, and he placed the stables at Bagatelle at their disposal. Perhaps that was the reason why he was elected an Honorary Member of the English Jockey Club, for I never heard that he either supported or took any interest in racing, though his father, when Lord Henry Seymour, was one of the originators of racing in France, and one of the founders of the French Jockey Club. This reminds me that John Porter, the trainer at Kingsclere, told me a rather amusing little tale. He said that,

when he trained a certain winner of the Grand Prix, the horse was stabled at Bagatelle. After the race, it was surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd, who had all backed it and were very excited by its victory. In the confusion, Porter became separated from the horse, and could not find it anywhere. He did not know a word of French, and thought the only thing to do was to find his way to the stable. He therefore said, 'Bagatelle! Bagatelle!' to everyone he met, hoping they would point out the way. Nobody seemed to understand, however, until at last a friendly individual said, 'Ah, monsieur! Je comprends!' He then seized Porter by the arm, and took him to an adjacent café where there was a bagatelle board, pointing triumphantly to which, he said, 'Voilà, monsieur! Maintenant monsieur peut jouer la bagatelle!'

On page 121 of my *Memoirs of Racing and Hunting*, I mentioned the little house which I leased at Newmarket, before becoming the tenant of Heath House. Perhaps I may be allowed to describe one of the many happy days my friends and I passed there, now nearly sixty years ago.

We were called at seven o'clock in the morning. At eight, our hacks were waiting at the door, and, in the full enjoyment of the usual cold east wind—I hardly ever remember Newmarket at any time of the year without that doubtful blessing—we rode to the Heath to see the horses at exercise. Having done so, and perhaps tried some of them—satisfactorily or not, as the case might be, but more often not—we returned, either uplifted or downcast but in any case terribly hungry, to breakfast on prawns, poached eggs, bacon and muffins.

After breakfast the newspapers arrived, and much discussion—most of it foolish—took place on the prospects of the ensuing day's sport. For an hour or more before the races, a constant procession of acquaintances and friends passed our house, which was in the High Street, and we greeted them through the open windows. Our hacks were again brought to the door, and we then rode to the races. At luncheon, during the Spring Meetings, there were plovers' eggs and more prawns.

After attending the races, with more or less satisfactory results to some of our pockets, though not to mine, as I did not bet, we rode home to tea, at which there were usually still more shrimps and prawns, but alas, no plovers' eggs. At six we went to the stables, for the evening inspection of the horses. When this was over, it was usually time for dinner, either at home or with our friends. When we dined out, we often finished the evening at the Jockey Club Rooms, where billiard matches took place. I specially remember some most amusing games between Captain Machell and Harry Hungerford. They were both fairly good players, but the chaff which passed between them was the chief attraction.

At the back of our little house was a stable yard. One morning, when looking out of the bathroom window, I noticed a very good-looking brown colt being led round. I felt so much attracted by its appearance that I made enquiry about it. I heard that the yard had recently been taken by J. Huggins, an American trainer, and that the colt was Iroquois, by Leamington, the property of Mr. Pierre Lorillard. Iroquois was a dark colt which had not yet run in England; and Archer subsequently won the Derby and St. Leger on it in 1881. There were two good American horses running in England at the time—Iroquois, and Foxhall, the property of Mr. J. R. Keene, which won the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire stakes in 1881 and the Ascot Gold Cup in 1882. I am sure Foxhall was a very good horse indeed, though he was a failure at the stud. He was trained by old William Day at Woodyeats.

When we returned from the races, my friends often occupied themselves with their betting books. I remember that one afternoon someone asked Lord R., 'Well, R., have you had a good day?' He looked very much puzzled, and replied, 'I hope so. As far as I can make out, I've won about £500. But I'm not sure, so will you look through the book and help me?' Our friend spent a minute or two examining the book, and then said, 'I can't make head or tail of this; it's like a Chinese puzzle. But leave it with me for a little, and I'll try to work it out.' In the

end it was found that poor old R. had *lost* nearly five hundred pounds instead of winning it!

I once heard Captain Machell say, 'Live in the best society yourself; but always run your horses in the worst, unless they are very good ones.' This is excellent advice, which I recommend to every young man.

I am sorry that, in my *Memories of Racing and Hunting*, I omitted to mention the Bibury Club and Stockbridge Races: for, with the possible exception of Goodwood, it was the most enjoyable race-meeting I attended. It was held on the Downs at Stockbridge, then quite a remote little town, in Hampshire; and the racecourse itself was very near Danebury, the celebrated stable where John Day trained the famous Crucifix for Lord George Bentinck, and many other well-known racehorses. I often saw his son, known as Honest John, sitting in the enclosure at the races. He was then a very old man, and nearly blind. His son-in-law, the famous jockey Tom Cannon, occupied the stables at Danebury, where his sons Mornington, Kempton, and young Tom Cannon, were born and learned to ride. Arthur Coventry too was a very apt pupil.

At this Meeting there were many races for gentlemen-riders, especially on Bibury Club day. Among others who rode were Arthur Coventry and Hugh Owen. I also remember seeing Lord Dudley ride there. He was not an experienced jockey or horseman; but for all that he won his race, and I think it was very plucky of him to attempt it.

I hired a little house at Stockbridge for the races, close to the bridge over the Test, a lovely chalk stream full of very large trout which could be caught only with a dry fly. The house on the other bank of the river belonged to Sir Frederick Johnstone, and there he often entertained the Prince of Wales, Lord Alington, and other friends.

I had considerable success with my horses at Stockbridge, winning most of the important races, including the Hurstbourne Stakes, which was then considered one of the principal races of the season, with Donovan.

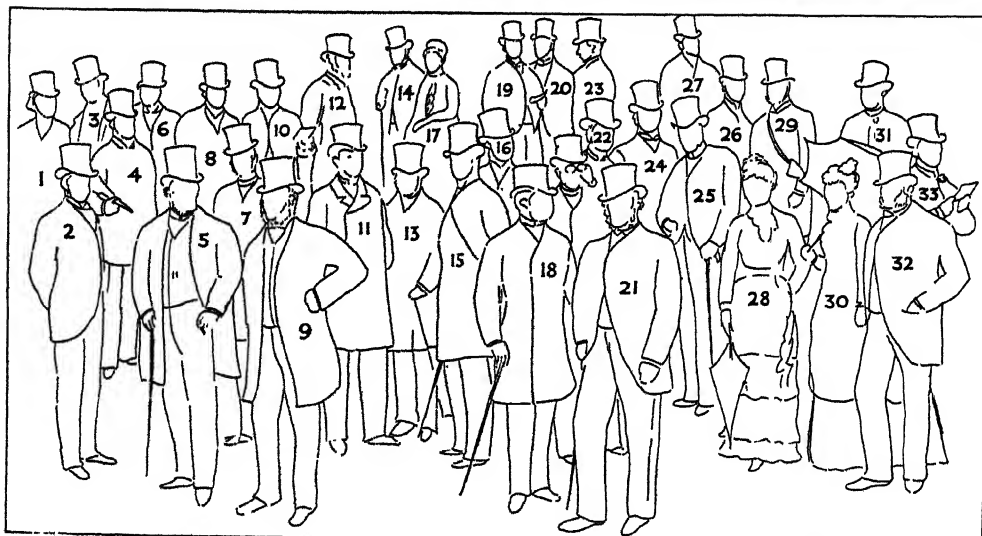


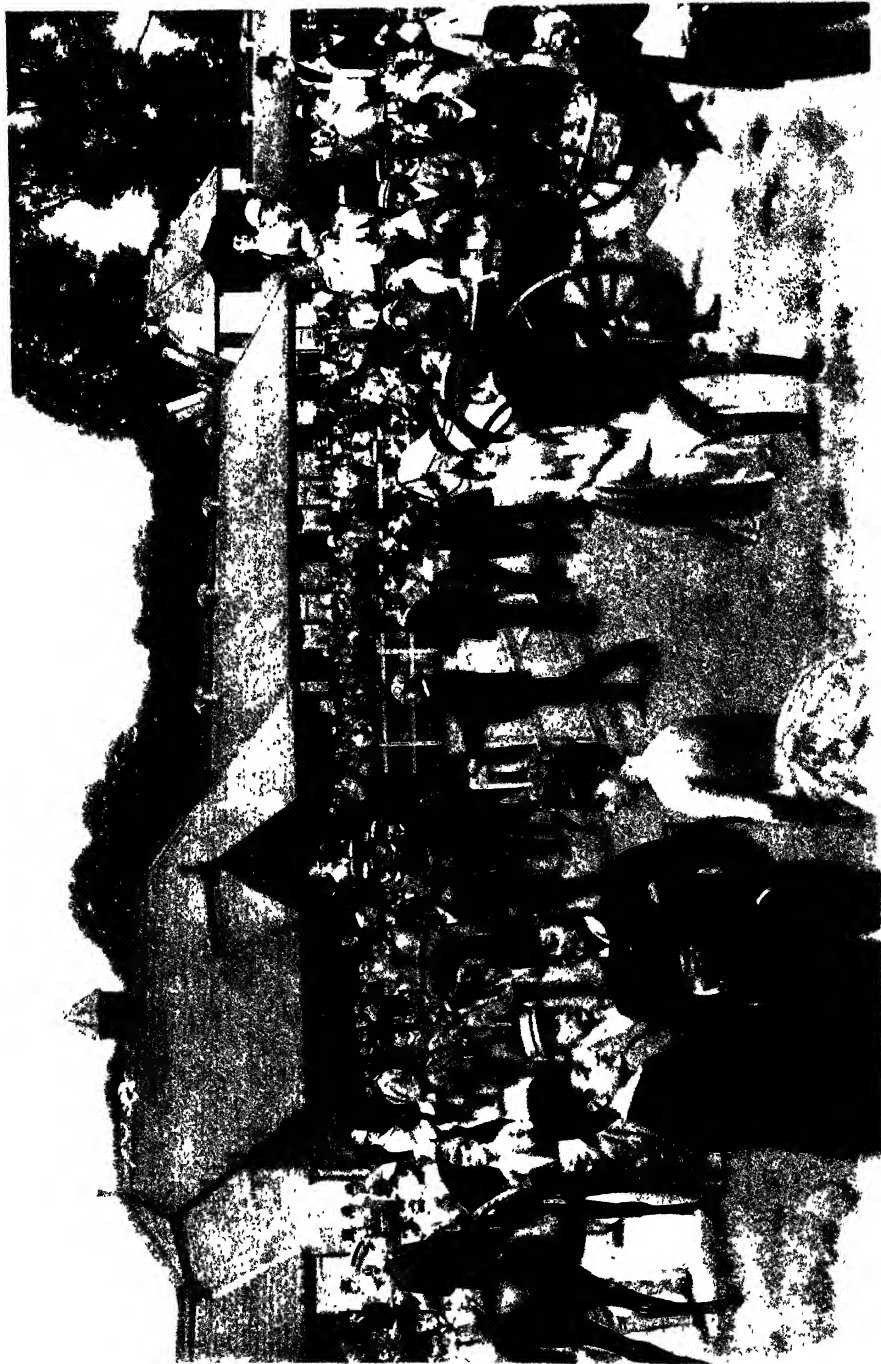
ARTHUR COVENTRY
1884
From *Vanity Fair*. See Appendix VII



THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Lord Charles Beresford | 17. Marquisa de Santurce |
| 2. Earl of March | 18. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught |
| 3. Christopher Sykes | 19. Major Egerton |
| 4. Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bt. | 20. Captain Seymour Finch |
| 5. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales | 21. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge |
| 6. H. Chaplin | 22. Lord Lurgan |
| 7. Lord Alington | 23. Col. the Hon. Oliver Montagu |
| 8. Sir George Chetwynd, Bt. | 24. Portland |
| 9. Duke of Richmond & Gordon | 25. Viscount Cole |
| 10. Earl of Rosslyn | 26. Count Charles Kinsky |
| 11. Captain Machell | 27. E. C. Ker-Seymer |
| 12. the late Captain Coventry | 28. Lady Grace Fane |
| 13. the late Prince Batthyany | 29. Reuben Sassoon |
| 14. M. de Murrieta | 30. Countess of Westmorland |
| 15. William Craven | 31. J. B. Leigh |
| 16. Lord Leconfield | 32. Duke of Beaufort |
| 33. Sir J. Willoughby, Bt. | |





A YEARLING SALE, NEWMARKET

Foreground, left to right: Portland, Lord Hastings, Lord Rosslyn, Lady Hastings. Left hand side: On horseback, Miss B. Maynard, talking to Lady Rosslyn. Central group, left to right: Lord Clonmell, The Prince of Wales, Lord Alington. In pony-carriage, left to right: Lady March, Lady Brooke, Lord Brooke. In front of pony-carriage, left to right: Lady Castlereagh, Hon. G. Lambton.

My friends and I attended the Bibury Club dinners, which took place at the hotel; and very good fun they were, too—except on one occasion, when some young rascals threw what I can only describe as a Chinese stink-pot through the open window, causing a hurried exit from the dining-room!

I have just read with much regret of the passing of one who in old days was among my nearest and dearest friends. I allude to Lord Lurgan—Billy Brownlow of the old days. He and I were at Eton together. He had a wonderful eye for all ball-games, and was a very fast bowler. An unfortunate accident happened to him when playing in Sixpenny, for a ball ran up his bat and broke both his front teeth. Nevertheless, this did not spoil his good looks, for, with his crisp, curly, black hair and cheery face, he remained to the end one of the most handsome men of my acquaintance. After leaving Eton, he joined the Grenadier Guards; but I am afraid that racing and shooting—he was never a very good horseman—occupied more of his time than did soldiering.

At one of the Hampton Court sales he bought a yearling by Wisdom-Enigma. Though no good as a racer herself, she was own sister to the famous mare Florence, which had won the Cambridgeshire and, I believe, a large stake in money for her fortunate owner Jack Hammond. I think Billy also won a good stake on her, so perhaps that was the reason why he bought her sister. I offered to buy the filly from him, but he said, 'No, old fellow. I'll give her to you as a brood mare. Put her to St. Simon; and then, perhaps, you will let me have a share in the produce.' I accepted her on these terms. She was mated to St. Simon, and her first produce was Amiable, who won the 1,000 Guineas and the Oaks. Her next produce was Manners, winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and other good races, who, but for a kink in his temper, would have been a really good horse. He was sold for a considerable sum to a German owner. Another good animal owned by Lurgan was Acme, by Dutch Skater, a name which I suggested for him.

Lurgan was very often my companion at Langwell, where

we made many good bags of grouse. These are one or two typical days:

			Brace	
1887	Aug. 13	The Duke of Portland	} 116	Aultnile
		Lord Berkeley Paget		
"	" "	Lord Lurgan		
		R. W. Chandos Pole	} 126	Brecklett
1896	Aug. 17	The Duke of Portland		
		Lord Lurgan	91	Brecklett
	18	The Duke of Portland		
		Lord Lurgan	90	Aultnile

I have in my room a beautiful photograph-screen, of tortoiseshell inlaid with silver, which he gave to me as a wedding present. It arrived rather late, and was hastily unpacked by my wife's aunt, Miss Graham. To her horror—still more to Lurgan's and mine—it was filled with photographs of many beautiful *demi-mondaines*! Of course I disclaimed even bowing acquaintance with any of them; and the shopkeeper afterwards explained that he inserted the photographs because he thought they looked pretty. So they did; but it was hardly a suitable present for a happy and fortunate bridegroom!

Lurgan married the charming Lady Emily Cadogan ('Tiny'), and was the father of William Brownlow ('Brownie'), who has succeeded him, and who is one of the best golfers, amateur or professional, in the country.

I am afraid dear old Billy was not altogether happy in some of his connections—I will not call them friends—on the Turf. I am perfectly certain he would have been better without them. That is sufficient to say about it. I regret that latterly, for a good many years, I saw nothing of him, as his interests lay chiefly in London, and mine in the country. None the less, I look back with the greatest pleasure to the many happy days we spent together at Welbeck, Langwell, Newmarket and elsewhere.

Polly Carew, to whom I have so often referred, was my guest at Melton when he received a telegram from Lord Roberts, asking him to join him in Burma. He had arrived at Melton with two hunters, and during the season he bought six others. He also purchased a thoroughbred mare, Beauharnais by

Seesaw-Josephine, at a sale of horses belonging to the Duke of Hamilton. When I asked him why, he said, 'My dear fellow, I think every gentleman ought to own a thoroughbred mare.'

After Polly's departure for Burma I mated Beauharnais with St. Simon, by whom she had a colt foal, subsequently named Soult. She was mated with St. Simon again, and had another foal. I then mated her with St. Simon for the third time, and sold her as in foal to that great horse, with a filly foal at foot. I think she sold for about £2,500; and her yearling was bought by Colonel Oliver Montagu and Lord Randolph Churchill for £1,800—not a bad return for an outlay of perhaps £250! So, what with the sale of his hunters and his brood-mare and her offspring, Polly found a nice little nest-egg awaiting him at his banker's when he returned.

In 1889, I drove Sir George Wombwell in my phaeton to see Ayrshire and Melanion run in the Royal Stakes (of ten thousand sovereigns) at Kempton Park. While going down the hill from Putney Common, we came across two ladies who had met with a carriage accident: so we helped the coachman to put the carriage to rights, and then bade them a rather regretful farewell. On arrival at the races, we found Sir Frederick Johnstone's Friar's Balsam a hot favourite for the Royal Stakes. The result, however, was that Ayrshire, ridden by J. Watts, won by three-quarters of a length, Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze running second, and Melanion third. So it was an eventful and very pleasant day. When I returned home, the rescue of the distressed ladies was duly reported to my future wife, Miss Dallas-Yorke.

On the following day, I received a most charming note from the ladies, inviting Sir George and myself to tea with them—but alas, alas, the note turned out to have been written by Miss Dallas-Yorke, from a fictitious address at Richmond. I said nothing to her at the time; but later in the day she asked very innocently, 'Have you by any chance heard from your charming ladies?' and at that I burst out laughing, and told her I had discovered the shameful plot. She confessed to having sent a

similar letter to Sir George, who cared little for racing and seemed certainly to have thought more of the ladies than of Ayrshire's victory; but unfortunately she posted it from London, not Richmond, and I believe he was sharp enough to recognize the hoax.

I once went with George Lambton to Derby Races, where he rode twice. We had to hurry away; and, though he changed his racing jacket, he had no time to change his breeches and boots. When we got into the train at Derby for Nottingham, the guard kindly reserved a carriage for us and said, 'The train does not stop until it gets to Nottingham': so George took off his thin breeches and boots, saying, 'I *am* cold! I think I'll have a good warm up in my fur travelling-bag before I put on my trousers.' This he proceeded to do. Imagine our horror, however, when the train stopped half-way and an old lady got into the carriage. There was George, quite respectable so long as he kept his legs, which were then of course in a state of nature, wrapped in the travelling-bag. But how, without shocking the lady, was he to complete his toilet before we arrived at Nottingham? It was a serious question. Fortunately, however, the train stopped again, and much to our relief the old lady got out; so George was able to complete his toilet.

A very young peer, whom I will call X, was my guest for Lincoln Races, where he betted heavily and lost his money. In the evening he wished to play cards, but nobody was prepared to take him on. Among my guests was H. H., a very old friend and a first-rate exponent of *legerdemain*—so much so, indeed, that he would never play cards for money. Hoping to teach our young friend a lesson, with some difficulty we persuaded H. H. to play cards with him on the following evening, and to cheat him deliberately. H. H. agreed to do so, but stipulated that he should first put it in writing that he was to play *écarté* with X and to cheat him, but that no money was eventually to pass. He also made it a condition that none of us were to leave the room until the game was over.

When the time came, I said to X, 'Would you like a game of

écarté with H. H.?' He replied, 'Of course I should—I'll take anybody on.' So down they sat. At first, when the stake was a low one, X was allowed to win; but when it was several hundred pounds, H. H. promptly marked the King and won the trick. This went on until X had lost about £5,000, and we were all very sleepy and tired of the affair. At last I remarked, 'Really this must come to an end': so H. H. said, 'All right', and proposed that they should have one more deal for double or quits. Of course he marked the King again, and apparently won £10,000. X naturally looked rather taken aback, but also considerably relieved, when H. H. threw the cards on the table and said, 'My dear boy, you don't owe me a shilling! I've been cheating all the time.' I am afraid the lesson did our young friend no good, for not long afterwards he was in the Bankruptcy Court.

Since the publication of my book *Memories of Racing and Hunting* I have been looking through old *Racing Calendars*, and am much struck by the general improvement which has taken place, both as to the manner in which the sport is conducted and in the value of the stakes. Towards the end of the '70's, the Park Courses were opened, Sandown leading the way, followed by Kempton, Hurst Park and others. These, no doubt, much improved the status of the sport in many ways. In the days to which I allude, save for the so called Classic Races there were very few stakes to the value of more than a thousand sovereigns; and those there were, such as the Ham and Gatwick Stakes at Goodwood, the Black Duck Stakes at York, and some other races of that kind, were all subscribed by the owners themselves, with little or no added money given. It was then, I imagine; almost impossible—except with the most extraordinary good luck—to pay one's expenses from the stakes won. Therefore the only means of doing so was by betting; though that was much more likely to increase one's expenses than to diminish them! I doubt whether the horses, though there are now more than double the number in training, have improved to the same extent. The best period for horses, in my opinion, was from 1880 to about 1900, though I believe Windsor Lad and Bahram,

which were 4 y.o. and 3 y.o. respectively in 1936, were possibly as good as any of the horses mentioned in my other book, with the exception of Isonomy, Ormonde, St. Simon and Donovan.

Berkeley Paget told me that, when he and his brother Dandy¹ were boys, they were riding in Beaudesert Park in the autumn of 1855, with their father Lord Anglesey. They came across a string of racehorses, some of which were about to be tried by Saunders, the trainer at Hednesford. Lord Anglesey sent Dandy to ask whether there was any objection to their seeing the trial. Saunders replied that he would be delighted if they would do so, and said, pointing to two individuals, 'These gentlemen are Mr. Palmer and Mr. Cook, the joint owners of Pole Star.'² We are trying it in order to find out what chance it has of winning the Shrewsbury Cup, which is to be run next week.'

Pole Star won the trial very easily, and Palmer backed it heavily to win the race, in his own name but with Cook's money as well as his own. No doubt he had already planned to poison Cook. In any case he did so, with doses of antimony and strychnine. Pole Star won the race on Tuesday, November 13th; and it was therefore necessary that Cook should be out of the way on or before the following Monday, when his share of the winnings would be received. On Sunday morning he was still alive, though very ill; so Palmer gave him an additional dose, and he died that night. Palmer therefore drew all the winnings for himself, as was of course his intention from the beginning.

Palmer was already suspected of having poisoned his wife and a number of other people whose lives he had insured; and an autopsy was held on Cook's body. On this occasion, however, Palmer made a fatal mistake: for he offered the individual who took the organs to Stafford, for examination, a large bribe to drop the jar in which they were contained. Of course he did not do so; and, though no trace of poison was discovered in the organs, the attempt was regarded as strong circumstantial evidence of Palmer's guilt.

¹Lord Alexander Paget, father of the present Lord Anglesey.

²By Faugh-a-ballagh out of Tillah.

I am not sure that this narrative is accurate in all its details; but I repeat it as I often heard Berkeley tell it.

As is well known, Palmer was found guilty of murder and hanged. The story goes that the people of Rugeley petitioned the Government to rename the town, which was associated in the public mind with the murder; and they proposed that it should be named after the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston. 'What's the use of that?' Lord Palmerston said; '*Palmer's Town* is worse than ever!'

Berkeley also told me that when he was sitting, late at night, by the bedside of his brother-in-law Lord Hastings, who lay very ill at Donington Hall, he distinctly heard the horses and wheels of a carriage drive up to the house. He said to Hastings, 'Who is coming, Harry? If you are expecting guests at this late hour, I had better go down and receive them.' Hastings replied quite calmly, 'Don't bother, Berkeley. It has only come for me.' He died two or three hours later. There is a legend that when the owner of Donington is about to die, a carriage and horses are heard to drive up to the front door.

Whatever his gambling proclivities may have been, Hastings possessed plenty of courage. Berkeley told me that, when Hastings and he were returning in a sailing-yacht from Norway, a hurricane arose, and they were in great danger of shipwreck. But the harder it blew, and the greater their peril, the more Harry Hastings seemed to enjoy it. All he said was 'This is better fun than backing losers!'

Mrs. Henry de Lotbinière¹ has very kindly sent me the following account of an experience she had when she was the guest of Lady Maude² at Hampton Court Palace.

'Some years ago I was staying with my friend Lady Maude at Hampton Court. On leaving the drawing-room, before dinner, I had to pass through a small ante-room. The door closed behind me, and I was in the dark. I was trying to find my way out by the opposite door, when I saw to my right the figure of a

¹ Eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Grenfell of Elibank, Taplow.

² Widow of Lt.-Gen. Sir Stanley Maude, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

woman. I realised afterwards, however, that it was only her head and shoulders which I saw. Her hair was parted in the middle, and she wore a soft white shawl. I was about to ask her where the switch of the electric light was, when the appearance vanished as quickly as it had come.

‘As ghosts are not always welcome, I said nothing about it to my hostess; but next morning, at breakfast, someone asked me whether I knew that the Palace was haunted by Mrs. Penn, the nurse of King Edward VI. I had never heard of her till that moment, and I asked which rooms she visited. The reply was that she is sometimes seen in a passage at some distance from where I saw the apparition; but I was told that a concealed door in the ante-room led to the rooms she occupied, which are now unfurnished. It was exactly in front of the door that the figure appeared to me. Shortly afterwards, two other people saw her, at different times, in the same corner of the room. The ghost did not frighten me, and I tried to see her again the next time I was at Hampton Court, by shutting myself in the ante-room in the dark; but nothing appeared or happened.

‘Soon after this experience, I was shown an illustrated history of Hampton Court, containing a small picture of Mrs. Penn; but I could not recognise any resemblance between her and the apparition, at any rate as to dress. The illustration was too small to show the features clearly.

‘The legend is that Mrs. Penn was in charge of Edward VI when he was ill, and lived in this part of the Palace. While she was there, her own child died; and she has occasionally appeared in the Palace. She is buried at Hampton Church; and the apparition is believed to have appeared since her grave was disturbed, during a serious fire at the Church. M. de L.’

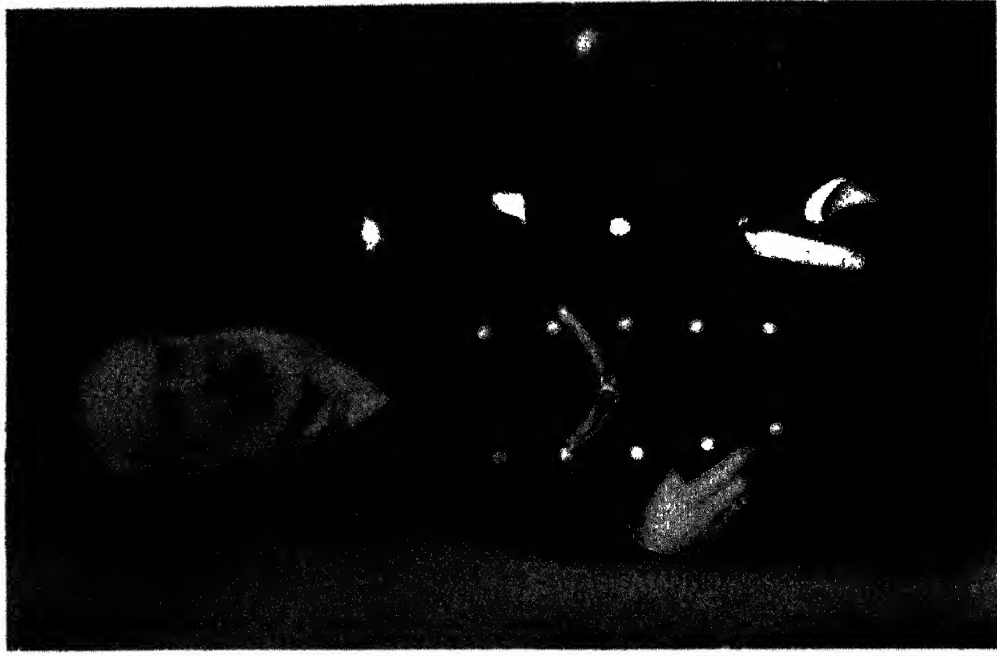
I have several times passed the night in rooms with the reputation of being haunted, at Newstead, Rufford and Littlecote; but I cannot claim ever to have seen, or in any way come into contact with, a ghost. For all that, I firmly believe in their existence, and fully sympathise with the Frenchwoman who, when asked whether she believed in ghosts, replied, ‘No, I do



THE HON. G. LAMBTON AND TEDDY
(A. J. Munnings, R.A.)



LORD BERKELEY PAGET



LORD ALEXANDER (DANDY) PAGET

not believe in them; but, *mon Dieu!* how I am frightened of them!’

When the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Alexandra, visited Newstead, as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans at Bestwood, she was shown the haunted room, in which there was a cupboard let into the wall, with its door slightly ajar. Being always full of fun, H.R.H. said, ‘I think the ghost must be in here,’ and opened the cupboard door. Noticing a long curtain inside, she poked it with her parasol—and then drew back with a very startled ‘*Oh!*’ For a faint scream came from behind the curtain and out rushed two housemaids, who had evidently hidden there to obtain a good view of the Royal visitor.

I often visited Newstead, then the property of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, both before and after I came to live in Nottinghamshire. Mrs. Webb was a sister of General Goodlake, Coldstream Guards, a most distinguished officer, who gained the Victoria Cross in the Crimea. They gave me a book, now in the Library at Welbeck, containing a piece of the curtain of the bed used by Lord Byron.

After the death of Sir Algernon Peyton, Master of the Bicester Hounds, Lord Valentia bought one of his best hunters, succeeded him in the Mastership, and eventually married his widow. A year or two later, the Bicester had a first-rate day’s sport; and when Valentia was riding home in the evening, a mutual friend said, ‘What a splendid day’s sport we have had! My only regret is that dear old Algie Peyton could not be with us—how he would have loved it!’ After a moment’s hesitation Valentia replied, ‘Yes, it has been a wonderful day. But perhaps, after all, it is best that Algie wasn’t here; for, although no doubt we have had a splendid day’s sport, it might have been a little spoiled for him when he realised that I am not only the Master of his Hounds and riding his best hunter, but am his wife’s husband as well. Yes—on the whole, I think it is *much* better that dear old Algie wasn’t here.’

My friend Lord Enniskillen brought Billy M’Graine, the well-

known Dublin horse-dealer, to Welbeck. He was a most quaint character. When Enniskillen said to him, 'Mind you send the Duke good horses,' he replied, 'Sure, My Lord, I'll send him nothing but patent safety animals. D'ye think I'm such a fool as to send him bad horses to begin with, when I want to keep him alive and sell him many more?' He proved as good as his word and sent me two or three excellent animals, bringing them over to Welbeck himself, with his son Kit to show them off. I asked him whether one of them could jump timber. 'Jump timber?' he said. 'He could jump a palisade. Now then, Kit, off you go over that gate!'

After seeing the underground passages built by my predecessor, he said, 'It's a pity his late Grace didn't live at Holyhead.' I asked him why he thought so. 'Sure, then we'd have had a tunnel under St. George's Channel and travelled by train, instead of puking all the way in a bloody boat.'

When Lord Cork resigned the Mastership of the Buck Hounds, a sale was held of his and the Hunt horses. Old Lord Henry Bentinck was asked whether he attended the sale and, if so, whether he made any purchases. He replied, 'Yes, I attended the sale; but I did not buy any hunters, as they were nearly all Cork screws.'

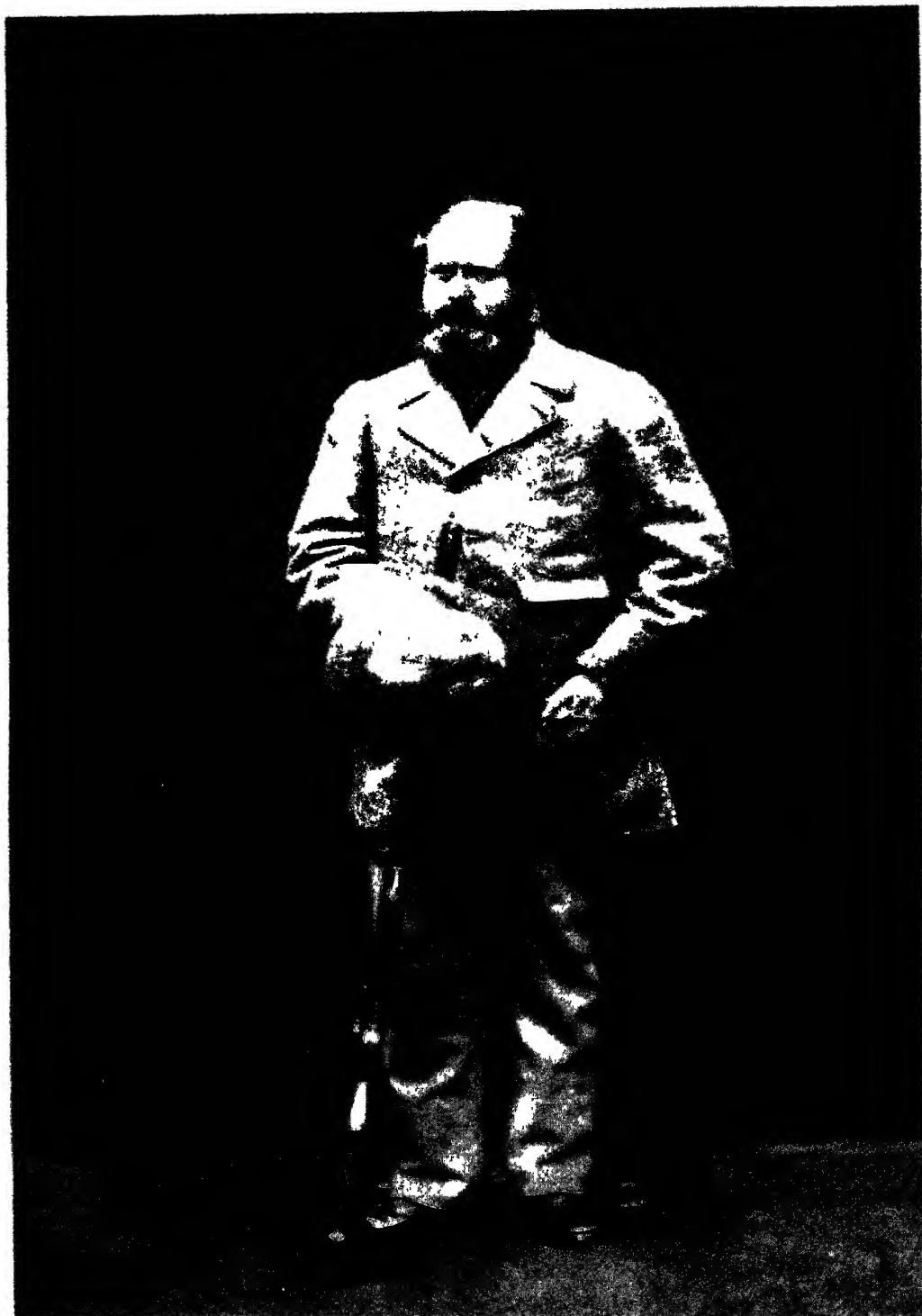
Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge—Queen Victoria's uncle and the father of George, Duke of Cambridge—enjoyed attending the services at Westminster Abbey, where he occupied a seat next that of the Dean. During a period of drought, the Dean asked the congregation to pray for rain, whereupon H.R.H. remarked, 'By all means, Mr. Dean; I have no objection in the world to your praying for rain. But it will do no good so long as the wind remains in the east.'

On another occasion he sat in his usual place when the 98th Psalm was read or sung. After the 7th verse, 'With trumpets also, and shawms: O shew yourselves joyful before the Lord the King,' it was noticed that H.R.H. became restive; and at last he said in a loud voice, 'Mr. Dean!' 'Hush!' murmured the Dean. 'Mr. Dean!' repeated H.R.H., firmly and



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

Driven from England by the Budget Revolution, the Duke of Portland escapes to Holland with nothing but his coronet, and under the name of Willem Jan Bentinck becomes a Volcanianner.



THE FIFTH EARL FIFE, K.T.
1864

loudly: 'I know very well what trumpets are, but what the devil are shawms?'

Lord Fife, the father of the Duke of Fife, was a very curious character. When Queen Victoria visited Mar Lodge one day, he said, 'I am sure Your Majesty will be pleased to hear that I have given up drinking brandy and soda-water.' H.M., though no doubt a little taken aback, replied, 'I am indeed glad, Lord Fife. It will be so much better for your health.' Fife, however, continued, 'It is not a matter of my health, Your Majesty, but I have found a much better drink—that is, whisky and Apollinaris water; and I strongly recommend Your Majesty to try it.'

When invited to shoot at Sandringham, he was accompanied by two Highlanders, each of whom carried what looked like a telescope slung over his shoulder. The Prince of Wales saw these, and remarked, 'Telescopes are no doubt very useful at Mar, when you are deer-stalking, but you will hardly want them here.' 'There Your Royal Highness is mistaken,' replied Fife; 'they are just as useful here as at Mar, because, you see, one is full of brandy and the other is full of whisky!'

One very cold morning, the Prince of Wales arrived at Mar Lodge. Someone, in fun, picked Lord Fife's pocket of his usual whisky flask, and then suggested to H.R.H. that he should ask him for a nip, as he felt cold. The Prince at once entered into the joke, and did so. 'Certainly, Sir,' replied Fife, putting his hand into his pocket—but the flask had disappeared. 'Ah, Your Royal Highness, it's gone!' cried Fife. 'But no matter'—dipping into another pocket—'*here's another.*'

He attended a dinner of the Royal Caledonian Hunt in London, where there was a strict rule against any except the Loyal Toast being proposed. Fife, however, insisted upon proposing a toast of his own. He rose to his feet and began, 'My Lords and gentlemen'—then looked carefully round the assembled guests and continued, 'In my humble opeenion there are only two men at this table who are worth a domn. One's myself, the Earl of Fife; and the other's my old friend, the Earl of Stair!'

The 1st Viscount Colville of Culross told me the following story:

‘When I was a very young man, the then Duke of Sutherland, a great friend of my family, invited me to stay at Dunrobin in his absence, and to roam about the vast estates—in fact the whole county of Sutherland—as I liked. There was plenty of fishing and shooting, and I had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

‘Being on my way from the West Coast to Lairg one day, I decided to spend the night at a wayside inn. I slept in a room which reminded me of the bulkhead of a ship, with a partition between it and the next room. Soon after I lay down, I heard a voice from the further side of the partition, “I’m saying the Duke is a grand mon.” The only reply was a grunt. Shortly afterwards, the voice repeated, “I’m saying again, the Duke is a grand mon.” This also met with a grunt. After two or three minutes, a second voice said, “Aye, the Duke is a fine mon a’ richt—but he’s no’ got the gr-rand belly o’ Tulloch.”’¹

He also told me he was on the mail coach which ran from Lairg to Inverness, when it stopped at the gate of Balnagowan Castle. Three individuals came out and climbed on to the back seat of the coach. They turned out to be a lunatic and his two keepers, who, as a treat, were taking him to Norwich to see the execution of a murderer.

Lord Colville paid my wife and me a visit at the hotel at Invergarry. He said he had been a guest at Invergarry Castle in 1851, when it was the property of Lord Ward, afterwards created Earl of Dudley, and that he saw a picture of a beautiful woman—I think she was the village laundress—painted by Landseer on the wall of one of the passages. We went to the Castle on the following day, and the painting was still there, on the wall of a passage leading to the nurseries.

He told us that at the time of his visit to the Castle Lady Ward, who had been Miss de Burgh, was lying dangerously ill at Cannes. Lord Ward walked out every day to meet the postman, hoping for news of his wife, but no letter arrived. One day

¹The late Duncan Davidson of Tulloch Castle, near Dingwall.

he returned and said, 'Charlie, I have had a letter from Cannes, and I shall be leaving for France tomorrow morning.' Of course there was no Highland Railway in those days, and he had to ride over the hills. When he arrived at Cannes, his wife was dead.

When staying at Goodwood for the races, some time before 1895, I well remember being taken by Jacko Durham to visit his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, at her home, Coates House, on the Petworth Estate. The Duchess was then over eighty years old, and died in 1905 at a very advanced age.

It was a beautiful evening; and the butler took us into the garden, where we found the Duchess sitting by a large pond, fishing with a rod and line. As we approached she held up a warning hand, and then flicked a perch out on to the grass. Having handed the rod to a footman, who carefully unhooked the fish and put it back in the water, she beckoned to us and said, 'Jacko, my dear child, how glad I am to see you! And who is this other boy?'—both of us, by the way, being well over thirty years old at the time. She then continued, 'I waved you away just now because the float was bobbing about, and I feared you might frighten the fish. Sometimes they are very shy biters.'

The Duchess was the most charming, genial old lady I ever saw, and unusually handsome. I believe she spent much of her time fishing in the way I have described, with the footman to bait her hook and return the fish to their watery home. There is a well-known photograph, taken at Montagu House, which shows her surrounded by over two hundred direct descendants—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and perhaps great-great-grandchildren too.

I was on Carlisle platform, after my first visit to Ayrshire in 1880, when the station master pointed to a charming old pair. The old man wore a grey suit, a Scotch plaid and tam-o'-shanter bonnet, and carried a long crooked walking-stick. The station master said to me with bated breath, 'Their Graces the

Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.¹ Imagine my delight when, hat in hand, he spoke to them, and I heard the Duke reply, 'Is it indeed?' He then came towards me with outstretched hand, and said, 'Mr. — has told me that you are the young Duke of Portland. I am so glad to have an opportunity of meeting you, and of presenting you to my wife; for she is your kinswoman, though perhaps you are not aware of the fact.' I had to admit that this was true; and the Duke explained: 'She is a Thynne, and her grandmother, Lady Bath, was formerly Lady Elizabeth Bentinck. So, you see, you and she are kinsfolk; and you know we people in Scotland set great store by blood relations.' I never met a more charming and agreeable couple. When my train came, the Duke said, 'And now good-bye, my young friend. I hope you will always think of us as your friends too; and we shall both be extremely hurt if you do not pay us a visit, next time you come over the Border.' Unfortunately he died shortly afterwards, so I was unable to have that great pleasure.

The present Lord George Scott is one of the Duke's many grandchildren. He told me that when he and the other boys were returning from Drumlanrig to school, the Duke sent for them to his study. He then unlocked a cupboard, opened an inner drawer, and took out a large wooden bowl full to the brim with golden sovereigns. Calling the boys one by one, he stirred the bowl round with his finger, and any sovereigns that dropped over the edge were his tip to the boy. Of course, the faster he stirred, the more sovereigns fell out of the bowl; and I believe his favourite grandsons fared particularly well. George, who was a special favourite, used to exclaim, 'Faster, grandpapa! Faster!' to which the Duke replied, 'Don't be greedy, George my boy. Go away! That is quite enough for you.' George told me there were probably four or five hundred pounds in the bowl. I asked him why in the world the Duke kept so many sovereigns in his writing-table, and he said he did not know for certain, but he

¹Walter Francis, 5th Duke of Buccleuch and 7th Duke of Queensberry, born 1806; succeeded his father 1819; married 1829, Lady Charlotte Thynne; died 1884. The Duchess died in 1895. She was my second cousin once removed.

believed it was the custom in those days for him to settle estate and other accounts himself.

The Duke owned thousands upon thousands of acres of land in Scotland, besides very large estates in England, including Beaulieu in Hampshire, Boughton in Northants, a big estate in Warwickshire and Montagu House in London. In the South of Scotland, besides Drumlanrig, which I think is the most glorious private residence in the British Isles, he owned Langholm Lodge, with wonderful grouse shooting, Bowhill, Eildon and Dalkeith, all with large houses. He had many hundreds of tenants; and it was said that he was personally acquainted with nearly every one of them, and remembered their names. He knew them by what they called 'head mark'; and they all loved him. He was amusingly fond of a canny Scottish bargain, and one of his oldest and most intimate friends wrote in fun:

Walter Francis B. and Q.
If you don't do him, he'll do you!

I believe this rhyme much amused the Duke, and that he promptly capped it with another, which I have unfortunately forgotten.

His brother, Lord John Scott (1809-1860), married Miss Spottiswoode, who wrote *Annie Laurie* and other songs. Mat Dawson, who trained his racehorses, told me many stories about him. He was extremely fond of a 'scrap'; and sometimes, on his way home from hunting, he offered any likely young fellow he met a sovereign to stand up to him. If the man showed skill and pluck, he was given two or three sovereigns; but if he caved in too soon, he received only the pound he had been promised. Lord John's second horseman held the coats and kept the ring by the roadside. I asked Mat whether he carried boxing-gloves about with him. 'Lord, no!' said Mat: 'he used his bare knuckles.' Lord John named one of his racehorses Pug Orrock, after a pugilist whom he admired.

When I first visited the Helmsdale for salmon-fishing, there

were several curious characters in the neighbourhood. One was a worthy old gentleman who had a shooting lodge and a rod on the river. He was very stout; and for some reason or other, his internal economy was in constant motion, giving the impression of a ferret moving about in a sack. For this reason he received the rather coarse but, under the circumstances, not inappropriate nickname of Old Rumblyguts. One of his many idiosyncrasies was to spend a great part of the day watching the rod on the next beat through a telescope, to see whether he fished in an unauthorised manner—that is, with a ‘bajoc’ (*i.e.* a worm)—only fly-fishing being allowed, though many fish were taken secretly with the worm when the river was low. When the Duchess of Sutherland came as his guest, he supplied her with a delicious cold luncheon; and, quite forgetting that she was a teetotaller, he opened a bottle of champagne in her honour, which she made him drink himself.

Another odd personality was Mr. S.-K. A friend of mine went down to the river one day to fish, when to his astonishment he found a heap of clothes on the bank and Mr. S.-K. swimming up and down his best salmon-pool. On another occasion S.-K. appeared on the railway-line, waving his arms, and held up the mail train from Wick to Inverness. The excited engine-driver and guard jumped down and asked, ‘What’s the matter? Is there something wrong with the line?’ ‘Nothing whatever, so far as I know, replied S.-K.; but I’m very tired, and I hope you’ll give me a lift home to Kildonan station.’

When I first fished the River Garry and Loch Oich, in 1895, the fishermen often spoke of ‘a horrible great beastie’ which, they said, appeared from time to time in Loch Ness. Of course we ridiculed these reports, and chaffed them about the potency of the Fort Augustus whisky; but the proprietor of the Invergarry Hotel, who had been brought up at Invermoriston, assured me that his father and he had actually seen the monster. I am glad to have an opportunity of making this statement, as it shows that the monster was known to exist

more than forty years ago. I, for one, fully believe in its existence; for, in the first place, I do not see why so great a number of individuals should pretend to have seen it; and, secondly, if the tale were untrue, I cannot believe that the inventions of so many independent persons would agree so closely as to the appearance of the beast. This reminds me of the famous Prime Minister who, when his Government was in difficulties, was asked, 'What shall we say?' He replied, 'I don't think it matters in the least what we say—but, for heaven's sake, let us all say the same thing!' That may have been possible for a few Cabinet Ministers; but hardly, I think, for the many eye-witnesses of the Loch Ness monster. My daughter and I missed seeing it by only five minutes. We were motoring along the Loch to Inverness when we passed a car whose occupants shouted, 'Go on! You'll just be in time to see the monster.' But, alas, when we reached Glen Urquhart the spectators told us it had disappeared five minutes before.

A very happy improvement that has come about during my lifetime is the great decrease in drunkenness among all classes of the community, particularly in Scotland. Not many years ago, it was common on Saturdays to see a vast number of people who had, to use an Irish expression, 'whisky taken'; nor was it unusual to meet farm-carts wandering along the road, with their drivers lying drunk in the bottom. I shall never forget passing through Perth Station, as I once did, during the time of a Hiring Fair at the end of October; for the whole place was crowded with people, men and women, nearly every one of whom had taken 'a wee drop too much'. Happily such sights are never met with to-day.

The evening train from London arrived at Perth in time for breakfast on the following morning. I was travelling by it when, for some reason or other, it was held up for a considerable time outside Perth Station. After a few minutes, I heard Chandy Pole's familiar voice shout to the engine-driver from the window of a neighbouring carriage, 'Why dinna' ye whustle, mon? It's no' the Sawbath!'

When travelling to Langwell one year, we were given a special saloon-carriage at the end of the train, from which it was detached outside Inverness Station. My wife and I were lying full-length on the seats, peacefully asleep, when a tremendous jolt suddenly shot us both on to the floor. In a minute or two we heard an apologetic voice say, 'I'm a'fu' sorry. I'm afraid I gave you the wrong kind of a shunt!'

Mr. J. H. Turner has very kindly written the following account of his drive from Paisley to Langwell in the first motor car we owned, in September 1901.

'It may be of interest, considering the great changes which have taken place in the use of motor cars, to give a short account of my drive to Langwell in the Arrol-Johnston car, which I believe was one of the first cars to cross the Ord of Caithness.¹

'The car, of 10 h.p., built by the Arrol-Johnston Motor Company at Paisley, was then considered one of the best cars in the country. As will be seen from the photograph, it was of the dogcart type, with tiller steering, large diameter wooden wheels fitted with solid tyres, seated for four, and open to "a' the airts the wind could blaw".

'The car left Paisley at 12 o'clock on Thursday, September 19th, and I joined it at Perth at 4 o'clock. The weather was very wet when we left Perth for Pitlochry, where we passed the night. The car was driven by Andrew Hunter, afterwards head chauffeur at Welbeck, accompanied by another competent driver named Wardell.

'Owing to the weather conditions we were unable to leave Pitlochry till midday on the 20th, and arrived at Inverness about 9.30 that evening by the Daviot Road from Aviemore, after having tea at Kingussie.

'The roads were very rough, but even so the car, with the large rubber-tyred wheels, extra weight and springing, was more comfortable than a wagonette, and we had practically no trouble with it when climbing hills. On the steepest hills our speed reached about 8 miles an hour.

¹The march between Sutherland and Caithness.

‘On the morning of the 21st we left Inverness at 10 o’clock for Langwell, lunching at Bonar Bridge and having tea at Helmsdale, and arrived at Langwell at 6.30 p.m. The weather conditions on the 21st were good. We avoided the road over the hill by Aultnamain Inn to Bonar Bridge, which was then very rough, going round by Tain. When we arrived at Helmsdale, the late George Ross, the hotel keeper, begged me not to take the car over the Ord. He said that if I did so I should “live to regret it”.

‘Hunter and his assistant took the opportunity, at Helmsdale, to see that the car was thoroughly tuned up, with the result that we made a non-stop run from Helmsdale to Langwell, the twelve miles being traversed in about an hour.

‘The car, which was housed at Berriedale, proved a source of some excitement on Sunday, when most of the residents at Langwell had “joy rides” in the afternoon.

‘The total distance we ran each day was as follows:

Thursday 19th September, Paisley to Pitlochry	95½ miles
Friday 20th September, Pitlochry to Inverness	88½ miles
Saturday 21st September, Inverness to Langwell	112 miles
	<hr/>
	296 miles

‘Needless to say the car attracted much attention on the road. An old lady at Pitlochry remarked, “Nane o’ your stinking paraffin lamps for me.” It was also of special interest to the numerous horses on the road. We frequently had to stop to allow carts to pass, as the horses were quite terrified by the sight, sound and smell of the motor.

‘It may be of interest to state that from the time the car left Paisley, till it arrived at Langwell, not another motor vehicle of any description was seen. Of course at that time there were very few cars in Scotland—perhaps not more than 100, though in Edinburgh from 12 to 15 taxis plied the streets in the autumn of 1901. J. H. T.’

I did not realise at the time that the arrival of this very primitive motor car would entirely change our outlook on life,

that it would bring places and hills in Sutherland and Ross-shire, upon which I had often gazed through my telescope, within easy access; or that it would be possible, as it is now, to travel faster by road than by train from Langwell to Perth and Edinburgh. It became easy to visit Wick, John o' Groats, Dunnet Head, Thurso, Reay, Tongue, Durness, Lairg, Golspie, Brora and Helmsdale, and to return home, during a long day in summer, though the roads then, compared with those of the present day, were little more than tracks through the hills. Not many years ago, the hotel keepers and other owners of motor vehicles advertised that they would only undertake to carry passengers at the passengers' own risk. Today, there is an excellent road all the way from Inverness to John o' Groats, and also a regular service of aeroplanes between Inverness, Wick and the Orkney Islands.

Shortly after the purchase of the four-seater Arrol-Johnston, I also bought a six-seater car of the same make. They were both open cars, like four-wheeled dog-carts. Those who sat in front experienced the full force of the weather; and the jolting one received over those roads is indescribable—it was more like the motion required to churn milk into cheese than anything else! We next owned a Lanchester, with a hood. In this, the driver's seat stood over the engine, and was apt to get very hot indeed.

When motors were first introduced, Queen Victoria saw a picture of the Prince of Wales on an open motor, wearing a high hat which had been shaken or blown on to his nose. Her Majesty said to me, 'I hope you will never allow any of those horrible machines to be used in my stables. I am told that they smell exceedingly nasty, and are very shaky and disagreeable conveyances altogether.' So long as H.M. lived, there was never any motor in the Royal use.

Anne, Duchess of Atholl, a great friend of Queen Victoria, who honoured her with her presence at Dunkeld, sometimes used what was then known as a boat-carriage, with horses ridden by postilions. A boat-carriage was, as the name

suggests, a boat on four wheels; and it could be used on the Tay or any other large river. I remember that one day the Duchess arrived at Kinnaird in this carriage, to call on my grandmother.

When Titchfield and I opened the new water supply for Troon, in Ayrshire, we were met at the end of Loch Braddan by Lord Ailsa, the Lord-Lieutenant, and Dick Oswald of Auchencruive, Convener of the Ayrshire County Council. The plan was that we should row down the loch, to the place where the ceremony was to be performed. Two serviceable boats were provided; but Lord Ailsa had arrived in his boat-carriage, and he seemed anxious that we should proceed in it down the loch.

I asked him whether the boat was watertight, and he replied, 'I hope so; but I don't believe it has been in the water for the last twenty-five years, so we shall have to try it and see.' When put into the water, it leaked at every seam—so much so that in four or five minutes it was half full of water. Dick Oswald, Titchfield and I said, 'This will never do'; but Lord Ailsa, who had great knowledge of ship-building, assured us that everything was all right—we must beach the boat, bail it out, and refloat it in a few minutes' time. Then it would not leak at all.

These precautions were taken, and it was then time to proceed down the loch. Dick Oswald and I, however, insisted upon using one of the ordinary boats, while Titchfield accompanied Lord Ailsa. When we were half-way down, we saw Ailsa and Titchfield with their legs in the air; and they had only just time to land before the boat sank. Of course they were both very wet. However, plenty of whisky and other warming drinks were at hand when I released the tap and turned on the water supply to Troon, twenty-five miles away.

We then motored to Troon, where a large banquet was held in a tent. Towards the end of this an excited individual appeared, who waved his hat and shouted, 'The water has come! It's pouring into the reservoir.' It was welcomed with many cheers and the best that Johnnie Walker could provide. Inci-

dentally, he is a native of, and a great benefactor to, Troon. Long may he live!

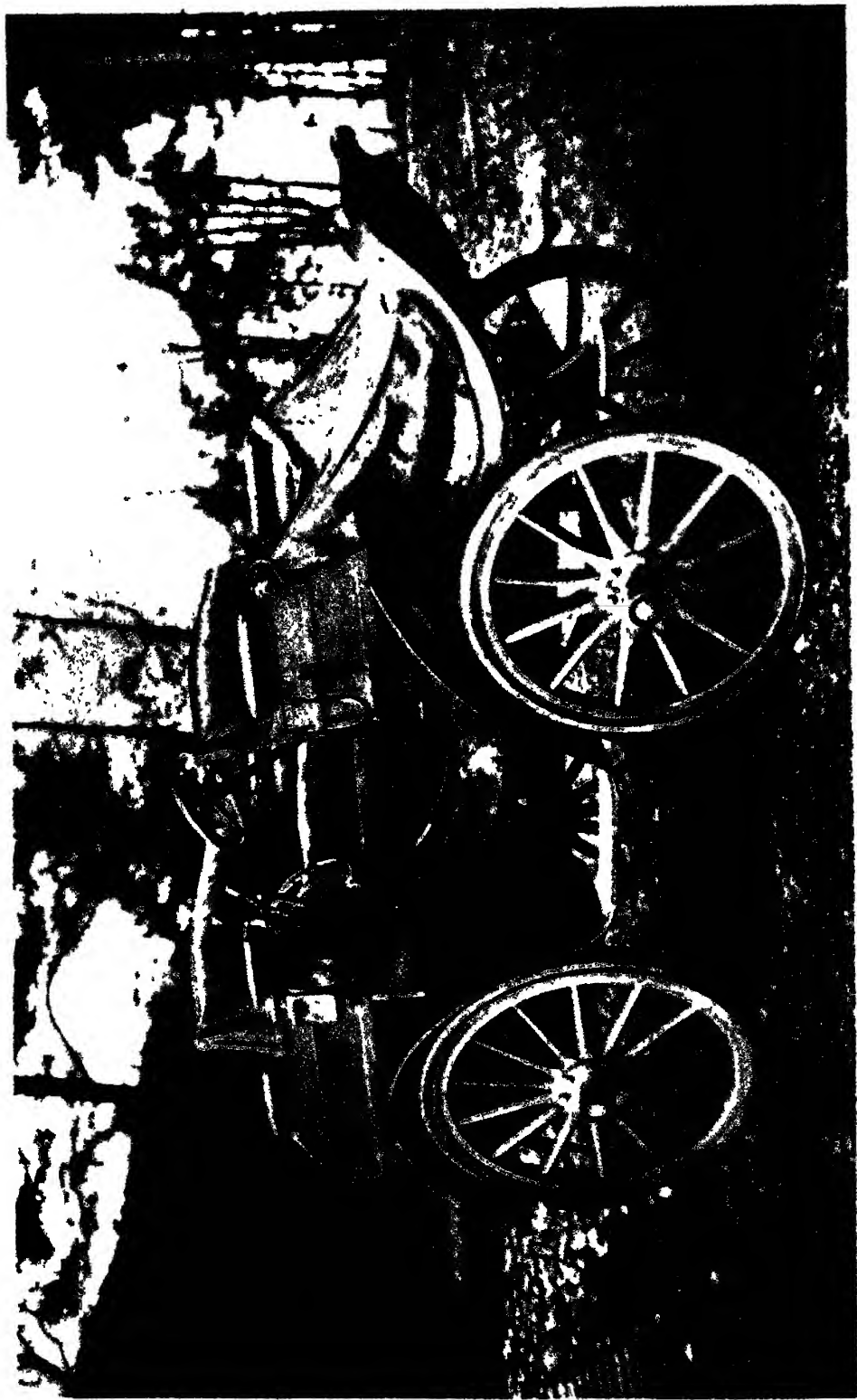
Many years ago, Paul Bourget and some other Frenchmen leased a shooting in Caithness. We invited M. and Mme Bourget to pay us a visit at Langwell. I asked Bourget what he thought of Caithness, and he replied, 'I like it very much indeed, M. le Duc; but never again will I come here.' Naturally I asked why not, and he replied, 'A terrible gentleman invited me to luncheon last Sunday. He made me a compliment, and then told me he also was a great author—a poet. *Avec la politesse française* I said, "Perhaps Monsieur will allow me to see some of his work?" Then the horrible man said, "I will read you extracts." He read them for two hours, without stopping; and at the end he said, "Now, M. Bourget, I hope you will agree that my beautiful lines resemble those of your great poet, Victor Hugo." Ah, *mon Dieu!* Never will I meet such a man again!' The next morning, Mme Bourget came down to breakfast arrayed *pour la chasse*, with a short skirt, shooting boots, a stalker's cap, and a miniature game-bag on her back.

The late Archbishop and Mrs. Davidson were often our welcome guests at both Welbeck and Langwell. At dinner one evening, Mrs. Davidson mistook a decanter of kummel for water, and poured herself out half a tumblerful. She sipped it, gave a little cry, and then most gracefully, under cover of her handkerchief, passed it into her finger-glass. When I apologised to her, she said, 'I don't in the least know what it was, but it left a not unpleasant taste in my mouth.' I suggested that if she took another sip, that might taste even better. But she could not be persuaded to do so.

When Lord Zetland was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, I visited him and Lady Zetland at the Viceregal Lodge for Punchestown Races. I had not attended these races before and it much interested and amused me to see the clever way in which the Irish steeplechase horses jumped the huge banks. Between the races the so-called 'Big Double' was covered with black-coated young priests who, from a distance,



WINIFRED PORTLAND AND THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
Langwell Gardens, 1913



THE ARROL-JOHNSTON CAR AT LANGWELL, 1901

looked just like a colony of rooks. When the horses jumped, the Irish jockeys shouted at them for all they were worth. Harry Beasley was one of the most popular jockeys, and he seemed to shout louder than all the rest put together. An enthusiastic clerical admirer took me by the arm and said, 'Whisper, sor! Did ye hear Harry speak to his harse?' I might well have done so half a mile away!

The Irish horses were extraordinarily clever, and kicked back in the air when they jumped the huge fence, well known as the 'Big Double'—a wide bank with a ditch on either side. Captain Arthur (Doggie) Smith told me *Héraut d'Armes*, on which he won the Conyngham Cup, pulled so hard that he could not steady him, and he 'flew' the whole obstacle without touching it—the only occasion, I believe, when the winner did so.

On the way to the races I asked dear old Lord Headfort, 'Why do all the parks have these great walls round them? Are they full of deer?' 'Deer, my boy?' he replied. 'Certainly not! We poor devils of Irish landlords have little enough to keep in. It's the blackguards we want to keep out!'

I once met Lord Headfort riding in the Park, accompanied by a child with pretty golden hair down her back, tied with a ribbon. Having greeted him, I said, 'Please introduce me to your granddaughter'; and he indignantly replied, 'I will not, sir. She's not me granddaughter—she's me own daughter.'

At one of the crowded State balls, Lady Zetland said to a very stout individual, 'I'm so sorry you seem to have nothing to sit on.' 'Thank you, Your Excellency,' was his reply, 'I've plenty to sit upon; but you see I've nowhere to put it.' During another ball at which Lady Zetland was present, an Irish wit said to a stranger, 'Two of the greatest ladies in the room to-night are Her Ex and Her Double-Ex,' referring to the Vice-reine and Lady Iveagh, whose husband was the head of the famous Guinness brewery.

A story which went the rounds of Dublin was that, after a dinner-party, the parlourmaid stood at the end of the table and said in a loud voice, 'Is it your pleasure, sor, that I should

sthríp for dessert?'—meaning, of course, should she remove the table-cloth.

I heard that an Englishman, travelling from Dublin to Dundalk, became very nervous because the train went so fast and swayed from side to side. He spoke about this to an old woman in the same carriage, and she said, 'Faith, we're all right. It's me boy Pat driving the engine; and when he's the whisky taken, sure he's the divil to make her go!'

Among my other Irish friends was the 4th Lord Langford, generally known to his friends—and they were extremely numerous—as Paddy Langford. He held the post of State Steward to Lord Londonderry and Lord Zetland during their terms of office as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He owned Summerhill, a beautiful old house in Co. Meath, which was unfortunately burnt during the troubles. The Empress of Austria and her suite occupied it for several seasons. H.I.M. spent a great deal of money on it, making it a really comfortable house; and she invited Paddy to be her guest during the whole of the hunting season. A first-class rider, and known as one of the best men to hounds of his time in either Ireland or England, he was sometimes my guest at Melton. Captain 'Bay' Middleton piloted the Empress when she came to Ireland, and I believe she preferred hunting there to anywhere else as she did not run the risk of scratching her face in jumping the bare banks, as she did in the thick English fences. Many excellent Austrian and Hungarian riders came with her, among others Prince Louis Liechtenstein, Master of the Horse to the Emperor and manager of the Lipizza stud. Count Kinsky, Count Larisch and Count Kaunitz were there too.

I asked Paddy whether it was true that the Empress was a beautiful horsewoman, and he replied in two words—'Absolutely incomparable.' He told me he considered her the most beautiful and charming woman in every way that he had ever met; and this, I may say, was the opinion of all those who had the honour of being acquainted with her.

When the political disturbances prevented hunting in Ireland,



H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA



'DIE GRÜNE GROSSMUTTER'

The Marchioness of Ormonde, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Georgina, Countess of Dudley, and the Marchioness of Londonderry, wearing jaeger costumes sent to them by H.I.M. the German Emperor.

several sportsmen, of whom Paddy was one, came to hunt in Leicestershire. A kind lady took upon herself to tell Paddy who everyone was, though most of them were his personal friends. When I came along, she pointed to me and said, 'That big man is the Duke of Portland.' 'How kind you are!' said Paddy. 'Will you introduce me?—But perhaps it is hardly worth while, after all, as I am staying with him!'

He told me he bathed in a river, on a hot summer day, with old Lord X, who had a club foot. Paddy was swimming about at the lower end of a pool, when he heard loud shouts from above—'Paddy, me boy! *Paddy!* For goodness' sake catch me corn-plasters, or I shan't be able to walk home.'

When, as a youth, I paid a visit to Colonel Harcourt, the elder brother of the famous Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, at Nuneham Park, near Oxford, he rebuked some individuals for landing in his private grounds. One of them retorted by saying, 'Well, governor, if you think the whole blooming Thames belongs to you, why don't you have it bottled off?'

Sir Henry Hawkins, whom I often met at Newmarket and other racing resorts, was full of anecdotes about his early career at the Bar. He once acted as Counsel for a burglar and, though the man was guilty, managed to obtain a verdict in his favour. When Hawkins left the Court, he found the man hanging about, evidently waiting to speak to him. He stopped, and the man said, 'I'm very much obliged to you, sir, for what you did for me to-day, and I should like to do something for *you*. Would a sack of taters be any good to you, or a ton of coals?' 'No, no, my good fellow,' replied Hawkins, 'I only did my duty, and I'm very glad to have helped you.' The man looked round, came a little closer, and whispered, 'If you've seen anything lying about that you fancy *perhaps I might be able to get it for you.*'

The gigantic Mr. S. P. called on a lady, and inadvertently sat on her pet lap-dog, which was asleep in an arm chair. He heard a faint gurgle and, rising hastily, found to his horror that the dog was dead; so he crammed it hurriedly into his coat-tail

pocket. When the lady came in she greeted him and then called, 'Fido! Fido! Fido!' but no Fido appeared, and nothing could be seen or heard of it. The lady was naturally very much distressed, and said she was afraid it must be lost: so Mr. S. P. offered to go at once and make enquiries. He walked away from the house and, when at a safe distance, dropped poor Fido down an area. This story might well be entitled, *The Advantages of Wearing a Frock-coat*.

One very hot afternoon at the end of July or the beginning of August, some time before the War, I took the chair at one of General Booth's Salvation Army meetings at Mansfield, where, notwithstanding the lovely day and an important local cricket match, more than 1,500 people had assembled; and they listened with rapt attention as long as the meeting lasted. General Booth much reminded me of pictures I have seen of Father Abraham, as he had most piercing eyes, a prominent nose and a flowing, white beard. He delivered a wonderful and inspiring address: so much so that members of the audience continually cried out, 'Hallelujah'. His speech, besides being very eloquent, did not lack humour. He said that a man had applied to him for assistance, and that he answered, 'Tell me a little about yourself. What is your occupation?' 'I am a picker,' was the reply. 'But what is a picker?' asked Booth. 'Well, during the summer I pick strawberries, raspberries and other fruit for the markets; in the autumn I go down to Kent to pick hops; and in the winter I return to London and pick pockets!' I asked Booth what was the outcome of this, and he said he told the man he had no objection to his picking fruit or hops, but that if he wanted his assistance he must certainly give up picking pockets. I met the General several times, for he was a native of Nottingham and seemed to enjoy his visits there.

While motoring to his house at Hackwood, near Basingstoke, George Curzon met with an accident and was rendered unconscious. When he came to, he found himself in a small room, and a doctor sponging his face. In a minute or two, the doctor put down the sponge and went hastily away. When he returned he

said, 'I am very sorry to have run away in such a hurry; but I was called here before your accident, to attend the wife of the owner of the house. The baby has now arrived safely, so I can give my whole attention to you.'

When Curzon felt better he asked where he was; and they told him it was the house of the local barber, a certain Mr. Corns. A little later, the barber came to see him and said, 'I am so glad Your Lordship is better. I feel sure you will be glad to know that while you were here my wife presented me with a son; and I should consider it a great honour if Your Lordship would consent to be his godfather.' Curzon said he would do so with great pleasure; and in due course the baby received the names George Nathaniel Curzon Corns. Curzon loved this story, and I wish I could tell it half as well as he did.

Shortly before the War, my wife and I paid a visit to Frank and Alice Mildmay at Shoreham. We were returning by motor to London very late at night when, by the light of our headlamps, we saw a policeman and two other men, who raised their hands to stop the car. When we had done so, one of the men opened the door and flashed his torch in our faces. He then gave a gasp and in a very apologetic voice said, 'I beg Your Grace's pardon!' 'Who the devil are you?' I asked. 'I am your chiropodist's assistant,' he replied, 'but I am a special constable too; and we have orders to stop every car that passes along this road tonight, as there are supposed to be some Irish agitators about. Of course I had no idea that Your Grace would be coming this way. Can I do anything for you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'please call and see me at 3 Grosvenor Square, tomorrow morning. I want my corns cut!'

The Rev. J. O. Stephens was Rector of Blankney when Harry Chaplin lived there. He was a very good fellow indeed, and a great friend of the Squire. He took much interest in the baths at Woodhall Spa, working hard to bring them up to date, and to make the place known to sufferers from rheumatism and kindred complaints. He invited me to take the chair at an Annual Meeting of the Hospital; and, before the proceedings opened, I was shown the new electric baths, where the patients

were given treatment. During my inspection, the door of a bathroom was opened; and there, very much to my surprise, I saw an individual in his birthday suit, lying in a bath and surrounded by what appeared to me to be a fiery furnace. I said very hurriedly, 'I beg your pardon' and shut the door.

After the meeting, I was shown the very attractive gardens attached to the baths. A smart individual, dressed in a black frock-coat, patent-leather shoes and shining high hat, was sitting under a tree. As I passed, he jumped up and said, 'How do you do, Your Grace. I'm so glad to see you. You came into my bathroom just now; and I was very disappointed that you didn't stay and talk to me because, though you may not recognise me, I often have the pleasure of seeing you at Welbeck.' 'Do you?' I asked. 'I am afraid I don't remember you.' 'No, that is very likely,' he said, 'for when I am at Welbeck I generally have a black face. You see, I'm your sweep!' I asked him, 'Why do you come here?' 'I come every year', he replied, 'to throw off the rheumatism I get on Your Grace's roof.' We had a good laugh together, and I told him next time he was at Welbeck with a black face, to be sure and remind me of our meeting.

■

1897-1937

By ELISALEX DE BAILLET LATOUR¹

It is rather alarming to be asked to write a chapter about Welbeck parties for this book. There are so many pens more competent than mine to do so. Moreover I feel it is impossible to put into limited lines such an immense quantity of happy remembrances of nearly forty years at Welbeck. It is also quite impossible to crowd into a small space the love one feels for the dearest friends that anyone ever had.

There is something about the atmosphere of Welbeck which is unique and indescribable. The happiness of the family, their love for one another and their kindness to everybody radiates all round. The moment one arrives at Welbeck and the beautiful golden gates shut one in, one suddenly feels safe and happy. One is enveloped in an atmosphere of love and kindness.

My earliest souvenir of Winnie and Portland goes back to the 90's, when my parents were at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London. The Duke used to take us out driving on his coach, and occasionally we were allowed to go to bed later than usual, in order to see Winnie when she was dressed to go to a party, looking radiantly beautiful.

Having, to our great sadness, left London, we did not see them for many years; but when I was eighteen and just married, my brother Alphy and I were invited to a party at Welbeck. We accepted delightedly and left Brussels together. Having been used to travel abroad, where you register your luggage and do not bother your head about it any more, we did

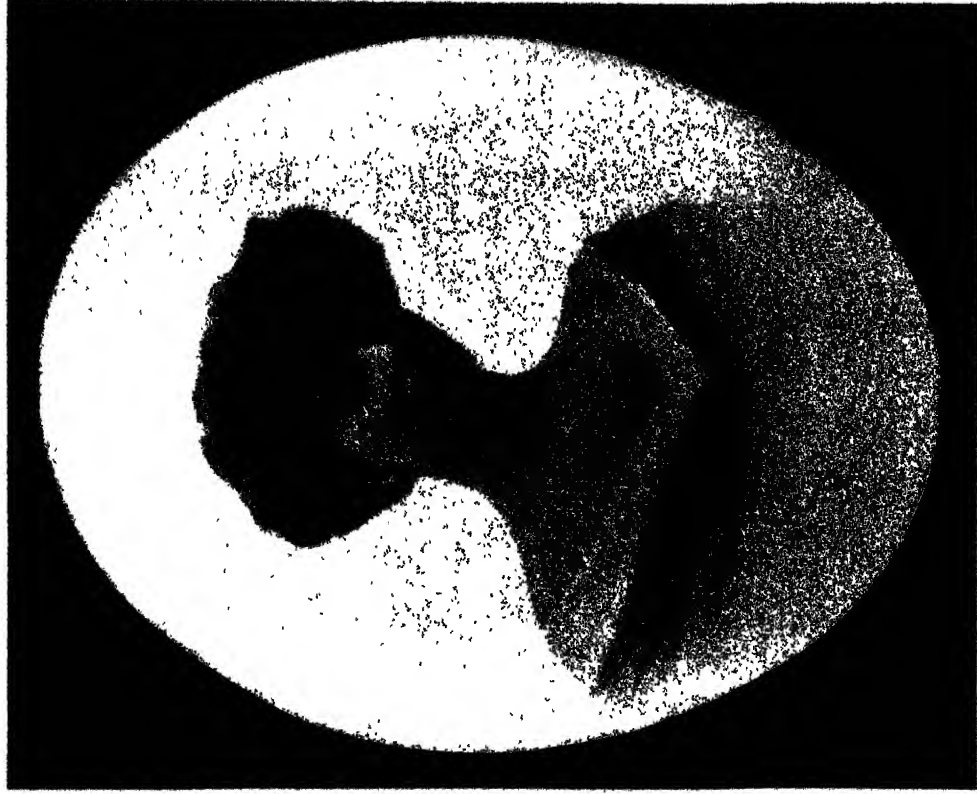
¹Elder daughter of Prince and Princess Clary and Aldringen.

not know that on leaving the boat we ought to have seen it put into the railway van. And, as the train steamed out of Harwich Station, to our horror, we saw our poor little luggage sitting, queued up on a trolley, on the platform. This was devastating! The delight we felt on leaving Brussels had by now gradually developed into a distinct feeling of uneasiness and shyness. When the climax occurred and we found we were going to an enormous party, and that all our luggage had stayed behind, I was nearer tears than anything else! Not only that, but we managed to get into a wrong train, so that the Welbeck car which had been sent to meet us at Worksop Station was no longer there. Miserably, we hired a cab in Worksop, which naturally drove us to the back entrance of the Abbey. By the time we were identified and taken to the dining-room, where an enormous party was having luncheon, we fervently wished we had never started on this terrible journey! I remember Alphy saying to me, 'What devil possessed us to come to Welbeck?'

I was made to sit next to the Duke. After a few preliminary questions as to how my family was, and what a pity they had been unable to come, and what sort of journey we had had, the conversation flagged. As somebody mentioned a motor car, I shyly plunged into conversation and asked the Duke if he *led* (meaning drove) his own car, whereupon he shrieked with laughter at me—all those who have heard him laugh will agree that this can be taken literally!—and answered, 'Yes, I lead it with a little blue string.' Can anyone conceive such heartless brutality?

This was my first hour at Welbeck. But things soon became better.

From that day onward I hardly missed one Show party until the War, and Alphy and I were often in London with Winnie, the Duke and Vera during the season. I do not suppose anybody could have enjoyed it more than we did. Hardly a year passed without a visit to Langwell too, in the autumn, and very often in the spring we travelled or motored together abroad.



ELISALEX DE BAILLET LATOUR



ELISALEX DE BAILLET LATOUR,
BUSHIE AND GUY



COUNT AND COUNTESS SIEGFRIED CLARY

Sometimes my parents joined the Portlands and once Aunt Osy and Uncle Alois Loewenstein, Uncle Franzy Kinsky, and the Leiningens came too, so that we were finally a caravan of motor cars. We were all gay, and enjoyed ourselves immensely.

A terrible thing I once did at Welbeck was this: There was a large party in the winter of 1912 for the King and Queen. The other guests, if I remember well, included Lady Salisbury, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, my mother, the Roxburghes, Uncle Albert Mensdorff, László, Soveral, Lord Lovat, Mr. Webber and Michael Wemyss. During the party I disgraced myself by developing virulent appendicitis, with blood poisoning and every kind of complication. Dear old Sister Grace was marvellous. Within a few hours, by the time Sir Alfred Fripp arrived, she had produced an up-to-date operating theatre in the Jessamine Rooms, where I hovered between life and death for several weeks. My father and mother were precipitately sent for from Brussels, Alphy from Poland, Foffa from Bohemia and my husband from Ireland, where he was hunting. A charming kind of guest to invite to stay for Sunday!

Can one ever forget the fun the Welbeck parties were—tennis, golf and riding, with Cassano's Band playing delicious valse at night. It is difficult to single out one particular party because they were all marvellous in their way. Although you constantly saw new and delightful people, you knew that you would always meet the same dear old friends as well.

I should like to have mentioned the several visits which the Queen of the Belgians paid to my dear friends, both in London and at Welbeck, and the happy visit of our King and Queen to Langwell in 1930. But the tragic events which have occurred since then make my memories of these visits so sacred that I feel I cannot do so.

In 1913, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg came to Welbeck for the first time. They were enchanted with everybody and everything, and felt the warmest sympathy and greatest admiration for what they had seen in this

country. They both loved Winnie and the Duke and were completely under the charm of England. It was with immense joy that they looked forward to their next visit.

There are probably few figures in contemporary history of whom so much is written that is untrue. Had he lived, the Archduke would undoubtedly have ranked as one of the greatest and best Monarchs and most far-seeing and clear-sighted statesmen of modern times. His one aim in life was *peace*, his policy eminently constructive, and his greatest joy, embellishing everything with which he came into contact. His unalterable determination was to strive for a higher standard of living for the people and to bring about internal peace by dealing with utmost fairness to all.

In 1889, after the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand became Heir to the Throne. The basis of his political orientation was:

- a. In internal politics: The consolidation by peaceful methods and strengthening of the State, and opposing the already discernible tendencies of disintegration. These were the result of the so-called 'National Idea' imported from outside the country, demanding rights (mostly impossible to concede) for every one of the eleven nationalities within the Monarchy.
- b. In external politics: The idea of a 'balance of power in Europe', which had been created at the initiative and with the help of England at the Congress of Vienna.

Resulting from this, the Archduke considered it to be the task of Austria to *establish a link with Berlin and St. Petersburg*, possibly even in the form of an alliance similar to the 'Holy Alliance' which had been created in 1812.

The idea of a Triple Entente, Austria—Germany—Italy, he rejected, as he considered this constellation unnatural. History has proved how right the Archduke was. As, humanly speaking, his accession to the Throne was then unlikely to be in the near future, the Archduke had time to prepare himself for his stu-

pendous task; and he did this with all the will power and rare sense of duty and responsibility which characterised him.

From December 1892 to September 1893 the Archduke travelled round the world, during which time he saw and formed an opinion on the immensity of Great Britain's position as a world-power, and her marvellous political administration. The Archduke studied the British principle of freedom of the individual coupled with strict allegiance to Crown and Empire. He saw clearly that it was by no means impossible to unite people of different nationalities, while leaving them their national and personal rights.

After two months spent in India, the Archduke continued to Singapore, Australia, Hongkong, Japan and home *via* North America. On his return he paid his first visit to England, the object of this visit being to thank Her Majesty the Queen.

In 1898 the Archduke went to St. Petersburg. At that time the foundation for a sincere and warm friendship was laid, but unfortunately it could not materialise owing to the ill-feeling which had existed between Russia and Hungary ever since 1848.

From 1900 to 1910 an incessant struggle continued within the country, during which the Archduke put up a tremendous fight in order to achieve a rejuvenation of the State; to preserve everything that made for unity, most particularly in the Army and the Fleet; to grant complete justice to all the nations forming the State.

In 1902 the Heir to the Throne was made Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, and he very soon succeeded in completely eliminating any feeling of divergence that might have existed, and in uniting the nationals of the eleven different nations into one profoundly patriotic unity. Gradually these ideas prevailed in Austria, and the Archduke found enthusiastic followers to help him remodel the old State in such a way that every nation within its boundary should be given a 'place in the sun'.

The Archduke's consideration and childlike respect for his Imperial uncle, prevented him from putting any of his plans

into execution during the lifetime of the old Emperor; but everything was minutely prepared.

The very moment of his accession to the Throne was to be the *Birthday of a new Austria*.

But the opposing elements within were on the alert. Both the Hungarians and the Deutsch-Nationalen, in the future Ruler's plan, saw the prospect of a weakening of their own preponderant position towards other nationalities within the Monarchy.

In order to prevent the opposition within the country from trying to win adherents for themselves abroad, it became necessary for the Archduke to allow his political programme to be known outside his own country.

For reasons already mentioned, the road to Russia was barred and consequently the next thing to try was to win Germany.

Much nonsense has been written about the so-called 'Pact of Konopischt' and yet actually there, in June 1914, the Archduke once again regretfully noted the difference of opinion between the German Emperor and himself on various subjects.

For though, in consequence of their frequent intercourse, a sincere friendship had sprung up between the Archduke and the Emperor William II, and however true a friend of Austria the German Emperor had become, he could not understand the Archduke Franz Ferdinand's political programme, concerning the Reform of Austria.

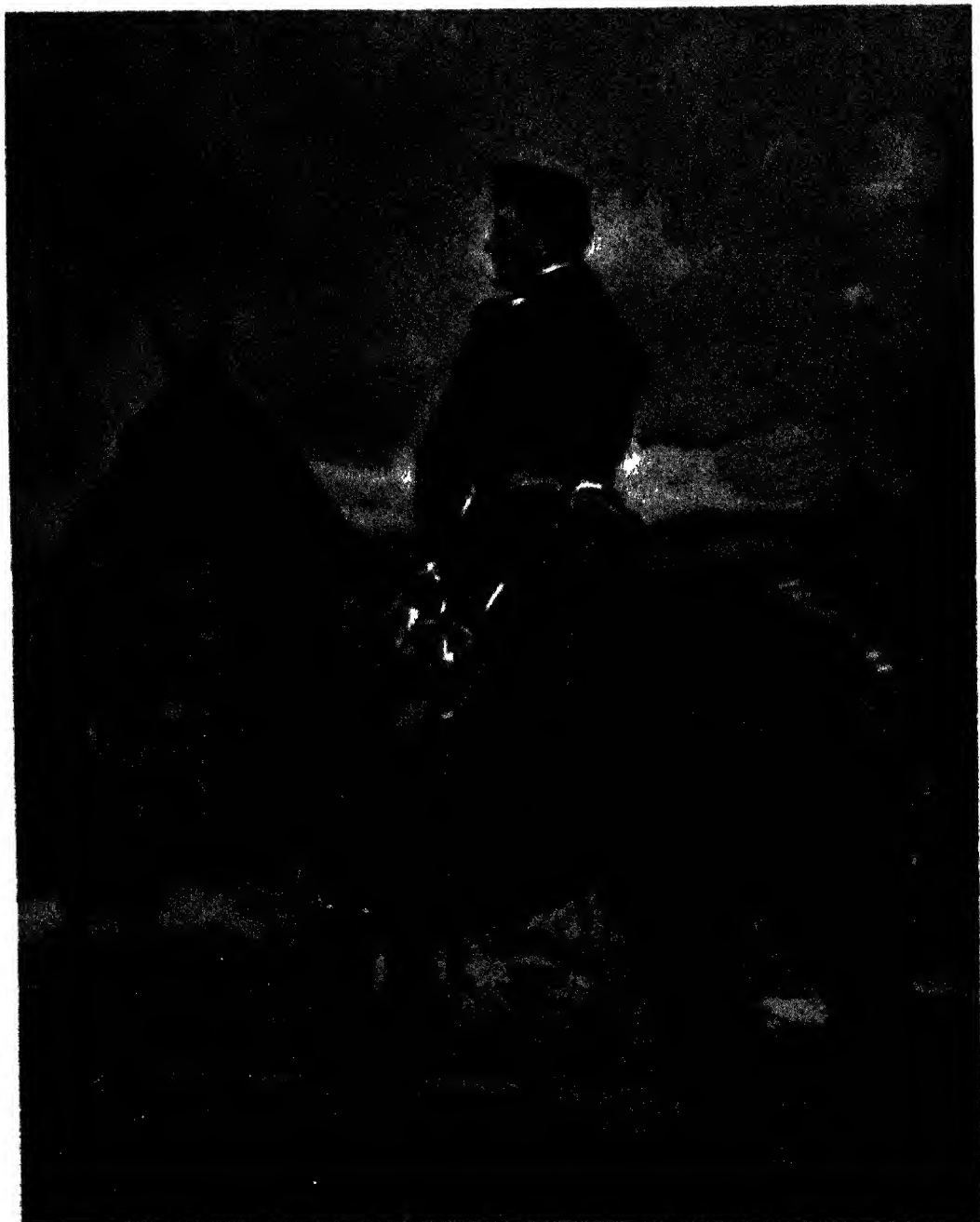
Meanwhile the enemy forces from without worked harder and harder, trying to stir up strife among their co-nationals within. They could afford to waste no time. They knew too well that, the moment the Archduke came to the Throne, the entire nationalistic question in Austria would be solved in a friendly and eminently just manner. They knew that this would put an end, once and for all, to the necessity for the 'Big Brother' outside to rush to the help of 'his poor oppressed little brother' within the Monarchy—and, incidentally, equally put an end to the 'Big Brother's' future dreams.

No one knew all this better than the Archduke, and it was his



Above: Prince Max, Prince Ernst and Princess Sophie Hohenberg, with
Count van der Straten.

Below: The Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg
with their children.



'ALPHY'

PRINCE CLARY & ALDRINGEN

The sketch for this painting, by W. Kossak, was made on the Russian front during the Great War, when Alphy was awarded the *Grosse Goldene Tapferkeits-medaille* for conspicuous bravery.

greatest wish to initiate England into his ideas and political plans. England, he felt, could not conceivably reject a plan according to which the second greatest State in Europe was to be reconstructed in such a way that every inhabitant would be given his freedom and right; that consequently a *true Democracy* would be created, where each one, having received freedom and justice, would loyally serve the community.

The Archduke felt that England would understand, and these were the motives which made him doubly welcome the idea of a visit to this country, to which, in any case, he felt so much drawn.

In the autumn of 1913 the next visit took place. There is so much one could write about this extraordinarily interesting time at Windsor and Welbeck.

I have letters, both from the Archduke and my dear Aunt, written from Austria after we had separated in Brussels. These letters literally breathe warmth and enthusiasm about England, and such immense sympathy for the friends they had met, and so many joyful plans for future meetings.

One cannot help feeling that this visit to England could have been the beginning of something very great. What importance the Archduke attached to it, and how happy it made him, was apparent to all.

So much so that when, in June 1914, he once more saw a certain lack of understanding in the Emperor William II, with regard to his un-imperialistic plans, the Archduke experienced, and expressed, a profound feeling of comfort and joy at the thought that he would, in the following month of September, receive Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary at Bluehnbach, in the County of Salzburg.

It stands out in my memory very vividly, what a deep feeling of sympathy the Archduke felt for the King and Queen and how profound his admiration was for Great Britain's good, noble and beloved Monarch. How full of promise for the good of Europe this new friendship seemed to him!

The last order, curiously enough, which the Archduke gave

to the Fleet, was an order to the First Battle Squadron to enter Malta for the visit of the British Fleet in June 1914.

A few days later, the same Squadron conducted the dead Admiral and his wife aboard the flagship through the Adriatic towards home, and the Austrian Fleet, which was the Archduke's creation, gave him the escort.

Tragedy and disaster took their course. Tragic and senseless as the beginning had been, when the Heir to the Throne was murdered by a son of precisely that nation to which it had been his life's work and aim to give freedom and full rights—so senseless, I repeat, was the end. The Austrian Monarchy was divided up into bits. Struggle began, all against all.

It was divided up by people (I do not hesitate to say this) who were ignorant of the situation and did not know what they were doing. It was done with the lightness with which one might carve a cake. It was criminal and tragic in its senselessness. How desperately sad that England could never witness the accession to the Throne of this great Habsburg Prince! Would it not have been an immense advantage if, today, there were an entire, strong and peaceful Great Power in the Danubian Basin? This noble Prince was also a *true European*, and what we see now, when it is too late, he saw at the time. In justice to his memory one must admit how much would have been different had he lived.

When the War broke out and the Germans had reached Malines, our country place, Donck, which was near the fortifications of Antwerp, was thought to be a dangerous place to stay in with small children. The Duke and Winnie, who in their angelic kindness had, since the outbreak of hostilities, incessantly telegraphed to me to leave Belgium and come to Welbeck, now urged me once more.

So, on the last boat that left Antwerp, overcrowded with refugees, I came over with my children, little dreaming that my visit was going to be for a duration of four years. Once again the Golden Gates opened, and shut us safely in this haven of rest

and calm that was Welbeck, after the din of battle in Belgium, the distant roar of guns, and the incessant flow of refugees on all the roads leading to Holland. All one's life one had felt great joy when one arrived at Welbeck; but what it meant to me at that time is impossible to describe. Meanwhile, at the approach of the enemy forces, my husband crossed the frontier into Holland, where he served at the Belgian Legation until the end of the War.

During those terrible years of war, so full of horror and anguish, when one's heart was torn between conflicting loyalties, no father and mother could have been more beloved and angelic than Winnie and the Duke were to me. And Vera, who is the salt of the earth, made up of the finest qualities and no faults, was an unfailing friend in good and bad days. We all pooled our thoughts and hopes and fears for our dear ones on all fronts, and suffered together and for each other. And so month after month wore on; all hope one had that this ghastly War would be short, vanished.

At the very outset all our friends had gone, everyone of our generation; and as time went on, more and more went out, older men and little boys who had only now reached the age, and one dear name after the other appeared on those dreadful casualty lists, which one looked down with a trembling heart. One after another, the flower of youth, of the best and most brilliant of England's sons, had crossed the Border Line, never to return—and yet another was added to that legion of mothers who had given all they had, and whose courage in their grief was heroic.

The War went on, and one lived in anguish from day to day. One went through such terrible anxiety on all sides: one's heart ached for poor, peaceful little Belgium, whose fate was such a cruel tragedy; and one's trembling thoughts never left that little corner of Flanders, where our beloved King and Queen were in constant danger. Undaunted and fearless, both, and uncrushed by reverses, the King, like a great Rock with an Angel by his side, in unequalled grandeur and simplicity, stood for the Independence of Belgium, the living symbol of Justice and Right.

And I was in constant terror for Alphy, who was in the trenches in the Balkans, miserable for my beloved home, Austria, which was fighting against such huge odds. All one's cousins and uncles were out at the front, fighting for different sides, on different fronts; and one never knew till weeks afterwards who was alive and who had been killed. One knew, too, that there was a dreadful shortage of food at home.

It was the warm sympathy and love that surrounded one, the Portlands' angelic goodness that helped one to live through those months of constant terror.

During the years of the War I never once met anybody (I am not speaking of my many very dear friends, who were always kindness itself) who, although knowing that I was born Austrian, ever said one unkind or tactless word to me. That is a thing I can never forget.

There were happier, calmer days sometimes: when dear Sonnie¹ was home on leave and we were, for a little while at least, delivered of one horrible anxiety. And when he brought dear little Ivy into the family! That lovely wedding in the Chapel at Welbeck!

Later came another very beautiful wedding ceremony at Welbeck, when Vera and Michael² married. No one can be more devoted to Michael than I am, or gladder that two such dear people married one another; but at the time I can only remember spending one of the most miserable days of my life, battling with tears at the thought of what we were losing.

Morven, who with a warm heart and tremendous common-sense, has at the same time a more delightful and rollicking sense of humour than almost anyone I know! Such good company, and what a joy when he sits down to the piano and plays to one enchantingly for hours! How helpful and dear he too was to me, in spite of his extreme youth, during the War, I cannot describe.

There are people better qualified than I am to write about England's effort during the Great War. It was stupendous.

¹Titchfield.

²Michael Wemyss, Royal Horse Guards.

What I saw during those years impressed me more deeply than I can say. It filled me with unbounded admiration for the wonderful country which I love so much, and which to me is like a second, very beloved home.

Everybody in Belgium will always remember with deep gratitude what England did for Belgian refugees at this time. I can only refer here to the measures taken in the County of Nottingham. There were numerous refugees in Nottingham, Mansfield, Worksop and the other surrounding towns; and everyone showed wonderful kindness in helping us to look after them and, so far as possible, make them happy and comfortable.

The Belgian Fund Committee, of which I was appointed Chairman, collected several thousand pounds, and sent thousands of parcels out to our soldiers at the front every year.

The Hon. Secretary of our Committee, Mrs. F. E. Dowson, literally worked from morning to night to help our unfortunate countrymen, ably assisted by the Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Charles Birkin, Mrs. Dobson, Miss Lilian Birkin, Mrs. Mowden, Mrs. Lambert, Miss Hill, and many other kind friends in Nottinghamshire. The arduous secretarial duties were undertaken by the Town Clerk of Nottingham, Mr. (now Sir) W. J. Board, and Mr. C. H. Selwood, who were afterwards greatly assisted by the late Mr. F. B. Harris, then Clerk of the Peace. The Mayors of the various boroughs and Captain Tomasson, who was then Chief Constable, took great interest in our work, and were always ready to help in every way. I admired the courtesy and patience with which they received me, when time after time I asked them for favours—for permission to hold flag days, organise bazaars, etc. Managers put their theatres and concert halls at our disposal when we organised matinees and concerts, and private citizens lent houses to put up entire families.

When I think of those days my heart warms at the thought of all the love and goodwill shown to our Belgian soldiers; and I wish our friends in the City and County of Nottingham to know that, although many years have gone by, none of their kindness has been forgotten.

Among much that was sad and tragic, I have one or two amusing memories of the refugees.

I remember one family living in a little house in the Park at Welbeck. The man came to me one day, saying that his wife had broken her only pair of spectacles, and could not see well enough even to walk alone. An appointment was made on the spot with a famous oculist in Nottingham, and Winnie sent me off in a motor car to take them to see him. Although there were lots of sadder cases in the waiting room, being sent by Winnie I was taken straight in with my Belgians. When the woman was told to read the test letters, from the window where I was standing I noticed that she seemed to be reading every letter that the doctor pointed to. Amazed by this, I quietly approached the chair on which she was sitting, and what did I hear but the husband actually whispering the letters to his wife, who then loudly and proudly announced them! When the husband had somewhat hastily disappeared through the door, to which I had pointed, silently but severely, the poor miserable woman could not, of course, see anything.

Another family of refugees, which needed all sorts of clothing, was again sent into Nottingham by Winnie, and I was told to buy them what they needed. After various other things, the man said he badly wanted collars. Now I, in my ignorance, thought that a shirt-maker was the place to buy collars, and I walked into the collar department followed by my good man. All sorts of collars were shown him, in fact the counter was in one minute a rolling mass of collars—some very nice ones I thought. The man was adamant. Politely, but firmly, he refused them all; and as I am not very good at Flemish, while he not only did not speak a word of French, but also had some impediment in his speech, I could not, for some time, make out what he wanted. He seemed uninterested, and in order to accentuate this, began looking out of the window. Quite suddenly, with a joyful yelp, he excitedly pointed to a rubber shop on the other side of the road. Before I could stop him, he had left the shop and darted across the road—in the process, first nearly getting run over by a



Ver

Liz

Dec. 28th 1915

VICTORIA BENTINCK AND ELISALEX DE
BAILLET LATOUR



ON THE WAY TO LANGWELL, 1930
Portland, Elisalex de Baillet Latour, H.M. the Queen of the Belgians, H.M. the King of the Belgians

tram, and then loudly insulting the conductor for being on the wrong side of the road. Now, I don't think a Britisher likes being screamed at by an alien in any case; but to suggest (and in a foreign tongue too!) to the worthy and experienced driver of a Nottingham tram, which is clinging dutifully to its rails, that he should keep to the *right* was too much, and consequently the language which the irate gentleman used is unrepeatable!

Oblivious of this—or as a matter of fact of anything at the moment except his goal, which was the rubber-shop—the good man beckoned to me wildly, pointing to something in the shop window. His expression could only be compared to that of a man who, after an exciting treasure-hunt, has at last found the clue.

An undoubted fact, and psychologically interesting, is this: if you want to have a crowd of thirty people gather round you in less than two minutes, you need only silently point to something, somewhere, and then stare hard. Of course, if you point and scream at the same time, the crowd becomes electrified. Which is what happened! And here was I, shut in, squashed up against the window of this dreadful shop, unable to move.

I knew now that the worst had happened. The man quite clearly had never wanted a collar. It explained his extraordinary attitude in the collar shop. He evidently wanted something quite different. What would it turn out to be? A hot-water bottle seemed to me unlikely; and he couldn't want a rubber ball, as he had no children.

The crowd pushed more and more to see what the thrilling thing was: they probably expected to see a full-grown crocodile swimming in a rubber bath-tub! My man was still pointing and dancing on the tips of his toes with excitement and annoyance with me, because I didn't *see*! At last he asked whether I didn't see that beautiful duck? 'That beautiful what?' 'Duck!' I looked. Yes, there was a hideous, highly coloured celluloid duck, meant to swim in a child's bath. Now I knew. It was horribly pathetic. The poor man was mad. Never mind, he should have his duck. What a blessing his poor brain had hit on this harmless thing.

The tension of the crowd relaxed and they began dispersing.

One kind lady murmured that the man must be 'a little dotty, sort of funny in the head'. But another, more experienced, assured her that it could easily be explained by the fact that he was a foreigner.

Having at last managed to enter the shop, the duck was produced from the window. With a withering glance at me, he brushed it aside, and going to the window with the air of a man who is tired of dealing with idiots and therefore takes the matter in hand himself, he removed something stiff and greyish, on which the duck had been sitting; and there, sure enough, was an india-rubber collar!

There are many happy memories of visits abroad, or journeys together, before and after the War, also many funny ones. Circulating abroad with Winnie is sometimes a bit tricky. There was a dreadful story once in the south of France, when, having seen a miserable mule frightfully ill treated, Winnie went to unbelievable lengths in trying to help. First one must find an R.S.P.C.A. (not an easy matter). We had to motor back to the place we had just come from, thirty-five miles, to try and find an English lady who was the head of the local R.S.P.C.A. When we arrived, she had left. After two hours we found her. The next thing to do was to try and find a new mule, because the gipsy man would only consent to having his unfortunate animal put out of its misery when the new mule was standing there. If anyone has ever wanted to buy a mule in the south of France, I can only say: don't try! One would imagine that the place would be swarming with mules. Not at all. It appeared to be just the one thing which no one knew where to buy.

To make a long story short, it took us five hours. Every conceivable person was mobilised. The injured animal was destroyed, a new mule was produced and given to the gipsy in question—the end of the story being that we arrived at our destination at ten o'clock at night instead of in the early afternoon (a test of nerves for the Duke and Vera, who had preceded us), and that the Duke paid a large sum for the mule, as (Winnie told him) she knew he would love to do!

New and terrible cases of cruelty have cropped up in the goldfish line of late.

We were staying at Lausanne a few years ago, and Winnie and I settled to go for the afternoon to Geneva, where the gentlemen of the League of Nations feed and bask in the sunshine. When walking through the streets, we passed a clock shop. I was looking at lovely little watches, when Winnie exclaimed furiously, 'This is too monstrous! I must go in at once.' Looking anxiously to see what was too monstrous, I noticed a little goldfish swimming perfectly happily in a bowl of water. It is true that in the same bowl lay a watch, thereby proving its absolute unrustability to the world. I tried in vain to argue that I had seldom seen such a happy-looking little goldfish. Winnie disdainfully swept this aside, and assured me that the atrocious cruelty lay in the fact that goldfish have no eye-lashes (or was it eye-lids?); therefore they must never be exposed to glaring light. With this she entered the shop, and I knew the worst was coming.

Now Swiss salesmen love to sell their goods to obvious strangers; and several eager men approached Winnie, enquiring what kind of clock or watch she wanted to see. The avalanche of reproaches that was her only answer alarmed them so much that they rushed for the proprietor. An elderly gentleman with a beard, who then made his appearance, seemed strangely uninterested in the fish, and insistent that Winnie should look at his clocks and watches. Winnie made it quite clear that the last thing in the shop she wanted was either a watch or a clock—she only wanted the goldfish! Devoid of heart, he did not see the utter iniquity of exposing an eyelidless animal to glaring daylight, without even the comfort of sheltering weeds.

Clearly they had reached a deadlock, so I quickly bought a charming little blue watch and, like a snake in the grass, whispered to Winnie that I would so love a little green one like it, which she promptly gave me. Having now bought two watches I felt our position to be strengthening, and before long we had secured and paid for the precious goldfish as well.

When we arrived at our hotel in Lausanne, we asked to see a place in the garden where we could put the fish. We were shown a perfectly good little pond, like every other little pond, I thought. The water was clear, and the hotel concierge and I tried to persuade Winnie that this was an excellent place for goldfish; but Winnie decided that it was not, and that we must search further. The concierge brightly and helpfully said that he knew the illegitimate son of a former cook of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who had married an Englishwoman and was now a Swiss subject, living on his pension in a villa about twenty miles away. He would telephone to them at once and announce our arrival with the goldfish. When we got there, after an hour's drive in an expensive hired car, we found a black gentleman with a very voluble wife, who said that they were great connoisseurs in all kinds of fish. We were taken into the garden and there we saw a little pond identical with the totally inadequate one at the hotel. It was said to be a specially good place to put them. There were other larger fish in it already, which caused Winnie some anxiety lest they should be unkind, and possibly eat the newcomer. But the Sultan of Zanzibar's cook's son knew his fish, and answered for their good behaviour; and so at last we got rid of our charge, and I heaved a sigh of relief.

The disquieting sequel to this story was, that during the rest of Winnie's stay, there seemed to me a remarkable increase of goldfish bowls in the shop windows.

We laughed a lot during those trips abroad and enjoyed them thoroughly. Only Winnie was always longing to be back at Welbeck—and especially back at her work, and near her hospitals.

It has been an inspiration to me, and has left a lasting mark in my life, to see the indescribable amount of good that Winnie does. It has always impressed me more deeply than I can say.

I am not trying to talk of all the great work and services rendered by the Duke and Winnie in the County and all round them. That is a matter of public knowledge. Their goodness is proverbial, and known everywhere. All their actions are

prompted by kindness always. But I am referring to the hidden kindnesses of every day—the things nobody knows about. These constitute Winnie's life. Where most other people's kindness and help stops, because it seems impossible to go further, Winnie still goes on. She does not only give material help—she gives her time, her heart, her affection. She goes into all the troubles of those whom she is helping. She comforts them, and brings them sunshine and hope. When she takes 'a case' in hand, she does not leave a stone unturned until all humanly possible help has been given.

I have known her go up to London for a Court function and, instead of resting, rush off straight from the station to some hospital where she had one of her miners. She was anxious to see how he was. She had told him she would come that day. Not for anything in the world would she let him down. I have also known her to dwell for hours by the bed-side of some poor patient who was beyond human help, her radiant presence and intense sympathy bringing him comfort and strength in his last struggle.

But Winnie and the Duke are rewarded by more love than I have ever seen bestowed on anyone—and they deserve it.

When I was asked to write a chapter for this book, I stipulated only one thing: that every word of it should appear. If the Portlands don't like reading the truth about themselves, they should have asked someone else to write in their book.

APPENDIX I

LADY WELLESLEY AND HER FAMILY

Hyacinthe Gabrielle Rolland, afterwards the Marchioness Wellesley, was the only daughter of Pierre and Hyacinthe Gabrielle (Daris) Rolland of Paris. It is believed that she and Lord Wellesley first met in the *salon* of Madame de Genlis, Governess of the Dauphin. Mrs. Colley Wellesley possesses a miniature portrait of her by Villars, which, according to an inscription on the back, was painted 'dans la maison de Madame de Genlis'.

Mlle Rolland came to London in 1784, where three sons and two daughters (see below) were born to her and Lord Wellesley in Deanery Street,¹ Park Lane. On November 29th, 1794, they were married at St. George's, Hanover Square.

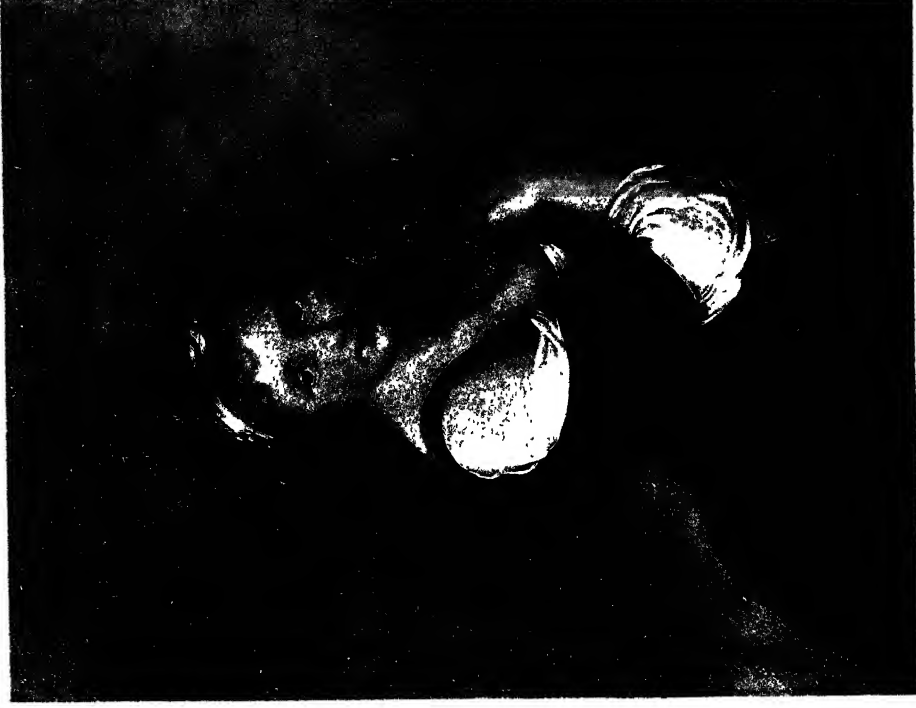
After her marriage, Lady Wellesley was several times in attendance upon Queen Charlotte, consort of King George III, as lady-in-waiting; and on one occasion Her Majesty gave her a long gold chain she was wearing, putting it round Lady Wellesley's neck as a token of gratitude for her services.

From many references to his wife in Lord Wellesley's correspondence, it appears that they lived very happily together until Wellesley's appointment as Governor-General of India in 1797. Lady Wellesley then remained in England; and she and her children continued to receive affectionate mention in his letters to her. But after Lord Wellesley's return from India in 1806, he and his wife soon separated, and they were never again reconciled.

¹Now Dean Street.



RICHARD, VISCOUNT WELLESLEY
 Afterwards 1st Marquess Wellesley
 (G. Romney, 1781)
By permission of the Provost and Fellows of Eton College



THE MARCHIONESS WELLESLEY
 (Vigée Lebrun)
By permission of Lord Hatherton



Above: LADY CHARLES BENTINCK
(Ann Mee)

Below: LADY HATHERTON
(Sir Thomas Lawrence)
By permission of Lord Hatherton

In later life, Lady Wellesley lived principally at Teddesley Park, Co. Stafford, with her younger daughter, Mrs. Littleton, whose husband, Edward Littleton—he had changed his name from Walhouse in 1812—was afterwards raised to the Peerage as Viscount Hatherton. Lady Wellesley died at Teddesley on November 5th, 1816, and (although a Roman Catholic) was buried in Penkridge Church, where there is a tablet to her memory.

Her children were:

1. Richard, born 1787; educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; afterwards Member of Parliament for Ennis, East Grinstead and Yarmouth; married Jane, daughter of William Chambers, by whom he had four sons and one daughter; died 1831.

2. Gerald; educated at Eton; in the Bengal Civil Service; died sometime before 1864.

3. Henry, born 1791; student of Christ Church, Oxford, 1811-1828; M.A. 1818; B.D. and D.D. 1847; Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford; author and editor of several books; died January 11th, 1866. Richard Wellesley, my Company Commander in the Staffordshire Militia (see p. 13), was his son.

1. Anne, born 1789; married, 1st, Sir William Abdy, Bt., 1806. This marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, 1816, and she married 2ndly, in the same year, Lord Charles Bentinck, 3rd son of the 3rd Duke of Portland. She died on March 19th, 1875, having had issue by her second husband two sons and two daughters. Her elder son, the Rev. Charles William Frederick Bentinck (1817-1865), was by his second wife, formerly Miss Burnaby of Baggrave, the father of Cecilia, Countess of Strathmore, and of twin girls, Anne Violet and Hyacinthe. Her younger son, Lt.-Gen. Arthur Bentinck (1819-1877), was my father.

2. Hyacinthe Mary, married December 21st, 1812, Edward Littleton of Teddesley Park, Stafford, afterwards created Viscount Hatherton of Hatherton.

APPENDIX II

(This account of my Masonic career has been compiled by Mr. G. Godfray Sellick from notes supplied by Bro. F. B. Whitty, for many years P.G. Secretary for Nottinghamshire. I am deeply indebted to Bro. Whitty for sending them, and also for the many and varied services he has rendered to the Province in general, and to me as P.G. Master in particular.

I also desire to thank R.W. Bro. H. T. Hayman, who, after acting for many years as my Deputy, succeeded in 1933 as P.G. Master for Nottinghamshire, for much kindness, cordial sympathy, and unfailing good advice.)

On July 14th, 1880, his Grace was initiated in United Lodge, No. 1629. On April 25th, 1898, he joined Household Brigade Lodge, No. 2614; and on July 4th in the same year, he joined Royal Alpha Lodge, No. 16. The London Nottinghamshire Lodge, No. 5133, was founded by him in the year 1919.

In 1892 he was appointed Senior Grand Warden of Grand Lodge. Incidentally, it may be remarked that to-day, as Past Senior Grand Warden, his Grace ranks second to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who heads the list.

In 1898 he was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Nottinghamshire; and was installed on July 7th by R.W.Bro. Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, Provincial Grand Master of Cumberland and Westmorland.¹ The Rt. Hon. W. L. Jackson,

¹Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Cumberland and Westmorland on April 14th, 1894. In 1901 he was installed as Worshipful Master of the Duke of Portland Lodge by Brother F. B. Whitty. When he died on the 6th October, 1931, he was third on the list of Provincial Grand Masters, which numbered 45.

Provincial Grand Master for Yorkshire, the Marquess of Granby, W.Bro. E. Letchworth, Grand Secretary, and the present Lord Mottistone were present at the installation ceremony. Of the 27 Nottinghamshire Grand Officers who were present, all, with the exception of the Rev. Canon Hayman, have since passed away.

At the time when his Grace accepted the duties of Provincial Grand Master of Nottinghamshire there were 18 Lodges, containing 853 members. When, after 34 years, he resigned the Office in December, 1932, the Province consisted of 49 Lodges, and 3,207 members. At the December meeting in 1898 of the Provincial Grand Lodge he announced, 'I am especially desired by W.Bro. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum to express his regret that he is most unexpectedly deprived of the pleasure of meeting Provincial Grand Lodge today.'

His Grace's activities on behalf of Nottinghamshire Freemasons have been continuous and beneficial. In 1899, the year following that of his installation, he entertained them and their ladies at Welbeck; and again on the 1st of August, 1907, on which occasion 1,900 were present. For many years, also, the Welbeck golf course has been available for golf competitions, which have realised many thousands of pounds for charity.

In February, 1909, his Grace presided at the Annual Festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution. He was accompanied by the Duchess; and her Grace's presence created a precedent, since it was the first occasion of a lady accompanying her husband at these functions. The Nottingham brethren subscribed the record sum of £8,102—an average of £9 per head. In 1932 he again presided at the Festival of the same Institution and was again accompanied by the Duchess, now supported by 297 ladies. On this occasion the Nottinghamshire brethren subscribed £30,000—a record averaging £10 per head. The Grand Master, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, authorised the wearing of the Stewards' badges by Nottinghamshire brethren as permanent jewels. Nottinghamshire is the only Province to which this distinction has been twice granted.

Since his installation on July 7th, 1898, his Grace has laid the following Foundation Stones:

On the 7th July, 1898, the date of his installation as Pr.G.M., he laid the foundation stone of the Jubilee Wing of the Nottingham General Hospital.

On the 26th July, 1909, of the Church of St. Michael & All Angels, Sutton-in-Ashfield.

On the 4th November, 1913, of the King Edward Wing of the Mansfield Hospital.

On the 26th July, 1922, of Retford Hospital, on a pouring wet day.

On the 20th April, 1923, of the Parochial Hall, Mansfield, for which building the Duke gave the site. He mentioned that for no less than ten generations friendship had existed between the inhabitants of Mansfield and his family.

On the 25th July, 1923, of the Memorial Chapel at Stapleford, commemorating 172 Stapleford men who gave their lives for their country in the Great War. Altogether 1,000 Stapleford men served. One, W. R. Parker, gained the Victoria Cross.

On the 26th July, 1924, of the Memorial Hall, Gedling.

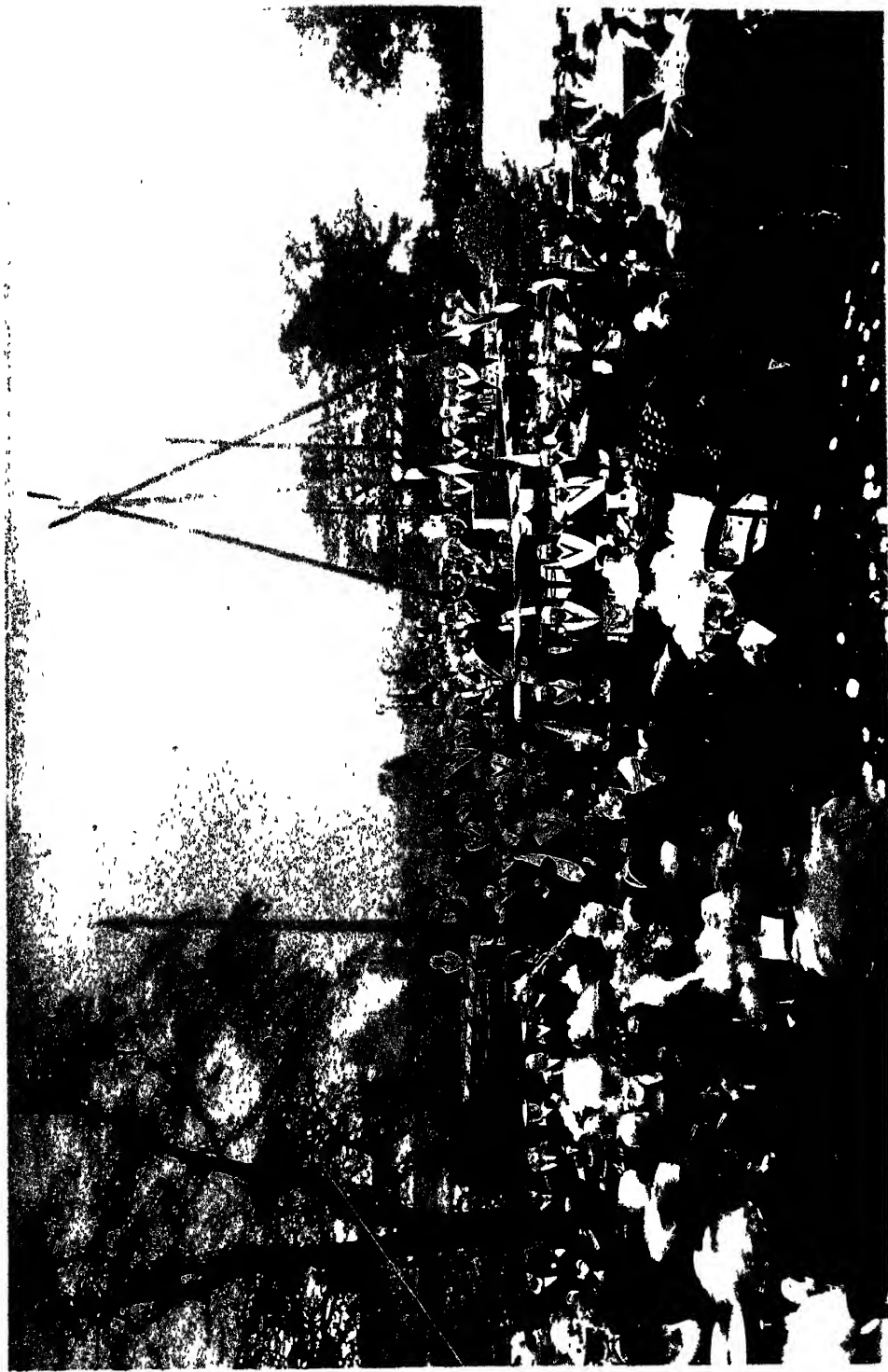
On the 22nd April, 1926, of the Newark Hospital Nurses' Home.

On the 30th July, 1926, of the Parochial Hall of St. Michael's Church, Sutton-in-Ashfield, and

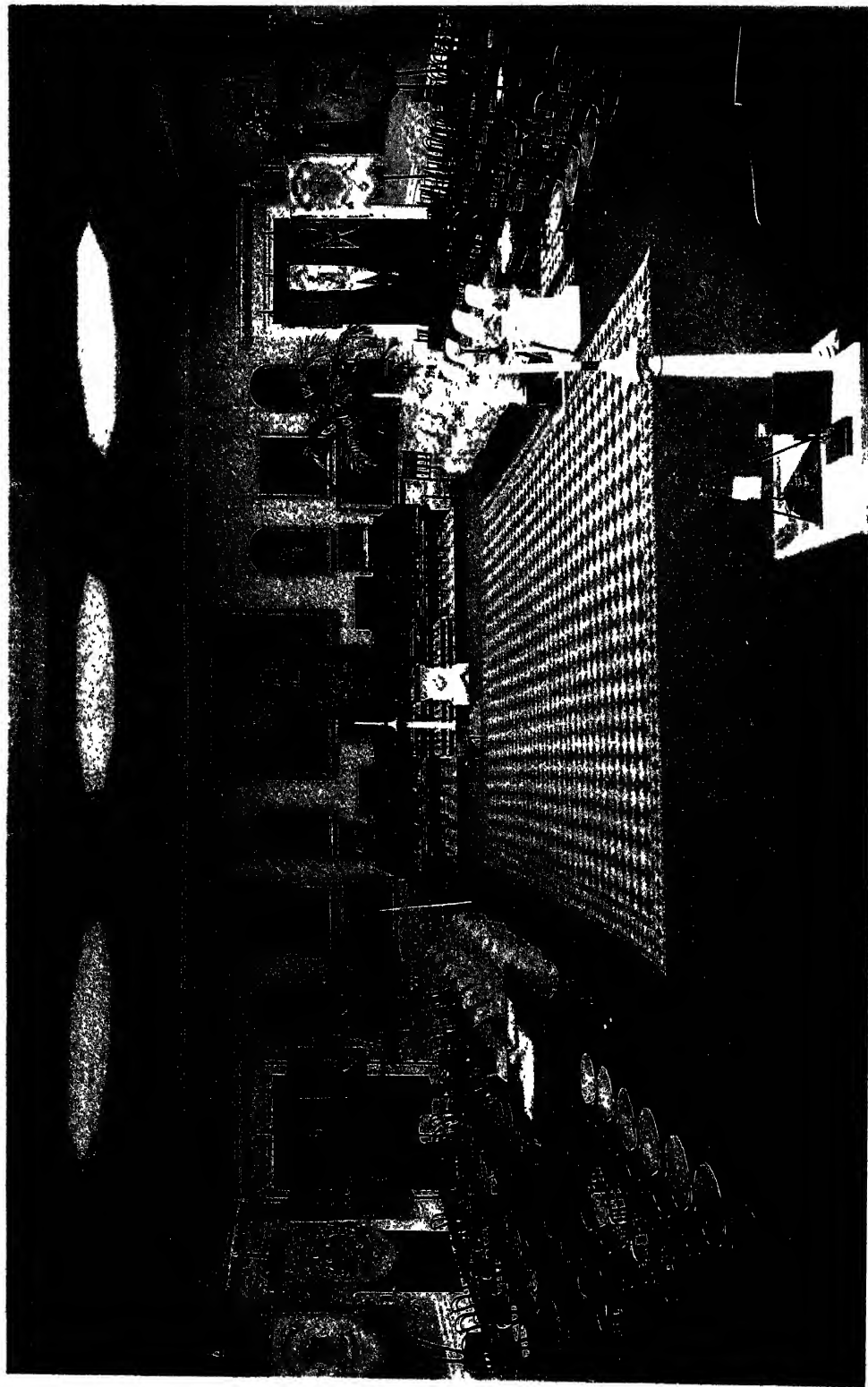
On the 31st July, 1930, of the new hospital wing at Worksop.

His Grace's collection of 66 trowels, mallets, keys, etc., he kindly presented to the Nottinghamshire Freemasons, together with the beautiful cabinet in which they are displayed in the Masonic Hall, Nottingham. In the Masonic Hall also hangs his portrait, which was painted by Richard Jack, R.A., in 1923.

In 1914 many Freemasons were present at Welbeck, at the celebrations of his Grace's silver wedding and the majority of Lord Titchfield. And, fifteen years later, December 19th, 1929,



R.W. BRO. THE DUKE OF PORTLAND LAYING THE FOUNDATION-
STONE OF THE JUBILEE WING, NOTTINGHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL,
7 July, 1898



PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE, UNDERGROUND ROOMS
WELBECK, 1 AUGUST, 1907

at a meeting of Provincial Grand Lodge, Bro. Hayman,¹ in proposing his Grace's health, informed the brethren that on the 7th day of that month he had completed fifty years as Duke of Portland.

The following address was delivered by the R.W. Provincial Grand Master, the Duke of Portland, to Nottinghamshire Grand Lodge, on December 8th, 1910:

'Since the beginning of the present year, the whole country deeply deplores the loss of our late beloved King, who, as Prince of Wales, was Grand Master of England, and who, after ascending the Throne, took the title of "Protector of the Craft". He was the greatest statesman, the truest gentleman and one of the best sportsmen that ever lived. The best friend to his country, the friend of the poor, in sympathy always with suffering, a kindly champion of public right. He was indeed a great man in the best sense of the word, and one who will be remembered with affection and respect for many generations to come.

'Brethren, while deeply deploring his loss, we turn with love and loyalty to his successor. We welcome him to the throne of this country, for we recognise in him the qualities of his father. I believe the heart of the nation has gone out to him in sympathy, help and loyalty, and I trust it desires to make his reign happy and prosperous for himself and his consort; happy and prosperous too for the people of his Empire and his Country.'

The Great War (1914-1918). Very early in the War five houses in Chaucer Street were furnished by the Nottinghamshire brethren to house 30 Belgian refugees; and here they were comfortably maintained until the Armistice. Also, an appeal by the Bishop of Southwell for the erection of a habitation for convalescent soldiers was readily responded to by the brethren. Bro. Hayman collected the sum of £1,350. The late Bro. John Howitt was the architect of the camp. Further, two West

¹His Grace had appointed, in August, 1903, the Rev.—afterwards Canon—H. T. Hayman as Deputy Provincial Grand Master in succession to Judge Masterman.

Bridgford Lodges—the Welbeck and the Bentinck—provided an auxiliary Military Hospital. It was situated on the Trent Bridge cricket ground, and was opened by his Grace on January 16th, 1916. A skilled masseur was engaged, and hundreds of soldiers received electrical massage treatment. So successful was the result that the work was most highly extolled by Colonel Battersby.

At Mapperley Hall, where Lady Charles Cavendish-Bentinck opened a similar Hospital, an extensive and thoroughly equipped medical electrical plant was installed, and the cost—upwards of £900—was provided by the Nottinghamshire Masons. Lady Charles sent his Grace a letter in December, 1918, gratefully acknowledging the help she had received.

Addressing Provincial Grand Lodge on the 19th December, 1916, the Duke stated:

‘We are still finding ourselves engaged in the most stupendous struggle ever known in the history of mankind.

‘Our great consolation is that we and our allies are fighting shoulder to shoulder in a righteous cause; and our fixed determination is to continue the contest with ever increasing vigour until we have vindicated those principles of justice and freedom which lie at the basis of our conception of civilisation, and until we have won recognition for those principles of honour and of fair dealing between Nations which the central powers of Europe have treated as negligible and contemptible trifles.’

On August 1st, 1919, his Grace convened a special meeting of Provincial Grand Lodge at the Town Hall, Mansfield, to award special honours to five brethren who had distinguished themselves in the War. They were Lt.-Col. G. A. Robinson; Major E. H. Spalding; Lt. Ernest Brooks; Lt.-Col. F. Rayner, D.S.C., and Capt. E. C. James.

A bronze tablet on the wall in the Masonic Hall bears the names of Nottinghamshire brethren who gave their lives for their country in the War.

The New Masonic Hall. To the first proposal a large site was purchased in Chaucer Street but, with the opening of the War,

it was felt that the site was not sufficiently central, so building was deferred. The site was therefore sold, and additional land purchased adjoining the old Hall—which was built in 1880 and consecrated on July 2nd, 1881, at a time when Income Tax stood at 5d. in the pound.

His Grace the Duke of Portland laid the foundation of the new building at the corner of Goldsmith Street and Belgrave Square on December 11th, 1928. He was supported by Canon H. T. Hayman, the present Lord Galway, R.W.Bro. C. E. Keyser, Provincial Grand Master of Herts, Sir Alfred Robbins, President of the General Purposes Committee of Grand Lodge, Col. J. M. Wingfield, Brig.-Gen. Walthall, Major Cecil Adams, and others. The Hall has a frontage of 156 feet, and covers an area of 1,650 square yards. Its cost was upwards of £65,000, excluding the value of the site. The architect was Bro. C. E. Howitt, who served with distinction on the Italian Front during the War.

The new Hall was opened on Thursday, the 30th July, 1931, by the Grand Secretary, R.W.Bro. Sir P. Colville Smith, who was supported by the Duke of Portland, Canon H. T. Hayman, Viscount Galway, Bro. C. R. I. Nicholl, G.D.C., Brig.-Gen. E. C. Walthall, M. H. Clarke, G. Leigh, G. F. Wilkinson and J. R. Frears. There was also present Bro. G. T. Alenson, who was 90 years old and had a clear recollection of the building of the old Temple.

■

APPENDIX III

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS

Welbeck

In order to improve the horses on my estates and to encourage their breeding, what were known as Estate Foal Shows were held at Welbeck, at Bothal in Northumberland, in Ayrshire, and also in Caithness. All these Shows were highly successful; and they also gave me a welcome opportunity every year of meeting my tenants, their wives and their families—for besides the Show a large luncheon was held, to which they were all invited. At the Welbeck Show luncheon there were sometimes as many as seven hundred guests, and some notable individual was generally invited to be present. On one occasion, when Lord Kitchener came to the Show and the luncheon, no less than 20,000 people were present on the showground.

After a few years the Foal Shows not only improved the quality of the horses very greatly, but also created so much good feeling and friendship between my tenants and myself, besides providing an opportunity for them to meet one another, that it was decided to form a Welbeck Tenants' Agricultural Association. Classes were opened and prizes offered for every sort of agricultural stock. Poultry and even bee farming were included. Prizes were also offered for the best cultivated farms, and to the shepherds who had reared the greatest numbers of lambs. On one occasion the entries numbered more than a thousand. The same conditions prevailed at the other Shows to which I have alluded.

These Shows continued until the outbreak of the Great War,

after which, owing to various circumstances, including the sale of some part of my estates, it was considered advisable to continue only the Welbeck Show, which again became a Show for carthorses. The Welbeck Show is still held. My wife, my sons and Ivy Titchfield make a point of attending both it and the tea, and we spend very happy and pleasant afternoons with those to whom I always refer in my speech as my best and oldest friends. In 1914 the last Welbeck Tenants' Agricultural Show took place, a day or two before war was declared, and I shall never forget the grave feeling of anxiety when I presided for the last time at the great luncheon in the Riding School. It was difficult to persuade the seven hundred present that we were on the eve of terrible events. I well remember one of my tenants saying, 'But, Your Grace, surely you do not regard the situation as so very serious?' Within the next few months I fear it must have come home to them, for many of their sons and other relatives were in the County Regiments and before long were going to the various seats of war, many of them, alas, never to return.

At the forty-fifth Show, held on July 30th, 1937, Mr. Shaw Browne of Clipstone made a speech, in the course of which he was kind enough to say:

'The Duke of Portland has not been called "the best landlord in the country" for nothing. I sometimes wonder whether we, as tenants, realise the many responsibilities attaching to a great agricultural landlord. How many of us are as efficient as tenants as His Grace is as landlord?

'For many years past, Government after Government seems to have been obsessed by the idea that any landowner is fair game for exploitation. Speaking as a tenant-farmer, I realise that the shrewdest blow directed against me is that which first cripples my landlord. However, I believe we are justified in hoping that conditions have reached rock-bottom, and will now take a turn for the better.'

In my reply, I said I agreed with Mr. Shaw Browne as to the responsibilities of a large landed proprietor, but that fortunately, in my case, I had received invaluable advice and practical

help from the late Mr. F. J. Turner, who was agent when I succeeded, and in later years from his son, Mr. T. Warner Turner, who is now the chief agent for my English estates.

Langwell and Cessnock

Wishing to help the farmers in Caithness to improve their stock, I decided to provide good sires for their use. My agent therefore procured a good Clydesdale stallion and well-bred bulls—shorthorn, polled Angus and Highland; and the tenants readily took advantage of their services.

I have every reason to believe that this was successful. The rapid improvement of all breeds of stock was most marked.

The provision of these sires breached over a gap, for the Department of Agriculture now provides well-bred bulls for the use of crofters and smallholders all over the north of Scotland, and the Caithness horse-breeding societies have, for some years, hired excellent Clydesdale stallions, which are available to all at a moderate fee.

On the testimony of good judges, I believe that the improvement in all classes of stock, including Cheviot sheep, is happily more marked in Caithness than in any county in Scotland. In proof of this, one has only to visit the County Show to observe the really good stock which is now bred there. As prizes, I gave several young well-bred North Country Cheviot tups, which have influenced the improvement in this class of sheep, especially those belonging to the crofters.

With the help of my excellent agent, Mr. J. Harling Turner, C.B.E., similar Shows were instituted at Cessnock, in Ayrshire, for my tenants in that county. At the same time Highland games were held on the afternoons of the Shows at both Langwell and Cessnock. These proved a great attraction, and the competitors included many of the best-known athletes and pipers from all over the country.

In order to improve the breed of working collies, sheep-dog trials were held for several years at Langwell, and also at Welbeck, where they still continue. Dogs from the Midlands,

the north of England and from Wales compete at Welbeck; but at Langwell only competitors from Sutherland and Caithness were eligible. These trials did a great deal to improve sheep dogs in the north, and it was perhaps in great measure due to the puppies, direct descendants of Mr. James Scott of Ancrum's very clever dog, Kep, which were given as prizes. Mr. Scott himself was several times judge at both Welbeck and Langwell, where he brought his wonderful dogs to exhibit their skill, and to show how really good sheep dogs should work. I am glad to know that at Langwell and Braemore there are still some of Kep's descendants; and they have been of much value to their owners.

APPENDIX IV

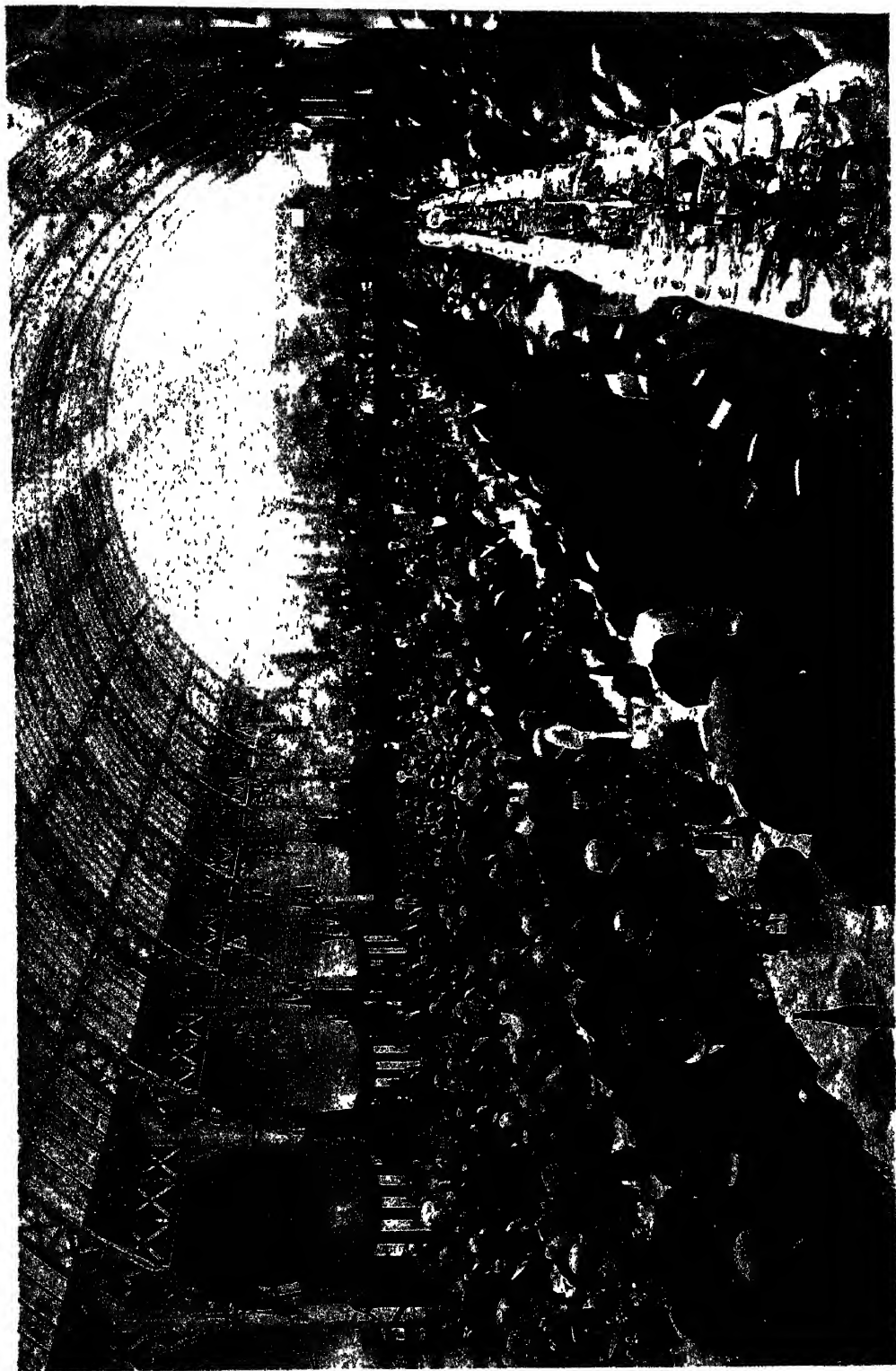
LOST IN THE ROCKIES

(Abridged by Lord Desborough from an article which he contributed to the Nineteenth Century of May 1892.)

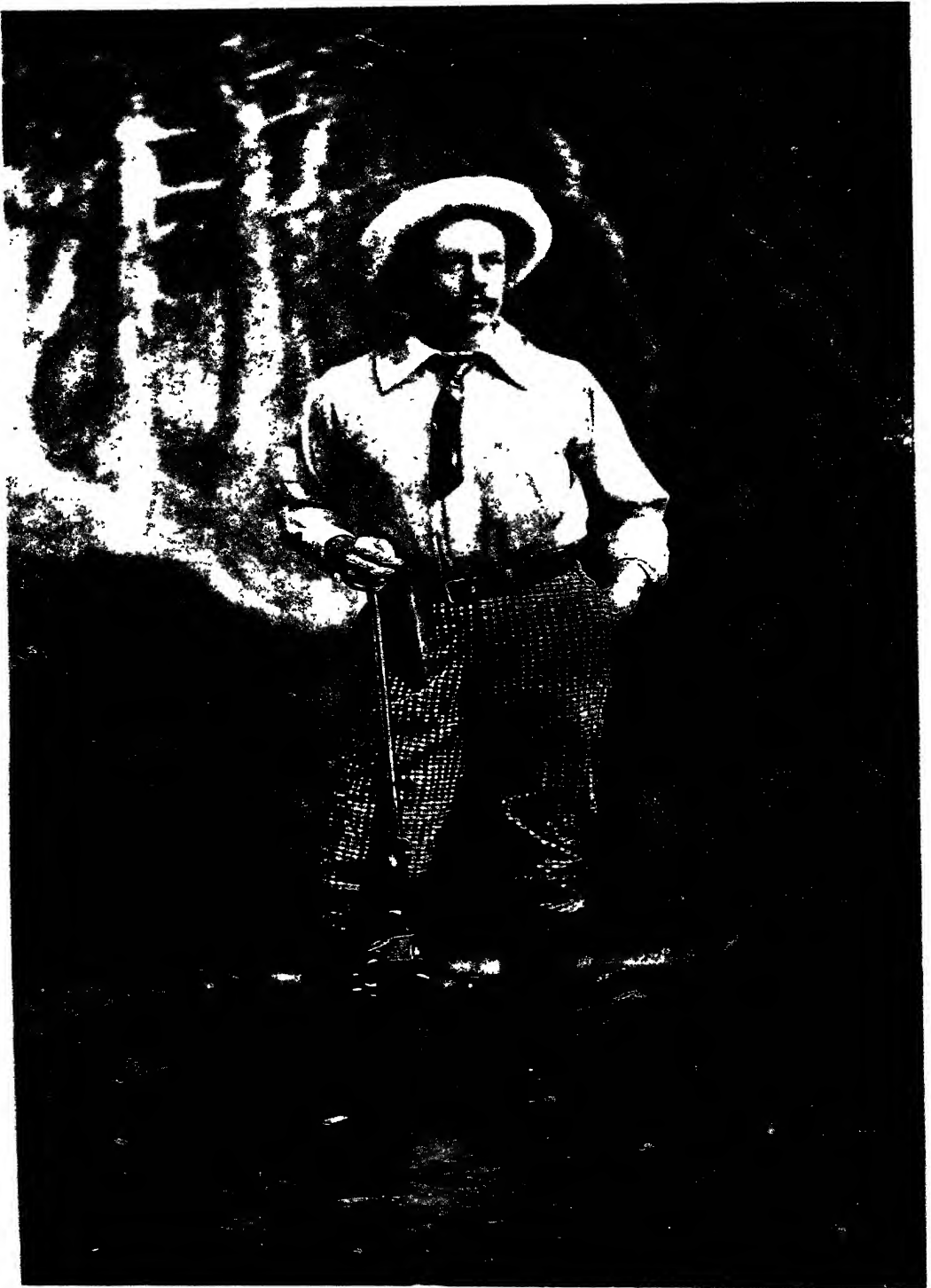
Our camp was pitched by the inevitable little 'creek' or small stream, one of the thousands which, big or small, run through the forests and upland prairies of the Bighorn Mountains, Wyoming, U.S.America, as water is the prime necessity of camp life.

The party consisted of a friend, who not long after was to lose his debonair and much regretted life by a fall over a precipice while hunting mountain sheep; myself, two hunters and a cook. The horses were a mixed lot, as the ones we were to have had were stolen just before we came on the scene, and we had to replace them in two days. They all acquired names suiting their peculiarities except the grey, which had no name, but a long string of profane epithets. His late owner described him as a trifle skittish, which meant that he bit and kicked you when he could; and when he was saddled or unsaddled he had to be lassoed, his legs tied together, and thrown down. He was unanimously voted as just the horse to suit me, and was my companion for the trip. Mike was a very quiet sleepy-eyed black, who only once broke out, and that was unluckily just after he had been packed with our precious flour and sugar, when something frightened him, and he galloped off, and bucked till the bags burst, and he disappeared like a black fiend in a white halo.

This was an unfortunate occurrence, as we were short of food and had seen no game; and it made our guide still more regret



· WELBECK TENANTS' AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY LUNCHEON, 1899



W. H. GRENFELL
Rocky Mountains, 1884

the loss of his horses, the blame for which he put on the Sheriff, whom he declared to be the 'all-firedest old hypocrite that God Almighty had ever hid inside a skin'. Something had to be done to replenish the larder. The game had been driven away by a large party of Crow Indians, who had gone into the mountains before us, and wherever we went we came across the trails of their horses, and the marks made by their *têpe* poles as they dragged them behind their ponies. The upshot of the conference was that I bet my companion five dollars to one that I got a beast before breakfast the next day—a wager which came near costing me dear. It was settled as well to move camp next midday.

Next morning the remembrance of the bet woke me up long before anyone in camp was stirring. Silently and sleepily I got out my rifle and cartridges, not forgetting pipe and lights, and slipped quietly out into the still frosty air. Now for the deer! But first to mark the camp. That is easy enough, for our two little tents lie below the most remarkable eminence that we had come across in our wanderings. The hill which faced our camp rose slowly on the left-hand side, fringed with burnt timber till it reached a great height, and then dropped sheer down to the sage-brush plain below—a solid wall and frowning precipice of red rock, with a profile resembling that of the most versatile Prime Minister of our time. If this massive rock can be kept in view, the way back to camp will not be hard to find. While the surroundings are being taken in and carefully noted, the long streaks of dawn are getting brighter and brighter, and there is little time to lose if a deer is to be got before camp is moved at midday.

After a fruitless walk of some miles I climb a hill, and from the top see nothing to reward me except the head of the red rock which frowns above our tents, making, as I fondly hope, the return to camp an easy task. Before setting my face for home the deer must be got, so I plunge again into the forest, and scramble over the fallen timber, which makes locomotion on foot or horseback so tedious in the Rockies. After a longish walk I emerge on the other side, and to my joyful surprise

see the hindmost of a herd of blacktail deer just entering the timber beyond me. With all the speed possible I follow as softly as may be over the fallen timber into the heart of the dark pine forest, and see them disappearing into a thick and rocky gulley, through which all attempts to track them prove unavailing. The sun is now up with a vengeance, and they must be thinking of moving camp, so I must set out to find it. I climb a hill to look for the well-known rock. There it is, and I walk towards it. It seems the same, but not a vestige of the camp is to be seen. I climb the hill itself, but see no sign of life anywhere. I sit down and yell, and fire several shots from my .500 rifle, but no answer comes back save the silence. I climb down and hunt the base of the hill for tracks of the horses, but there is nothing to be seen of them. It is long past midday, and they must have moved camp. Matters are beginning to look serious. The sun has begun to go down, and it looks like a night in the open. I know that the plains below are not very far distant, and have been told that they are inhabited; so I turn my face north-west, where I believe the valley to lie, and press on in the hope of getting a view of it before the marvellously short twilight of the Rocky Mountains comes on.

After a long trudge without any signs of life showing themselves, I give up the thought of reaching any shelter for the night, and make preparations for spending it where I am. They are of a simple character: there is nothing to be done except to collect sufficient wood to keep the fire going. A half-burnt tree yields to a push, and falls with a crash to the ground, providing fuel for the night. Sleep, however, is out of the question, as the wood fire quickly burns down, and the intense cold of the frosty night makes one start up to replenish it. Hour after hour drags slowly by, and I sit there staring at the moon, which never seems to move. If only the dawn would come I could start off towards the plains below, and perchance strike a trail leading down to some habitation. Although I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours I do not feel hungry, but cannot help wondering how long one can go on without food.

At last the dawn breaks, and I resume my pilgrimage, climbing down and up a series of most forbidding canyons, always hoping to get sight of the plains below. My feet, shod with lawn tennis shoes, are now getting much cut about by the rocks. A tree grouse springs up and flies to the top of a neighbouring fir tree, and I take a steady shot at its head and cut it off. I put the bird in my pocket for my dinner, and resume my climbing. The last canyon takes a good two hours down and up, and at last I see the plains. But what a sight! Nothing but bare alkali 'bad lands' gleaming in the sun, right up to the snowy peaks of the main range of the Rocky Mountains many miles away. And this is the hope that had been bearing me up through two long days and one still longer night! I take survey of the plains through my telescope, which does not show a sign of life of any kind, or even of water or any green thing. What is to be done now? It is no use going down on to that arid plain, and it is better to stick to the mountains where there are at least wood and water, so I determine to keep to the edge of the mountains till I find some trail leading down to the plain, where I had been told there were some inhabitants, if they could only be found. There was no use trying to go back and look for the camp, as it must have been moved, or my shots would have been heard.

The dread of another night like the last puts me on my feet again, and I spend another long day climbing into and out of canyons without much hope, and another long night at the bottom of a very deep one. I rig up a long stick and tie the grouse to it with a pocket handkerchief, and twirl the bird over the embers, and take a little of it; but though I had been without food for some forty hours I do not feel hungry, and pack the remains away in the handkerchief for the next day.

The canyon is a very steep and narrow one. The moon rises and seems fixed in the sky, so slowly do the minutes pass. Through the long dark hours there is time for many thoughts, and the same thoughts occur over and over again. What a fool I am to die here slowly of starvation when I might have been comfortably in camp, or perhaps better still at home in bed.

Why did I come out at all to die three thousand miles from home with impotent rage in my heart, subdued from time to time by prayer? How do men die here of starvation? Wandering on, tumbling over rocks and into streams, till reason vanishes and their strength fails them. But what a prospect! To feel oneself getting weaker and weaker, but so slowly; and those endless lonesome nights. How many of them can one pass through, while the cruel moon stands still above one's head? When will this night come to an end? What shall I do when it does? Then would come fits of anger and bitterness, and my hand would instinctively feel my pocket to find if the two precious cartridges were still safe, which I had put by in case the worst should come to the worst—anything would be better than to die inch by inch like this.

I start at dawn on my south-west tramp, searching for trails to the plain below, and cross several more canyons more slowly than before, spying occasionally through my telescope; but I see nothing to encourage me. The country at last opens out. Some way in front there is a long belt of dense pine wood, extending perhaps for some miles. I debate which side of it to go, and decide for no particular reason to go to the left. Suddenly, as by a miracle, there steps out of it some half-mile away a man in a red shirt, who calmly sits down. I can hardly believe my eyes. I slowly trudge up to him, a sorry object, with my face black from sitting two nights in the smoke of the fire, heels raw from three days' climbing canyons in thin rubber shoes, and half a grouse in my knickerbocker pocket.

When within speaking distance my first words are, as soon as I can get them out, 'I have never been so glad to see anyone before, and don't expect much I shall ever be again.' 'Well,' he said, 'I guess you're lost. How did you get here?' I told him shortly what had happened. 'Oh, you're with Bob Stewart, are you? I know him well. But it's the greatest chance in the world that you came across me. I live ten miles away down below, and only came up last night with a couple of horses to try to get a bait for a bear trap. If I can get hold of a bear, the grease will do for my cooking through the winter.'

It appears that his name was Frank Sykes, and that he lived quite alone, hardly seeing the face of a white man from year's end to year's end. Why he lived this solitary life I do not know; certainly not for want of conversational powers, as he never stopped talking the whole time I was with him. He took me to his *tépe*, and produced some potatoes and dried pemmican, but I didn't much want to eat.

'Now then, we must find your party. How did you get to your last camp?'

'I remember we passed Paint Rock, and were on our way to the Ten Sleep lakes.'

'Oh, then I know whereabouts Bob would probably camp if you came by Paint Rock about midday. How did you miss camp?'

I told him the story of the hill with the red precipice, by which I had marked the camp.

'Oh,' said Frank Sykes, 'as to that rock, there are a dozen round there so alike that you could hardly tell them apart. If you get on to that mare we will soon see whether they have moved or not; and if they have we can follow them. Mind how you get on to her. She is rather handy with her hind legs. I am afraid I have not got another saddle for her.'

My feet, being much swollen, hurt a good deal as they hung down without saddle or stirrups, but that was nothing compared with the joy of being found instead of lost. The hand of Providence must have guided me to the left side instead of the right of the big wood, otherwise I should never have come across Frank Sykes.

He had seen me coming along, and his first impulse had been to avoid me; but, struck by my woe-begone appearance, he determined to show himself and await developments, and I fortunately said just the right thing when I came up to him. He asked me which way I was going when he saw me. I said southwest till I found a trail leading down to the plains, as I had been told that they were inhabited in places.

'So they are,' he said, 'but there are no trails. The people do

not come up into the mountains. Throw that compass away. You should watch the sun and the running water. If you had gone on the way you were going, in four miles you would have run into the darndest lot of canyons you ever saw, and lots of them. As for people, there are none except one Swede who has a horse-ranch sixty miles away; and it would have been a great chance if you had come across him.'

'Well,' I said, 'that makes the pleasure of your society all the greater.'

We rode all day to the accompaniment of a flow of conversation which never stopped, and at last came across a single horseman who was one of our guides hunting for me. He took us back to camp, where we were received with fitting rejoicings, and much questioning late into the night, till suddenly our little tent came down about our ears, borne down by the weight of the snow which had been falling with a solid persistency.

If anything could have added to one's joy at being found, instead of lost and wandering alone in the mountains, it was the sight next morning of the whole country round lying wrapped in a thick white shroud, and the branches of the pine trees bending low under a foot of snow.

So ended an experience—not untowardly. But within a week of my return to camp we were hunting for my companion as he had been hunting for me, and for seven days searching for that which we dreaded to find, and which, when we did find it, was all that remained of one of the truest and most light-hearted Englishmen who have ever been taken by the love of adventure into the Rocky Mountains.

DESBOROUGH.

The companion to whom Lord Desborough alludes was the eldest son of Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh Abbey, a popular Member of Parliament and cricketer, and one of the last persons one would have associated with a tragedy. He rode out one day, the last he meant to spend in the mountains, and did not

come back. Next morning at daybreak the search for him began. His horse was found at the mouth of a canyon where he had left it to climb after mountain sheep. The search was continued for a week, the canyon being taken ledge by ledge from daylight to dark, with the hope of finding him alive diminishing every day. On the seventh day, a Sunday, Willy Desborough found his body at the foot of a precipice, down which, as the searchers well knew, there was no means of descent for several miles. Willy went to the spot from which poor Leigh had fallen, found his rifle, and saw the marks left by his feet on some loose shale. He had evidently slipped before he even saw the precipice down which he fell. The body was so broken that death must have been instantaneous. One of the guides was immediately dispatched to cable to England, and the remains after many adventures were taken to New York and sent home.

PORTLAND.

APPENDIX V

THE IMPERIAL STUD AT LIPIZZA

(This account of the Lipizzaner breed of horses was written for me, about the year 1900, by Count Ferdinand Kinsky, First Equerry, and later Master of the Horse, to the Emperor Franz Joseph. I reproduce it in his own words.)

The Imperial Stud Lipizza, on the Karst highland in Krain, is of great significance and importance for horse breeding in Austria-Hungary.

‘This Stud is situated on a highland where grows a grass of exquisite quality, but this grass is very thin and sparse because of the scarcity of water, which is often the case, and on account of the squally north storms which afflict those parts very often.

‘For more than two centuries horse breeding in Austria-Hungary has been managed by the Government, and for this we are indebted chiefly to the Emperor Joseph II, who reigned from 1780 to 1790.

‘But excellent horses were also bred in the Imperial Studs of Austria in former centuries.

‘The ancestors of these horses came from Spain and Italy. Archduke Charles, the third son of the Emperor Ferdinandus I, soon discovered the fine qualities of these excellent horses, and therefore laid the foundation of a Stud in the village Lipizza in the year 1580, where such first-rate horses were bred that they were destined and reserved for the Imperial Mews.

‘The first material which was used in Lipizza for breeding was Spanish horses, most likely products of a cross breeding between Oriental horses and the big country horses of the Pyrenean Peninsula.

‘Later on, horses from North Italy were also brought to Lipizza, and in the eighteenth century even, several German and Danish stallions were used with great success. The Emperor Charles the Sixth enlarged the Stud in the year 1722 by buying the Adelsberg Estate, and in 1736 he founded a little branch stud in the former Monastery of Prestraneck.

‘From the year 1809 to 1815, the whole Karst Stud belonged to Marshal Marmont, and was partly removed to the environs of Arad in Hungary, but later, this part returned to Austria, and the whole Stud to the possession of the Austrian Court.

‘In 1829 all riding horses from the Stud Koptsan near Holits were brought to Lipizza, and the order was given that the last-named Stud should provide in future the Imperial Mews with white horses.

‘In the beginning of the nineteenth century they began to breed systematically with Oriental blood. How eminently the Arabian stallions proved first-rate breeding horses is testified by the names Siglavy, Gazlan, Hadudi, Samson and Ben Azet, which are engraved in golden letters in the annals of the Stud. Though it is true that the registers of Lipizza only begin with the year 1701, yet the Karst horses were well known long before this for their vigour and tough longevity, they being very often used till the age of thirty.

‘According to the register of the Stud in the year 1701, the stallion Cordova was brought there; his name shows his Spanish origin. Further, after 1717, there were brought to Lipizza stallions from Italy and from Denmark, which also had Spanish blood in their veins, and from the Stud of the Prince Lippe Bückenburg, the stallion Lipp whose numerous descendants were highly estimated and much sought after through the whole century.

‘It is well known that in former times Andalusian stallions were renowned and had the best reputation, for in the sixteenth century many Studs made use of these famous horses. Now the noble Andalusian horses were doubtless cross productions of the original big horses from the Pyrenees with Berber or Arab

stallions, even from the time when the Moors held chief power in Granada and Andalusia. From this crossing sprang an unchanged race, whose chief characteristics are their proportional height, round croup, a sheephead with a distinct ramsnose, a high-stepping trot, their absolute obedience, and tough endurance.

‘The blood of this breed is to be found in numerous other stocks in Europe, and it is no wonder, for the Lipizzan stock may be considered the truest ideal of a noble horse.

‘The pure Spanish horse lost its breeding, and the Polesinian and Neapolitan horses not much later. These stocks had lost their hereditary power, which made it impossible to use them for the improvement of other breeds. For this reason recourse was made to stallions from Denmark and Holstein, as it was said that in these countries descendants of the Spanish-Italian horses were still to be found.

‘In this way the stallion Pluto came to Lipizza in 1765, Junker followed in 1767, and Danese in 1795, all from Denmark, in 1771 the stallion Saltadore came from Holstein, and in the latter part of the eighteenth century the famous stallion Toscanello came from the Camelstud in Pisa, where, on the mouth of the river Arno, half-wild horses were bred.

‘Under such circumstances it was at last impossible to avoid breeding in and in, and that, nevertheless, no bad qualities were produced, can only be explained by the fact that all stallions and mares sprang from an old and very constant race, that they found in Lipizza a particularly healthy climate, excellent pasture and fodder, and the greatest care and education by methodical and natural movements both under the saddle and in driving. Finally the endurance of these horses was always thoroughly tested before they were chosen for breeding.

‘It is a strange fact that the various and numerous crossings of Lipizzan horses with English thoroughbreds always had but unimportant results. Yet as they had to breed in Lipizza not only carriage horses for the Imperial Court, but also elegant and strong riding horses, they found that it was absolutely necessary

to import original Arab stallions. Nowadays, there are bred in Lipizza several different families.

‘The true old Lipizzan race of Spanish-Italian origin is represented by the families Pluto, Conversano, Neapolitano, Favory and Maestoso, being now and again crossed with Arab stallions. Among these Arab stallions the names Gazlan, Saydan, Samson, Hadudi and Ben Azet are well known.

‘Some products of this cross breeding were crossed with an excellent Arabian stallion named Siglavy, and from this sprang the new Lipizzan family Siglavy.

‘The characteristic qualities of the old Lipizzan horse are the following: the height differs between 1.57 and 1.67 m. [*i.e.*, roughly, between 15.2 and 16.2 hands]; the head is expressive, with gently bowed nose; the somewhat strong neck is elegantly arched, and ornamented with a long, thin, but close mane; the back is mostly long, but muscular and well closed; the hips are broad and solid, the flanks well filled; the croup is round, with strong muscles, and provided with a long, beautiful, well-set tail; the legs are short, but strong and clean, with projecting steely tendons; the hocks are broad, and the hoofs beautiful and well formed. These horses are distinguished also for an unusually tough constitution, and the best digestive power; they are very docile, and always obey willingly. An excellent high step is peculiar to them.

‘The Lipizzan horses are also remarkable through their great endurance, and particular longevity. They are not really fully matured until seven years old. Defects on the legs, such as splints and so on, are seldom to be seen. It is also well known that these horses are so tame that a perfect stranger can carelessly move among the herd and in the stables without danger.

‘The horses are born school horses, and the Spanish Riding School makes use of them with great success, and owes the greatest part of its fame to the excellent qualities of the Lipizzan horses.

‘The best-made stallions are sent, when four years old, as riding horses to the Spanish Riding School, where during their education they are thoroughly examined as to their qualifica-

tions, and the best are sent back again as breeding stallions to the Stud.

‘The mares and geldings, when five years old, are sent to the Imperial Mews at Vienna, and are there trained as carriage horses.

‘Lipizza supplies the Imperial Court in Vienna to the present day with first-rate riding and carriage horses, which are highly estimated for their vigour, elegant form, high step, remarkable speed and endurance.

‘The Lipizzan horse is also bred in Hungary in the Stud Fogaras, and in many private studs in Austria and Hungary. The Governments of both named allied States very often make use of these excellent stallions to better and to improve the horse breeding in many districts.

FERDINAND COUNT KINSKY,
First Equerry to the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary.’

*Notes by Mr. W. Waugh of Kingsclere on the Pedigrees of Grey
Stallions and Mares imported from Austria*

‘Reiner Karster’ means that the horse or mare is a thorough or clean-bred Lipizzaner, and has no Arab or English blood at all in his or her pedigree.

The Stud, which has existed 300 years, is officially named ‘Hof Gestüt am Karst’.

The breed was founded by crossing the mares of the country with Spanish sires; in the last century this breed was crossed frequently with Arabs, and only a few lines of mares have been kept clean.

The Karst region is a range of barren, stony hills in Krain and Istria.

When weaned, I believe, the foals are sent north of Trieste to the Imperial Stud Prestranek.

‘G. Kr’ means that the blood has been crossed, but this will only be found pretty high up in the line, I see.

There are six different lines of sires standing at Lipizza: Maestoso, Favory, Pluto, Conversano and Neapolitano, and



H.S.H. PRINCE RUDOLPH LIECHTENSTEIN
Premier Grand-Maître de la Cour et Grand-Ecuyer de S. M. Apostolique



LIPIZZA
(Hamilton)



SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL, VIENNA
(J. von Blaas, 1890)

the Arab line Siglavy; the colts are always called after their sires, but to distinguish them the name of the dam is added; fillies are named after their dams, or after another mare in the pedigree line, or from the name of a place or hill in the country round about.

‘Karst’ is a Lipizzaner, but not clean bred.

THE LIPIZZANERS AFTER 1918

(In order to complete Count Ferdinand Kinsky's account of the stud, Count Rudolph van der Straten, who has been in charge of it since the fall of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in 1918, has very kindly sent me the following notes. I am extremely grateful to him for the trouble he has taken to make the account of the Lipizzaners as complete as possible.)

The Lipizzaner stud-farm, which had been established in Lipizza in 1580 by the Archduke Charles, son of Emperor Ferdinand I, governor of these southern provinces, remained there till spring 1915. Within this long time it has only been removed temporary in war-time, the last time during the war against Napoleon. As soon as possible the horses always returned to their home places, Lipizza and Prestraneck. In 1915, as the war broke out against Italy, Count Ferdinand Kinsky was still Master of the Horses in the Imperial Court stables. I, myself having been an A.D.C. of his late Imperial Highness, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, got first equerry, immediately after his death at Sarajevo, under Count Kinsky's command. Although I had joined the Army at that time, I always remained in touch with the Court stable and the stud-farms. So I am able to give the following description of the Lipizzaners' fate. In the very moment as Count Kinsky saw that the war between Italy and Austria was unavoidable, he gave the order to evacuate the horses from Lipizza and Prestraneck. In three trains, in greatest haste, about 300 horses were brought to Laxenburg, near Vienna. Laxenburg was an Imperial property with a castle, numerous stables and paddocks. This order of Count Kinsky to remove the stud-farm from Lipizza was given just in time, as Lipizza was in the absolute neighbourhood of the well-known

battlefields, the 'Deberdo' and 'Hermada'. The stud-farm surely would have been immediately destroyed by the bombs of the aeroplanes, as the white horses would have been too visible in the paddocks. In Laxenburg the Lipizzaners remained till the end of the war, and then farther on till 1920. As there wasn't room enough for all the horses in Laxenburg, about 50 of them (four-year-old horses) were sent to the second Imperial stud-farm, to Kladrüb in Bohemia. These horses, as well as the Kladrüb horses, were all requested by the Czechs after the war. In Laxenburg the Lipizzaners didn't feel very comfortable, as they missed the lime-soil of the rocky Karst country of Lipizza, also the pasture was not to be compared to the Lipizzaner food. I remember a very queer event: within two days, the foals had eaten the long hairs of the mares' tails—probably they searched for a certain taste they couldn't find in their actual food. Also the different climate of the Viennese country, in comparison to the sea-air of Lipizza, did not suit them at all. In January 1916 (sad to say) Count Ferdinand Kinsky died quite suddenly and I was obliged to take his place during several months, till Prince Nicolas Pálffy was nominated Master of the Horse. I felt worried, already at this time, about the fate of the Lipizzaners. I saw that they got skinnier and weaker and didn't seem to be in good condition at all. The paddocks were damp, and we had already to begin to save oats with the mares, in consequence of the war. In the early summer of 1916, Prince Pálffy, a very fine horseman and specially horse-breeder, owner of a private little Lipizzaner stud-farm in Hungary, got Master of the Horse. He devoted his attention immediately to the Lipizzaners in Laxenburg, without being able to help. In the beginning of 1918, I had to join my regiment and only came home in the unlucky days of November 1918, which brought the end of the beautiful Imperial stables and stud-farms. One can't imagine the disorder which took place. Prince Pálffy was obliged to retire. I had to be present at the sad liquidation of everything concerning the horses. His Majesty the late Emperor Charles gave me the order to save as much as



Above: KLADRÜB HORSES
Hofburg, Vienna

Below: LIPIZZA HORSES
Hofburg, Vienna



LIPIZZANER PONIES AND CART-HORSES

possible. We succeeded, with the help of all the horsemanship of Austria, to preserve the Lipizzaner stud-farm to be destroyed¹ and to keep up the Spanish Riding School. At first the stud-farm was claimed by the Italians, under the pretext that it was the native race of the country near Trieste. I personally opposed severely to this opinion, which was favoured by some socialistic members of the new government. My point of view was this, that the native horse of the country down there was a tiny little mountain horse, or even a mule, and that the Lipizzaners were Imperial horses, which had only been bred specially in Lipizza and Prestranek because the climate and the country were extremely useful for their breeding. At last we succeeded, after long and disagreeable *pour-parlers*, to divide the stud-farm: 72 mares and foals remained in Austria, and 109 were taken by Italy, back to Lipizza.

Although nearly twenty years have passed since that time, I don't know much of these horses' fate in Lipizza. I only know that Italy has continued to breed them, but they seem to have made trials in crossing them with other blood, which can't have been a success. The above mentioned 72 Lipizzaners were overtaken by the Austrian Ministry of Agriculture, and were transferred to the province Styria, to a place called Piber near Graz. A military stud-farm existed since about 150 years in Piber, which also belongs to-day to the Ministry of Agriculture. This is the new home of the Lipizzaners. It is in the mountains, with paddocks in the height of 1,700 metres above the sea. The circumstances are very suitable there, although not so good as in Lipizza, as the horses haven't got the bracing sea-air there. Altogether one can say that the Lipizzaners are feeling very comfortable in Piber, and haven't changed within these seventeen years, in comparison to the horses born in Lipizza. I only hope that this excellent breeding won't ever be destroyed!

Vienna, *December, 1936.*

COUNT RUDOLPH VAN DER STRATEN

Late first Equerry of the Imperial Court stables in Vienna.

¹From being destroyed. P.

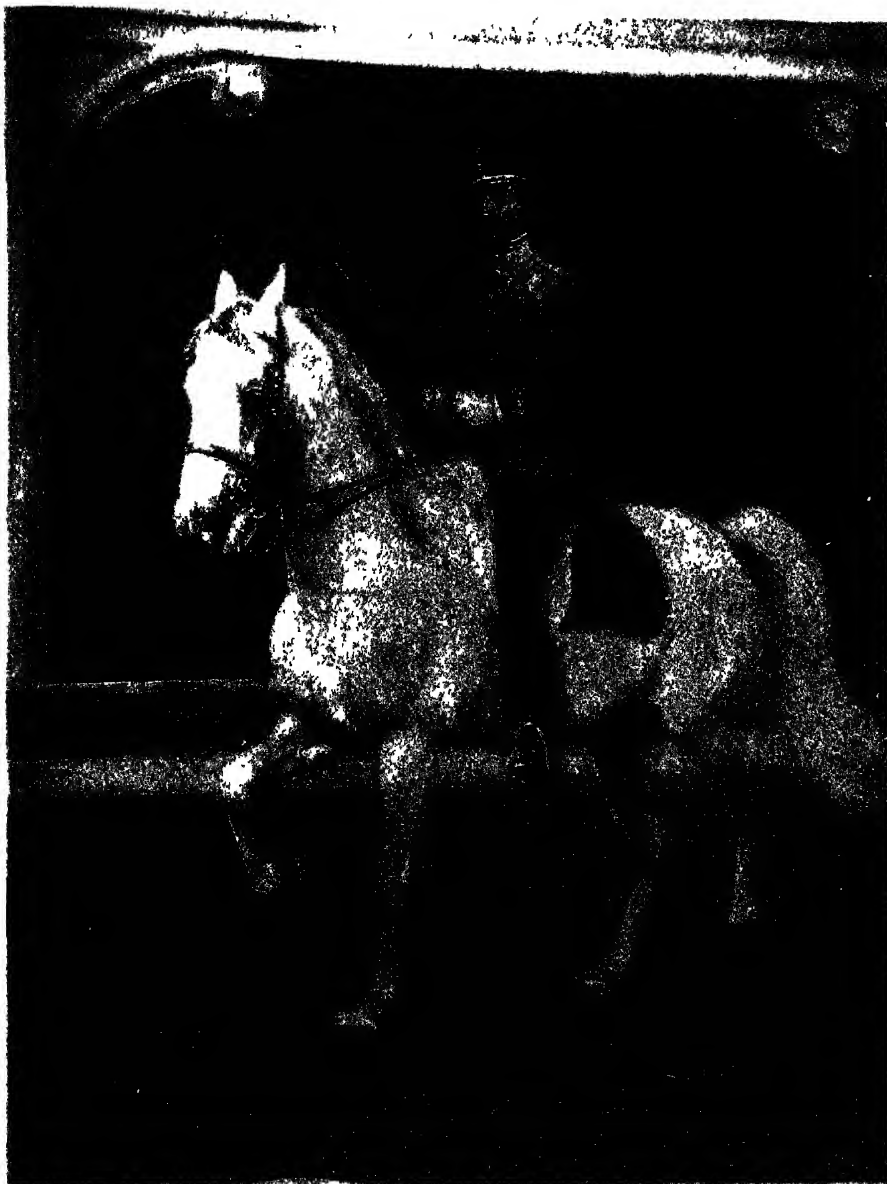
APPENDIX VI

(I am indebted to my old friend Col. Sir Weston Jarvis, C.M.G., for the following notes about my brother Henry's political campaign in North-West Norfolk, 1885-1886.)

The Reform Bill of 1885, with the consequent Redistribution of Seats Bill, divided the constituency of West Norfolk, hitherto represented by two members, into two single-member constituencies called North-West and South-West Norfolk, respectively.

Mr. George Bentinck, a kinsman of the Duke of Portland, known in the House of Commons and elsewhere as 'Big Ben', to distinguish him from Mr. George Cavendish-Bentinck (also in the House of Commons, and known as 'Little Ben') who had represented West Norfolk from 1852 to 1865, and again from 1871 to 1884, retired in the latter year. The distinguished statesman and sportsman, Lord George Bentinck, had also represented King's Lynn for many years, as had his uncle, Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of India; and it was therefore resolved to invite Lord Henry Bentinck, brother of the Duke, to champion the Conservative cause in the North-West Division, in order to retain the family connection so long associated with the county.

Lord Henry, then a young man of twenty-two, accepted the invitation, and immediately threw himself into the task with all the vigour of youth. His opponent was Joseph Arch, the head of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, who was undoubtedly the strongest candidate that could possibly have been selected for such a constituency. The agricultural labourers had been admitted to the franchise under the Act, a great proportion of the



Rudolf van der Straten
First Equerry of the Imperial Court Stables

COUNT RUDOLPH VAN DER STRATEN
 First Equerry of the Imperial Court Stables



NORTH-WEST NORFOLK ELECTION, 1886
J. Pettifer, Henry Bentinck, M.P., A. W. Jarvis, P. Bagenal

new voters being hardly fitted for that privilege, and ready to believe any exaggerated statements that might be made to them.

Arch had tremendous support in the uplands of Norfolk, where the farms are large, and great numbers of labourers were employed, who were led to believe that the farmers and landlords were their enemies, that the landlords had stolen the land which really belonged to *them*, and that now was the time for them to get a 'bit of their own back'. The doctrine inaugurated by Mr. Gladstone of 'three acres and a cow' was widely preached, and everything done to inflame the passions of such a community. Luckily, in the fen districts there was a considerable number of yeoman farmers and small-holders, who realised they had something to lose, and were consequently our supporters.

Such was the atmosphere in which the great battle, which soon became known as the fight between the Lord and the Labourer, commenced.

Lord Henry had appointed as his agent Mr. Philip Bagenal, an Irishman with a great gift of speech and a charming personality.

The magnitude of the task before us was not underestimated, and the battle raged without intermission for many months—in fact, from the summer of 1885 until the General Election in 1886.

Night after night we attended uproarious meetings, sometimes driven off the platform, and frequently stoned out of the villages; but we always managed to come up smiling.

Lord Randolph Churchill, then at the height of his fame and a very popular political character, came down to help us in October 1885, and made a brilliant speech at King's Lynn. We were at dinner before the meeting, when he said to me, 'Tell me, how are you fellows getting on down here?' 'Well,' I replied, 'I think I can best describe it by telling you that a man came to see me in the Committee room this morning, and after asking how I was after the preceding evening (when we had been driven off the platform) said, 'I would like you to remember, sir, that I

was last off the platform last night.' 'Good heavens,' said Lord Randolph, 'is that how you are going on? I know jolly well who will be first off the platform if there is a row tonight.' I think his mind was relieved when I told him that I had received a letter from Jem Mace, the great boxer, asking for a ticket for the meeting and offering any assistance he could give us! When the meeting commenced and Lord Randolph had begun to speak, there was a bit of disturbance. The Chairman's opening speech had been a trifle long, and the audience was impatient. Lord Randolph looked round at me, and raised his eyebrows, as much as to say, 'Is it time for me to leave?' and then smilingly resumed. During this disturbance I was much amused to see our impetuous Irishman, Philip Bagenal, who was watching events in the body of the hall, hustling a man towards the door, through which they disappeared locked in each other's arms. They rolled down the steps of the building into the Market Place, when he discovered that the man he had ejected was one of our best supporters, a clergyman from an adjoining village!

The letter Jem Mace had written to me was as follows, the pith of it being in the postscript:

13th October, 1885.

DEAR SIR,

'Will you kindly send me two tickets for the meeting at Lynn on the 19th. I would not have troubled you only I did not know where else to apply.

'I was at the meeting at Norwich on Monday night, it was a grand meeting. I hope Lynn will be as good.

Yours very respectfully

J. MACE.

'P.S. If there is any little thing I can do, I shall be very pleased to do it.'

Throughout the whole of that autumn, Henry, Philip Bagenal and I were speaking at a village meeting practically every night in the week, many of them excessively noisy and disturbed, but we stuck to our guns. Upon one occasion, at a

village which was noted as an Arch stronghold, after throwing stones through the windows and on the roof of the schoolroom in which the meeting was held, they proceeded to let off fireworks inside, and it was not easy to explain one's political views when at the same time one was bombarded by roman candles! We were also heavily stoned when driving away in a dogcart after the meeting, and Colonel Loftus Tottenham (often known from his size as 'Lofty Tot'), who was speaking for us on that occasion, refused to have his overcoat brushed, and the marks of the mud and stones with which he had been hit removed, until he returned to London the next day and hung it up in the Carlton Club to show the perils he had gone through, and the savages he had encountered in Norfolk.

And so the game went on until the polling day in December, when we found that, although we had put up a great fight, the odds were too heavy and we were defeated by 640.

Henry was naturally disappointed, but we reminded him of the fact that our neighbours had been in many instances defeated by larger majorities, and it was only a question of our being able to convert 320 more in order to win.

During this campaign we frequently had the assistance of a delightful working man named Pettifer ('Petit Verre', Henry used to call him), who was an admirable speaker; and after the election I had a most characteristic letter from him, from which the following is an extract:

'You say it is better pursuing the fox than pursuing the agricultural labourer, but how about when the labourer pursues *us*, especially when he has a stick or stone in his paw. You remember what the poet says about Hodges:

How dense is the agricultural mind,
To its own interests how deaf and blind,
Without thought or soul of the smallest kind,
For anything higher than turnits!

(Shakespeare, or any other man.)'

Early in 1886, Gladstone surrendered to Parnell, who, with his 82 Nationalist votes, held the balance of power in the House,

and we realised that it would not be long before there was another general election on the Home Rule question. We therefore gave the labourers very little rest, and by February were hard at work again at our village meetings. Our anticipation proved to be correct, and when the secession of Lord Hartington, Joe Chamberlain, and the Liberal Unionists brought about Gladstone's defeat in June, we were more than ready for the emergency.

We had naturally closely watched Arch's sayings and votes in the House, and constantly exposed them in the constituency. The poor man got terribly 'rattled', and we pounced upon any explanation he might give. On one occasion he described himself as 'Simple Joseph Arch', upon which we published a little poem, consisting of many verses, three of which were as follows:

For many a year I've travelled about,
When I was thin, and when I was stout;
I can tickle a labourer just like a trout—
Simple Joseph Arch!

I started a Union years ago,
'Twas just the thing for struggling Joe;
I've played it high, and I've played it low—
Simple Joseph Arch!

As President, well the thing I ran,
Tuppence a week from every man,
Down with the farmers was the plan—
Simple Joseph Arch!

At another meeting he boasted that his effigy was in Madame Tussaud's exhibition. This of course was too good an opportunity to miss, and I had the greatest pleasure in explaining to those who had never had the opportunity of going there that there were two chambers in that exhibition, and that he had left us in terrible doubt as to which chamber it was in which his figure was displayed, for it would be a fearful disgrace to the constituency if it was the Chamber of Horrors.

Probably the greatest mistake he made during the short time he was M.P. was when he opposed an Allotments Bill introduced by Henry Chaplin. Allotments for labourers was a somewhat burning question in the eastern counties, and we saw our opportunity. We got Henry Chaplin to come and address a meeting in our most disaffected area. The farmers 'played up' splendidly, and sent wagon loads of labourers to the meeting, which was a huge success. Mr. Chaplin was a past master at speaking to labourers, and he made them a first-rate speech, proving that Arch's opposition was based, not upon any defects in the Bill, but simply on the fact that it was introduced by a political opponent, and that such opposition was not the duty of a representative who had their interests at heart. I have always felt that the success of that meeting contributed largely to our ultimate victory.

Philip Bagenal then prepared a first-rate election poster, describing all the 'enormities' of our opponent, with which we plastered the constituency, and which was headed in large letters 'The Complete Exposure of Joseph Arch'.

Thus the fight of 'the Lord and the Labourer' continued without a moment's intermission until the polling day, July 9th. Nobody talked of anything else, and things even went so far that a great supporter, a clergyman in one of the villages, took as the text of his sermon on the Sunday before the election, 'Who is on the Lord's side?'

During the counting of the votes in the Town Hall at King's Lynn, Philip Bagenal whispered to me that he was sure we had won. When I asked him the reason for his being so sanguine, he said, 'Henry has just opened a Bible and the text which met his eye was "after light affliction cometh great joy"! He was right—we had won by 20 votes! A narrow margin, but yet a victory against almost superhuman odds.'

A. WESTON JARVIS.

APPENDIX VII

Descriptive Articles to Cartoons from *Vanity Fair*

(These articles are so well written, and display the characters of the individuals with so much point and fairness, that I do not hesitate to insert them here. I have included one or two without the corresponding cartoons.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 704

SENHOR LUIZ DE SOVERAL, G.C.M.G.

We first hear of him as an Attaché and Secretary of Legation at Vienna; then at Berlin and Madrid. More than twelve years ago he came to London as First Secretary of the Portuguese Legation; and under the auspices of his friend the Chevalier de Souza Correa, the Brazilian Minister, he soon became a popular member of Society. Eight years ago he had the good fortune to settle with Lord Salisbury certain South African differences between England and Portugal; and a year later he was appointed on the spot—a most unusual matter—Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. For two years he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in his own country, during which time he arranged a dispute between England and Brazil with respect to the Island of Trinidad, and was made a G.C.M.G.; and last year he was reappointed Minister to England. His individuality is unmistakable, and as he rather jauntily saunters down Bond Street or walks in the Park it is easy to see that the troubles of life sit lightly upon him. He is much liked by members of the Royal Family, and he is a very grateful person in Society.

He never plays cards, but he occasionally bets a few sovereigns

on a race; which he invariably loses. He is a good and a very popular fellow, who never says an ill-natured thing. He always wears white kid gloves, and generally a white flower. He adores a good dinner, yet he is so patriotic that he once nearly called out half the members of the Turf Club because they chaffed him about Portugal as an enemy of England.

He has a great admiration for the ladies.

(February 10th, 1898.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 994

COUNT ALBERT MENSENDORFF

Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein—to give him the full title by which nobody knows him—is a fascinating gentleman of exalted pedigree. He is a cousin of the King twice over. For his grandmother was a sister of the Duchess of Kent and of Ernest I, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the father of the Prince Consort. He is naturally pleased about it.

He was educated at home, and subsequently at the University of Vienna. After a year's service in the Dragoons, he entered the Foreign Office, and was appointed Attaché to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Paris. His diplomatic duties next led him to London, then removed him to St. Petersburg, and finally sent him to London again with the rank of Councillor and First Secretary. In 1903 he acted as Minister Plenipotentiary, and in 1904 he became Ambassador. Being but forty-two, he was, and is, the youngest man to hold that rank in Europe.

Count Albert Mensdorff is an inveterate bachelor. Sometimes he seems on the point of effecting a matrimonial alliance, but the flutterings of the female heart are never allayed by a proposal. Match-making mothers speak of him with despair. Yet the fact has not prejudiced his position with the sex, amongst whom he is vastly admired. He is always to be found at the best houses, in the best clubs and the best set. The King likes him. He is an habitué of Chatsworth.

He is fond of racing, though he is not a great sportsman. He admires the beautiful in art, and is a consistent opera-goer. He

is particular about his dress. He is proud of his pedigree, being, as I have said, a cousin of the King.

JEHU JUNIOR.
(December 21st, 1905.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 802

GENERAL REGINALD POLE-CAREW, C.B.

Born at Antony in Cornwall rather more than half a century ago, he went to Eton, matriculated at 'The House' (where he was contemporary with Lord Rosebery), and joined the Coldstream Guards. Twenty years of soldiering improved him into a full Colonel; and less than twelve years later he went out to South Africa. By that time he had served in New South Wales, as Private Secretary to Sir Hercules Robinson; in India, as Aide-de-Camp to Lord Lytton; in Afghanistan, as Aide-de-Camp to Lord Roberts (where he took part in the famous ride to Kandahar and got mentioned); in Egypt, as Orderly Officer to the Duke of Connaught; and in Burma and elsewhere as Military Secretary to Lord Roberts. In South Africa he commanded the 9th Brigade in Lord Methuen's force for the relief of Kimberley; and while at the Modder River he succeeded in getting some of his Brigade across the Modder, and so won the battle. Then he led the Guards Brigade in Lord Roberts's wonderful march on Bloemfontein; and the 11th Division to the capture of Pretoria, and the advance to Koomati Port; and now he is lately returned, crowned with glory, ready to devote his services to his country at home. He is a soldier who is not ashamed to study his profession; he can ride a horse as well and as boldly after hounds as he can after a Boer; and he can shoot birds and big game. He is probably the only living man who has been walked over by three elephants—after wounding one of them. Altogether he is a fine fellow, and one of the handsomest men in the British Army.

He carries his years very lightly, and he has persuaded one of the most beautiful young ladies in London to marry him this week.

(February 21st, 1901.)

MR. JOHN MACKENZIE GRIEVE

He was born some five and sixty years ago to the inheritance of a fair estate in Berwickshire, the rents of which he still enjoys. He was educated abroad, and when barely seventeen the Duke of Cumberland gave him a commission in the Blues. He soon broke upon the world as a fine and dashing horseman; he hunted six days a week, and in two years he left the regiment to devote himself even more completely to his favourite pastime. Established at Dunse, then called the Melton of the North, his daring surprised even the select sportsmen there assembled, and he became known as one of the hardest and most resolute riders to be found among them. After a few years, however, he gave up hunting, settled in Paris, and became, what he has since remained, the absolute arbiter in France of all questions relating to horses, and the ruler of men in all matters of racing. None could be better fitted for such a position. He delights in horses, and never travels without two hacks, of whom one will be famous to all posterity as '*the black*'; he is a thorough master of all the arts of the *manège*, and is the one remaining professor of the *haute école* of equitation. His patience, his temper, the work he does and the results he achieves with horses are quite marvellous. He commands them as a man commands his thoughts; he plays with them as a master might play upon an infinitely rich and delicate musical instrument; he has the most perfect and picture-like park-seat ever seen; and he has never been known to be at a loss to deal with the most perverse and vicious animals. His manners are of the high old school, stately and courteous, and he is known to all the last generation of Englishmen and all the present generation of Frenchmen. He has never married.

(December 22nd, 1877.)

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G., AND
MR. MONTAGU CORY, P.S.

Often enough of an afternoon are the fortunate privileged to see the present ruler of England walking thus in the street of

London with his friend and familiar. The Private Secretary, upright, fresh and smart, marches erect and alert, as though he were the pillar of physical strength of the partnership; the Knight of the Garter, leaning lightly on his arm, with shoulders still broad and still held back, with eyes no longer keen and feet no longer swift, shows like the depository of surviving brain-power in a frame worn and weary. . . .

JEHU JUNIOR.
(December 10th, 1879.)

STATESMEN. No. 402
THE DUKE OF PORTLAND

The Bentincks are, as English nobility goes, of fairly ancient standing. Baron Bentinck, the Burgomaster of Maastricht, having attached his son Hans to William Prince of Orange as a page, the Prince became attached to the young man, and having himself become King of England, gave to Hans the old English title of Earl of Portland. Thenceforth the family flourished. The 2nd Earl was made a Duke; the 3rd Duke was twice Prime Minister, and having married a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire took in 1801 the additional surname and arms of Cavendish; the 4th Duke married a daughter of General Scott, and with her acquired a vast property; the 5th Duke was eccentric, and hid himself away from all sight; and when, over two years ago, he died, he was succeeded by his first cousin once removed, William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck, the 6th and present Duke.

The young Duke, who is the son of the late General Arthur Bentinck, is in his twenty-fifth year. He lost his mother, who was a daughter of Sir St. Vincent Whitshed, a week after his own birth; but his earliest years were watched over by his step-mother, the present Lady Bolsover, to whom he is much attached. He was sent into the Coldstream Guards, in which he remained only a short time, yet enough to become popular among his brother officers. He has a taste for shooting and fishing, and he races rather, as it would appear, from a sense of

family duty than from any immoderate devotion to the Turf. He rides a very fine hack. He is also fond of driving, and in this as in all else he displays a good judgment and a moderation not often found in one of his enviable age and position. He is discreet and prudent in conduct, modest and amiable, and full of good sense and promise in every way. In short, he is a charming young man altogether, and is likely to do much credit to the considerable wealth and the very considerable position which he has inherited.

JEHU JUNIOR.

(June 3rd, 1882.)

STATESMEN. No. 594

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE NATHANIEL
CURZON, M.P.

The eldest son of a baronial parson of very ancient family, he was first called George Nathaniel three-and-thirty years ago; and the guileless name, borne by many ancestors down to his father, is still so well loved of the family that all his three brothers have since been invested with it. He went to Eton, and there won the Prince Consort's Prizes for French and Italian, captained the Oppidans, and edited *The Etonian*. He was one of the few of his kind who went on to Balliol (as a commoner), avoiding the House and the paternal College of Merton; and there continued, under the cherubic influence of Mr. Jowett, to improve his mind. He took a First in Moderations; wrote two Prize Essays; became President of the Union and of the Canning Club, at which institutions he learned to speak quite sensibly; and was lowered into the Second Class by the Greats Examiners; whereupon the All Souls' Fellows, knowing him to comply with the College Statute as 'bene natus, bene vestitus et mediocriter doctus', elected him as one of themselves, a member of the most comfortable Club in the world. And having thus achieved an Oxford reputation which made him known in a flippant undergraduate rhyme (which is still extant) as a 'very sooperior purzon', and being not friendless in high places, he

presently became Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury, and was encouraged to court defeat in Radical South Derbyshire and to compass it by some two thousand votes. This has so far been his only public reverse; and flushed thereby he went to Southport a few months later and ousted the previous Member by nearly five hundred votes.

He made a brilliant maiden speech, and holding a very high opinion of himself, he at once began to elaborate a scheme for the Reform of the House of Lords; from which Chamber he would eliminate the 'piebald sheep'. Yet he is a good Conservative, who, having less respect for other persons than himself, ventures to pity such politicians as Mr. Labouchère for their fatuity; and he soon came to be recognised as a man of desert both by the Government which has made him Under-Secretary of State for India, and by the Press which has made him Minister in Persia, as well as many other things. He is a great traveller, who knows a good deal of Persia and India and something of the Central Asian Question; as he has shown in two not unimportant books and elsewhere. He has ridden two thousand miles in the land of the King of Kings; he has knowingly written much of that country in *The Times*, and of everything else in *The National Review*. He has also 'done' Canada, America, Japan and China at express speed. He believes that the man who cannot make a name at thirty never will; and he really knows a great deal. But he thinks that he knows more still.

He is a pleasant-mannered, pink-faced young man who can tell a story. He has also the knack of success. Women like him, call him a charming boy, and attribute to him no more of conceit than mere boyish vanity. He is always well dressed; he has an intellectual forehead; his speeches are fluent if not very impressive; and his delivery in a commonplace House is quite pleasingly aristocratic. He is so promising, so discreet, and so knowing that he is like to grow into a great man.

He is a member of the Carlton, of the Athenaeum, and of the Bachelors'. He is a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant

for Derbyshire. He is a very impressionable, favoured man; and therefore he is as yet a bachelor.

(June 18th, 1892.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 336

SIR FREDERICK GEORGE MILNER, BART., M.P.

The Milners are an old Yorkshire race, and it was immediately after the death of Queen Anne that the head of the family was made a Baronet. Sir Frederick, the seventh and present Baronet, was born six-and-thirty years ago. He was a younger son, of a most tender and amiable yet headstrong disposition, and began life by getting sent to school at the early age of six for hammering his governess. In due course he was passed on to Eton, where he was handsomely birched, and thence went to a private tutor. But, on a difference of opinion as to which of the two should submit to corporal punishment, he brought his tutorial career to a close by throwing his tutor out of window, and went on to Christ Church, Oxford. Here, in spite of being addicted to games and sports, he took his degree, which was accounted a great feat at that College in those days. On leaving College he started for a foreign tour with Lord Randolph Churchill, and in the course of the tour was attacked by typhoid fever, from which he narrowly escaped with life, but through which he was nursed in the most devoted manner by Lord Randolph. Coming back to England, he dabbled in business and hunting, and succeeded so ill in the former as to see much good sport in the latter on many bad horses. Then he went to America, travelled in a primitive manner through the wilder parts of the country, got all the sport he could find, and made many friends. At one-and-thirty, by the unexpected death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the Baronetcy, married a charming wife, and again addressed himself to business. At this time, disgust at the Radical Party drove him into public speech; and when in 1883 a vacancy occurred at York, he was elected to Parliament as a good Tory.

Sir Frederick is a gentleman, in the full sense of being both gentle and manly. He hates cant and despises humbug, and he has fastened like a bulldog on the eminent Chamberlain, whom he has badly mauled on more than one occasion. Yet he is the most soft-hearted and sympathetic of creatures and, in spite of his infirmity of deafness, he is regarded not merely with friendship but with personal affection by all who know him. He speaks the purest Yorkshire English.

(June 27th, 1885.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 360

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN PALMER BRABAZON

The grub little guesses that he is destined to be a butterfly, and probably none of the original family of Higgins ever dreamed that some day from amongst them would spring a John Palmer Brabazon. But in the year 1852 Major Higgins, who had served in the 15th Hussars, inherited from his maternal uncle Brabazon Park and seven thousand acres of tenants in Mayo, and developed himself into a member of the House of Brabazon. Twenty-four years ago a meteor shot across the vision of the officers of the 16th Lancers, and before they could realise what it was, lo! 'Bwab' had left them and settled down to serve the Queen in the Grenadier Guards. This he did with such success that in less than a year the subalterns were imitating his twice-round cravats, and even Captains did not disdain to envy the set of his trousers.

Gifted as he was with an imperturbable coolness that nothing could ruffle, quick at apt repartee, and thoroughly good natured, it was not long before there was only a small band of enemies left to talk about 'swagger'. He came late for parade or forgot courts-martial with a graceful nonchalance that could anger no Colonel of sense; and all owned that it was but in the nature of things that a being so beautiful should be excused from the ordinary rule of the Service with regard to the hirsute adornments of the face. So 'Bwab'—bearded and faultlessly dressed—after a



NEAPOLITANO SARDINIA
Riding Master—B. Polak



RETURNING HOME, LIPITZA

brief campaign in Canada, took his natural place as the leader of London Society; and when the paternal acres refused to keep him any longer on the surface, he—with the calmness he would have evinced in leading a forlorn hope or snubbing an impertinent Duchess—retired to a regiment of which he could never remember the number, and concerning which he knew only that ‘they wore yellow facings and you got to ’em from Waterloo’. However, it is recorded that ‘the fellows’ of the vaguely designated regiment did not like ‘Bwab’; and he, remarking to the Colonel that he did not like ‘the fellows’, left the Army, and went off to do a little fighting on his own account as a volunteer in Ashantee. Here, he alone, in white kid gloves, took a village; and was rewarded with a commission in the 10th Hussars. For some years he soldiered with zeal, and ruled the fashions of the Indian dandies; returning at intervals to London to show us the difference between the real thing and the gods of the Bachelors’ Club. He served in the Afghan campaign, was in the march to relieve Kandahar, discovered a new drink called Bass’s beer, and was mentioned in despatches.

And now we have him back again for good among us, if not quite so handsome, certainly as cool and self-possessed as ever; with the same belief in himself, his tie, and his right to be the Beau Brummel of the day. He is the most complete and faultless dandy of our time, equally exquisite in dress and in manner, yet a brave soldier and a good fellow.

He is three-and-forty years of age, and not at all a woman-hater; but he has not yet been quite married. He is very methodical, and has never been known to be in time for dinner.

JEHU JUNIOR.

(May 29th, 1886.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 78

SIR GEORGE ORBY WOMBWELL, BART.

There is much good reason to believe that the stuff is only to be found in these islands of which the English Gentleman is

made. Not a wit nor seeking the reputation of one, reading little, talking sparingly, thinking not over much, and leaving all the ambition of first principles and original ideas to those free lances whom Providence provides to that end, he is yet a man who occupies no mean position on the Earth and who so fitly fills it as to merit and even to acquire the respect of himself and of others. A man of high honour yet not sudden upon a quarrel, thoroughly generous yet in no wise impulsive, brave on the occasion yet calm and impassive, painfully neat and precise yet no dandy, loving much the field and its hardy sports, believing first in his County then in his Country and lastly in the Universe, proud of his family, of himself and of his animals, and doing thoroughly what he believes to be his whole duty to each, he is the only creature of his kind that Civilisation and the survival of the fittest have left upon the face of the Earth.

Such a man is Sir George Wombwell. Born what seems from his appearance the incredibly long number of two and forty years ago, he wasted the usual time and made more than the usual friends at Eton, and then was sent into the 17th Lancers, as fine a figure and weight for the saddle as could be found in the Army. When the Russian War broke out, he accompanied his regiment to the Crimea, became extra Aide-de-Camp to Lord Cardigan, and rode at his side in the immortal charge of Balaclava, only escaping, after having two horses shot under him, by his own nerve and readiness. For his gallantry on this occasion he was promoted, but succeeding in 1855 to the title and duties of the baronetcy, he sold out and returned to his county of Yorkshire. The Wombwells had been established there for many hundreds of years and when the Yorkshire Tykes regained the young soldier who had ridden so straight at the Russian cannon, they foresaw in him a Sportsman of no common mettle, and adopted him at once as 'our Sir Gearge', the name by which he has ever since been known among them. And well has he borne the name. Although he never bets he delights in horse-racing, he rides to hounds as boldly as any and

with more judgment than most, he breeds stock, farms and manages an estate of many thousand acres so that it is a pattern, and he is so good a judge of cattle that he is often called upon to award the prizes at many agricultural meetings of importance in the country. Five years ago, having had a narrow escape of drowning in the famous ferry-boat accident, he became master of the York and Ainsty hounds, and it is his glory that during his mastership they were 'turned out' as they had never been before. His politics are those of the English Gentleman, and it is only surprising that his position as such has never procured his return to Parliament for one of the many boroughs in search of a man at once safe, honest and decent.

It is now thirteen years since Sir George made a happy and productive marriage, yet he still continues a favourite with the fair sex. He is too, although living in the North, a lover of London and of the Drama, and he has probably as large a circle of acquaintances, and among them as many intimate friends of all professions, standings and religions as any man of his age and occupations. With all he is a favourite, to all he is cheery, hospitable and ready of service, and by all he is looked upon less with the respect commonly given to the many than with the affection occasionally reserved for the few.

(January 24th, 1874.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 1126

GENERAL SIR ARTHUR HENRY PAGET

Some of General Sir Arthur Paget's recollections of Wellington are not of the kind one loves to dwell on, notably perhaps the occasion on which a wrathful 'Head'—afterwards known to fame as Archbishop Benson—publicly whacked him for stealing off to the Ascot Races. He admits frankly that he was not specially studious, but his devotion to cricket, 'rugger', and indeed every available form of sport is doubtless largely responsible for the fine constitution that has carried him through many hard campaigns.

He joined the Army before the days of Sandhurst, becoming Page to the Queen and then a subaltern in the Scots Guards. Thus commenced a military career which has covered more campaigns than he can remember. Within the short space of thirteen years—1869 to 1882—he became Lieut.-Colonel. He served through the Ashanti War of 1873, in the Soudan in 1885, through the Burmah Campaign of 1887-8, and again in the Soudan in 1888-9. He started on the South African War as Colonel commanding the Scots Guards, in Methuen's column, and was soon afterwards Major-General in command of the 20th Brigade. His military career has borne a striking resemblance to that of Lord Methuen, in whose steps he followed at regular intervals for many years.

But although General Paget is above all things a fighting man, sport has claimed a large share of his interests. To see him at home, surrounded by hundreds of sporting trophies, affords ample proof of his proficiency with rifle and shot gun. He was a keen athlete, horseman and fisherman for many years. Nowadays, however, the heavy responsibilities of the command of the Eastern Division have left little leisure for sporting pursuits, though he still manages to find time for a round of golf. He is a member of the Guards', Marlborough and Turf Clubs, and was at one time keenly interested in racing matters.

Physically he is the conventional military man, tall, erect and active. In manner, too, he is military: terse and abrupt and obviously accustomed to command. The face, with its deep-set, keen eyes and firm jaw, suggests strength and self-reliance; a splendid fighter's face, with that faint but constant suggestion of self-assertion and pugnacity which marks the man who joys in fighting.

He only lacks three years of sixty, and his hair and moustache are tinged with grey, but he is keen and vigorous still, and far from losing grip on life. It would be unfair to accuse him of genius, but he has grit and pluck and can lead men.

(July 15th, 1908.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 227

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER GORDON CUMMING, BART.

Sir William Alexander Gordon Cumming, Baronet, known to that half of London who are his friends as 'Bill', is a brilliant example of the Guardsman. He is not yet thirty-two. He was birched into knowledge at Eton, commissioned into the military art in the Scots Guards, and launched by himself as a notable young man in Society. He holds a proper opinion of himself, he is well looking, off-hand in manner when necessary, yet caressing when required so to be, and believed to be a favourite among the ladies. Withal he has found for himself other fields of education than the drawing-rooms of London, and has made many dangerous shooting expeditions to remote lands. Being altogether a cool hand and a fine shot, he has killed many wild beasts of all sorts and sizes. He was in Spain with the Carlists, in Algeria, the Soudan and India with rhinoceros, tiger and elephant, and in Zululand with Lord Chelmsford. He bears himself well and confidently in all situations, and may prove a valuable soldier some day.

JEHU JUNIOR.
(June 5th, 1880.)

MEN OF THE DAY. No. 300

MR. ARTHUR COVENTRY

Mr. Coventry is the youngest son of the late Honourable Henry Coventry, and first cousin, once removed, to the present Lord Coventry. He was born one-and-thirty years ago, and is still known as 'The Baby'. He is a very fine gentleman rider, and is much in request by all owners of horses who intend to win. The Ring have a wholesome dread of laying the odds against any horses he rides.

(February 23rd, 1884.)

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE LAMBTON

Though he is but forty-three, he has been a soldier in the Sherwood Foresters, he is a very good trainer (Stanley House, at Newmarket, being his well-known residence), and he is a member of the Turf Club. He is also the fifth son of the late Earl of Durham, and, like his eldest brother, the present Lord Durham, he is a sportsman. He has won many races, which include the big race at Auteuil; and he has ridden several times in the Grand National, in one of which races *Savoyard* fell at the last fence just as his victory seemed to be assured. As a boy, he was more skilled in falling off than in sticking on; but at eighteen he had become a very good rider to hounds. His great merit is the possession of exceedingly fine hands, as he has often shown when mounted on horses that always pulled other riders. He has also a good eye—so good, indeed, that he would shoot well if he had more practice. While he is an excellent judge of a horse, he is a keen player at real tennis, and is both devoted to dogs and fond of cats; and, although he is a good trainer, he is ready to admit that it is possible to learn something about horses even from foreigners. He is rather sanguine about his own horses, yet he is very popular with all the Newmarket trainers; and outside his profession he is a very welcome fellow when he will turn up at a country house. Being a modest man, he takes no part in Politics, but his friends know that he can express his opinions quite vigorously in very fluent language. Nevertheless his manners are quite attractive, he dresses very well, and he is a great favourite with the ladies.

He is as popular as he is notorious for not turning up when he is expected.

(March 17th, 1904.)

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